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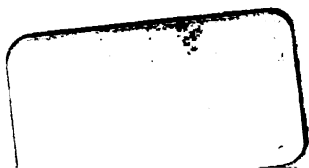
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PARIS.

January, 1898.

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THE QUARTIER LATIN, published until recently as a mid-monthly, appears—beginning with the October number—on the first of each month.



Arrangements have been made for binding the issues of the first year of *The Quartier Latin* (July, 1896—June, 1897). The volume is bound in reversed cloth, covered with a design by Mr. Alfred Jones, stamped in gold, who has also made the title-page decorations, etc. The natural deckle of the paper is preserved, but the top of the book is trimmed and gilded, and by special binding the silk cords are kept in each copy. In the arrangement of the pictorial advertisements, monthly covers,

etc., great care has been taken to render the volume as handsome and attractive as possible. With this end in view the difference between the price for covers, on the one hand, and for covers and binding, on the other, has been cut down as much as possible, to encourage our subscribers to have their binding orders go through us, our binder having particular instructions regarding the make-up and paging of the volume.

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THE ARMS OF PARIS

Drawn by A. Lewis

The Quartier Latin

Vol. IV

JANUARY, 1898

No 18

THEN AND NOW.

When first we met (Ah, Time with pinions fleet!)

A love immortal into being sprung,
And soul awoke a kindred soul to greet.
Life strewed a rosy pathway for our feet—
Had we been wise enough to tread it, sweet!

But you and I, and life, and love, were young
When first we met.

Since first we met, the world has gone awry;

We drifted down the slowly-parting ways;
We had such want of wisdom, you and I,
Ungessed by both each heart's unuttered cry.
Love — we have learned the meaning of "good-bye,"

In the grey silence of these after-days,
Since first we met!

When first we met, you seem'd a radiant thing;

A shape of light—to vanish at a touch;
A gem beyond the buying of a king;
A star of dawn; a spirit of the spring,
Making the poet in me wake and sing;
Not a sweet woman to be woo'd as such
When first we met.

Since first we met, we have grown widely wise

In bootless wisdom of the barren years;
But vainly now the yearning spirit cries
To touch once more those gates of Paradise
Where once we stood—but stood with blinded eyes.
Poor eyes—that have been purged with bitter tears,
Since first we met!

SAMUEL REID.

THE DESTINED MAN.

SHE would and she wouldn't; that was the long and the short of it. She wanted to get married, yet she was not sure that he possessed a Kindred Soul. It was a thrilling situation. And this is how it happened.

She was sulking on the balcony because her partner for the last dance had not chosen to claim her. Suddenly somebody near her hummed in an undertone the first two lines of that soul-stirring Tennysonian ditty—

*Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea.*

And half-unconsciously she murmured back—

*And I'm crying to Fate for just One Man
To come and make love to me.*

Immediately she had uttered these words she felt that Destiny itself had prompted them, because she had never quoted two lines of poetry correctly before. And then she cast a backward glance. Behind her chair stood the Destined Man. She had only been introduced to him half an hour before.

"Did you speak?" he enquired, bending towards her.

"Oh dear, no," she replied, and looked away at the stars.

"Don't you find it cold out here?"

"Not in the slightest," she answered, sweetly, though her teeth were chattering. "They"—meaning the stars—"are so beautiful. I could look at them all night."

Now, if he were the Right Man, ought he not likewise to have wished to remain where he could have looked at her all night? But he didn't.

"Pray come inside. I am sure you will take cold here," was all he said.

So she went inside. Nevertheless, she had begun to doubt whether he was *the* man after all, because he had such an unintellectual countenance. But nobody else appeared; which in time opened her eyes to see that he *was* the Right Man.

* * *

Time passed. She put on her most becoming gowns and sweetest smiles, and resolutely set herself to cultivate his acquaintance and gauge his income. For a long time he was obdurate, but at last he gave way.

"I want to marry you," he said. "Will you be my wife?"

Now these were exactly the words she had been pining to hear for the last three months. She ought to have felt unutterable things when he uttered them. But she didn't. She only vividly realised that he was not a very Advantageous Match. That was perplexity number one. Beside, he hadn't mentioned his income, and she could not be responsible for her own feelings till she knew his resources to the utmost farthing. So she temporised.

"This is so sudden—so unexpected," she said, coyly. "I really can't tell how to answer you, Mr. Thomson. Besides, I'm sure mamma would not hear of my marrying anybody with under eight hundred a year."

"Wouldn't four hundred be enough?" he enquired.

"Oh dear, no," she answered, quickly. "I might think so, but mamma wouldn't," she added, plaintively.

"Would five hundred suffice?"

"I don't know—it might," she faltered, irresolutely. "But I'm not sure that I care for you enough yet. Oh, pray give me time to consider."

And he promised he would. But when he thought of the encouragement he had received, he felt that his Beloved One possessed a slightly irresolute mind. Nevertheless he waited.

She dressed beautifully and talked sweetly to him for the next two months, yet he got no nearer her answer. He remonstrated, for he was not sufficiently juvenile to relish a prolonged wooing.

"I am not sure that we possess Kindred Affinities," she explained. "I am trying to discover. Pray, don't hurry me in such an important decision."

The surer she felt of his allegiance the feebler became her own conviction that he was the Right Man. He bored her dreadfully. Whenever she particularly wanted him to utter some thrilling and soul-convincing sentiment, he invariably tendered some unpalatable commonplace. This confirmed her irresolution.

"Don't you think one is more open to spiritual impressions at night than by day?" she queried, softly. "Have you never felt the mysterious feeling that comes over you when you lie awake during the silent watches?"

"Yes, 'tis an uncommonly disagreeable sensation," he replied, thoughtfully.

Whereat she felt certain he was *not* the Right Man and solemnly resolved to tell him so.

* * *

She was staying with her aunt when she arrived at this conclusion. He had been calling at the house to see

her every other evening. It was an off day when her resolution was taken. She knew he would be sure to come on the morrow, but she felt she could not wait for that. She must see him immediately, so she sent him an affectionate little note, entreating him to call on the morrow without fail at 12 m.

Immediately she had done so her spirits rose. In reality, she was pining for a little variety, and wanted to apprise him of the fact. Their *tête-à-têtes* had been awfully dull lately. Anything was preferable to such an interminable interchange of commonplaces.

"Mr. Thomson intends calling to-morrow morning, Auntie, but he won't stay to luncheon," she said, sweetly, as she started for a day's shopping in town.

That evening she had a dreadful shock. Her purchases occupied a longer time than she anticipated, and she did not return to Paddington Station till it was close on eight o'clock. She hurriedly jumped into the nearest first-class compartment and then looked at her watch. She had twenty minutes to wait; so she settled herself comfortably in the corner seat, and began mentally rehearsing her farewell speech in to-morrow's drama.

She had just got half-way through when she beheld the Man Himself, and he had the prettiest little woman imaginable with him. He put his pretty companion carefully into a first-class carriage of the train on the opposite side of the platform. He handed in her bouquet and her bag (he was carrying both); and then—oh, horror of horrors!—she put up her bewitching little face, and he actually stooped forward and kissed her. The Injured One saw it from the opposite side of the platform, or she would not have believed it.

"The Despicable Reptile!" she mentally ejaculated, when the first shock was over. "But, at least, I shall have the consolation of jilting him—that's one comfort."

But every instant the prospective consolation appeared less satisfactory, and before long it became positively obnoxious to her. So, on her return, she took her aunt into her confidence.

"Scold him soundly, my love, but don't break with him unless you see any chance of doing better," counselled that Prudent Matron. "Storms clear the air, and a shrewd woman of your age always knows how to manage a scene to her ultimate advantage."

"I detest precocious sentiment. No *girl* ought to marry under five-and-twenty," snapped the Aggrieved One. (Her baptismal register did not agree with her own

method of computation ; but, of course, that has nothing to do with our story.)

"Threaten to throw him over, but don't push matters too far, or he may take advantage of it," pursued the Mentor.

"He is welcome to do so. Nothing would induce me to marry such a Monster," said the Snubbed Fiancée, grandiloquently. But neither she nor the Mentor regarded that assertion as an affidavit.

"Remember the Eight Hundred Thousand Unappropriated Women in England," said the Mentor, solemnly. "You are unfit for any calling, my love ; marriage is undoubtedly your vocation."

The Aggrieved One thought so too. And the same night she made the astounding discovery that she was passionately attached to the Deceiver, and would gladly have sacrificed her existence for him. And she told him so the next day.

"I am honoured by the sentiments you express," he rejoined, blandly. "We had better be married at once——"

"How dare you hint at such a thing ?" she interrupted, angrily. "I told you I loved you devotedly yesterday morning—but yesterday morning is not to-day. To-day I despise you."

"Oh——what?" he stammered, in bewilderment.

"Remember *Paddington Station*," she said, in a sepulchral tone."

But as he evidently did *not* remember, she was forced to enlighten him. "That — that — creature who accompanied you," she said, turning her head aside.

He stared. "Why, that was my stepmother," he replied.

"*Your stepmother!*" she inanely ejaculated, uncertain whether to accept, or reject, his explanation.

"A mare's nest—eh?" he quietly suggested.

That decided her. "Forgive me, Seyton," she murmured, softly ; and was forthwith convinced and appeased.

Before he left her the wedding-day was fixed, despite her secret desire for the advent of a legitimate Prince Fortunatus with a full purse and irreproachable connections. But no more eligible suitor appearing, she again became convinced he was the Destined Man. So she married him.

And soon afterwards she began to envy the Eight Hundred Thousand Unappropriated Ones, and to bemoan her own fate. And next she resuscitated her husband's

past and discovered that he lacked Sympathetic Intuition, and that she was an Unappreciated Soul. So she sought comprehension and sympathy elsewhere. Whereof came rows and ructions, and a certain celebrated *poes* in the divorce court.

DARRACOTTE DENE.

THE FIRST STEPS OF JESUS.

(FROM THE FRENCH LEGEND.)

THE Holy Family dwelt at Nazareth, outside the city, in a cottage to which none came but those who sought food and shelter. And it was there, under the cool shadow of a fig-tree, two centuries old, that Jesus grew in peace and greatness, at His Mother's knee.

But to learn to walk is difficult; therefore the Virgin went to pick the most beautiful rose in Her garden, and, returning, held it out to Him, saying, "My Son, come and take it from my hand." But the Baby dared not advance over the ground. He only stretched out His little arms towards His adorable Mother.

Whereupon a young bird, a white dove, in trying to fly from its nest, fell at the feet of the Virgin.

Then, swaying to and fro, Jesus advanced, but without hesitating. And lifting the trembling bird in order to calm its fear, pressed it tenderly against His divine heart, the while He caressed it with His lips softly.

And it was thus that the Saviour, leaving the flower that does not last, in order to heal a wound, to comfort a sorrow, took His first step upon the earth.

WILLIAM THEODORE PETERS.

"IT BLESSETH HIM THAT GIVES."

THE tall stalks of the sunflowers, shorn of their big green leaves by the force of the wind, now stood silent, their golden heads bent low as if in shame at their nakedness. The pansies in the long border lay a sodden mass of royal purple beaten to the earth. The lawn was scattered thick with bright-red rose petals, which gleamed like drops of blood in the close-cut grass.

Far away in the West the sun had parted the sullen rainclouds and stayed his course to bid the earth "good night" and leave behind him strange minglings of gold and rose and crimson. High over head the tip of a leaden cloud had caught a touch of life from the dying day, and shone golden and scarlet in all the pride of his fleeting glory.

Out in the road behind the thick green hedge a woman knelt on the gravel path, and peered into the garden beyond, as Eve may have gazed far past the flaming swords of the angels who guarded the gates to the beauties of her lost Paradise.

Like Eve, she, too, was banished, for a placard, big, and white, and formidable, bade trespassers beware. But the terrors foreshadowed by a painted sign mattered little to one who knew all the grim realities of life, and love, and passion; who in the great city beyond was an outcast in the street—a creature of the pavement.

In the garden close by the hedge a girl in a long white gown bent over the ruined flowers. Beside her stood a man of maturer years, double her age perhaps.

"Married a year to-day," the kneeling woman heard him murmur, "a year to-day, and not sorry yet, dear wife."

The girl looked at him gravely, but with tender love and faith shining clear in her big gray eyes. "Will you tell me something? It's childish, perhaps, to ask, but as I grow older and see more of the misery of life, the thought sometimes comes to me that I am a usurper. That perhaps somewhere out in the big world there is someone else who loves you. Someone else whose claim on you makes mine a mockery."

The man laughed uneasily. "What a funny child you are, dearie. Of course, I love you only, and to you only have I ever pledged my faith."

"Then what of me?" half-whispered the eaves-dropper.

The man started, looked up at the trees overhead and down at the grass beneath his feet—everywhere but

behind the hedge. "I think I'll go in, little wife," he said nervously. "This," looking at his watch, "is the witching hour of ghosts—not midnight, as the poets claim."

With a smile the girl watched him go into the house, and then again bent over the flowers.

"I'll speak to her," thought the outcast, a streak of something like womanliness once more awake in her breast. "I'll speak to her, and if she stands the test and treats me like a human being, I'll leave him in peace for her sake."

She looked a woman of fifty, as she rose and leaned across the hedge. A thin wisp of grizzled hair fell over her shoulder; a layer of rouge half-washed from her face by the recent rain dyed her pale cheeks in awful mockery of youth; her bonnet, worn, and black and rusty, hung from the back of her head by a single string. Pulling her shawl more closely about her shoulders, she asked in a voice quite free from the usual mendicant whine, "Will you give me a flower?"

The girl looked round, smiled brightly, and gathering up the tail of her long gown, picked her way across the wet grass to a bush of great white roses. Quickly she gathered half a dozen of the few remaining buds and laid them in the outstretched hands. "I'm afraid the rain has spoiled them a little, but you're very welcome to them, such as they are."

"Thank you," said the woman, simply, and turned away.

As she tramped over the long weary road to the great, big city which she called her home, she bore a spot in her heart as white as the fast-fading rosebuds she carried in her hand. A spot so white that it blotted out the blackness of a misspent life, and made her pure and whole and clean again, for she had stayed her hand, and, like a God, had been merciful and forgiving.

CONSTANCE COMPTON MARSTON.



LADIES' DAY
AT THE ASSOCIATION

Drawn by Henry G. Fangel

THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

PRIZES — EXHIBITIONS — ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE institution of the Wanamaker Prizes seems destined to bring a rich harvest to the American Art Association of Paris. An account was given in our last number of the manner in which these prizes were offered to the Association. The first intimation of Mr. Wanamaker's idea to establish them came in the course of an address, which he made on his recent trip to Paris while taking *déjeuner* with the members. After his address was concluded, few present realised, despite the number and value of the prizes offered, what material benefit had just been conferred upon the club. Now, however, that active steps are being taken to organise the competitive exhibitions, the idea which their promoter had in view is becoming patent to all. Not only have they drawn general attention to the sphere which the Association is beginning to fill as a great centre of American art in Europe, but they have stimulated the Association itself to greater activity, and infused new enthusiasm among its members, each of whom realises that success in any competition means not only remuneration in a goodly number of francs, but prestige and public attention as well.

The regular Art Committee of the Association will conduct the competitions. Short as has been the time they have already mapped out the year's programme, and set out upon the work they have in hand. The chairman of the committee is Mr. H. O. Tanner (whose name has recently become prominent in connection with the honours received by him from the French Government for his painting, "The Raising of Lazarus"). His associates are Messrs. C. H. Pepper (an exhibition of whose own work at the Galeries de M. Bing is noted elsewhere), F. V. DuMond (of DuMond Academy), Lawton Parker (in Paris on the Chandler Scholarship of New York), and A. Altmann (a recent exhibitor at the Paris Salon and Munich International Exhibition). The jury of award is composed of the Paris Society of American Painters (most of whom are members of the Association).

Both pictures and sculpture will be exhibited in the parlours on the first floor of the Association—the Louis XV. and Petit Salon, in which the incandescent lights, recently introduced, have been arranged with a special view for such exhibitions. These rooms, in

other ways, are well adapted for exhibitions; their walls, notably the carved oak panelling of the Louis XV. room, making effective and advantageous backgrounds for pictures. Exhibitors, whose best efforts have been killed by jarring and unsympathetic walls and bad lights, will appreciate the benefit of the excellent accommodation afforded for picture hanging at the Association. It is one of the plans of the Association to establish when this is required a larger hall for exhibition purposes, and the same effort will be made to give the exhibiting artist proper and befitting surroundings.

The programme of prizes and exhibitions will be found in the back pages of the magazine, and in our February number will appear a criticism on the current exhibition.

The shifting character of a fraction of the population of artists and art students in Paris finds its echo in the Association, a number of whose yearly members are always to be found back in America or England. The Art Committee, therefore, anticipate the receipt of not a few works of art from those countries.

Every day sees some important and novel feature added to the Association. Members some time ago were notified that a new restaurant would be opened on the 11th of December, and though at the time a few days only intervened an entertainment was arranged for that date.

Guests and members, on assembling, were delighted to find that one of the apartments on the first floor had been converted into a handsome restaurant, with all modern conveniences, etc., and that especial efforts had been made to secure the services of one of the best *chefs* in Paris.

Although it has a separate *cuisine*, this restaurant is not intended to interfere with the one devoted exclusively to members on the floor above. It is conducted on the *à la carte* plan, that on the second *étage* being *table d'hôte*. It affords excellent facilities for future entertainments at the Association, and the privilege accorded the members of using it on certain occasions for their lady friends is highly appreciated.

Every Saturday, during the "season," ladies' day, a *soirée* will take place at the Association. These affairs will be somewhat informal in nature, and consist for the most part of musicales.

TICKED BY THE OFFICE CLOCK.

“**I**T is better as it is. Tick!” said the office clock, and its flat, white face gleamed ghostlier than ever across the gloom of the newly-swept room, about which the high stools and chairs were scattered in irresolute confusion.

“You know nothing about it,” growled the deep voice of the ponderous inkstand, from the comfortable table in the corner, with the morocco-covered revolving chair beside it. He belonged to the Head Sub, who contradicted everything and everybody, and matching his temper to his master’s possessed, indeed, a very bad one.

“I know all about it. You’re wrong,” ticked the clock, steadily.

The lid of the inkwell flapped angrily.

“Never mind him,” interposed the morocco chair, soothingly. He was the peacemaker of the office, a duty for which his soft, comfortable cushions and general air of respectability eminently fitted him, albeit his well-meant efforts were, for the most part, rather clumsily directed, as in the present instance. “You needn’t care if *he* says you’re wrong. Remember he’s *never* right.”

There was a general smile at this, for the clock was the tyrant of the office, and was consequently far more feared than liked. He saw everything that went on, was extremely hard on shirkers, doing his level best to keep them up to time, as the rubber, the wit of the office put it, and was in short a trifle exacting and unsympathetic, so seldom did he get “run down” himself.

“What do you mean?” ticked the clock, indignantly. “I’m always right: let me tell you, I keep perfect time. My internals are in absolutely flawless working order. Can I help it if my face fails to express my meaning when they put my hands back half an hour every morning; and move them forward a quarter of an hour every night, making me lie against my will! I find it extremely trying, I don’t mind confessing, but do I ever complain? It was only——”

“Oh, Lord!” whispered the rubber to the peacemaker, as he bounced over the desks. “Now you’ve wound him up”

“He was going before,” said the chair, deprecatingly.

“If he doesn’t shut up in two minutes—look here, time! time!” shouted a sprightly old stool as he stamped

round on his three legs. He had just been re-covered, and was extremely proud of that fact, though his shining new head and shaky tremulous legs made him look like an old, old man, in a juvenile wig. All the desks and chairs groaned and creaked in unison to show their displeasure at such frivolity; and the poker, though he would have relished nothing so much as to have heard the story from the clock—for, like him, he was always delighted to thrust his nose into other people's affairs—laughed in derision until he fell over the fender and tongs with such a clatter that the shovel promptly rolled over upon him, and hid him from sight.

The clock pursued the even tenor of its speech monotonously. "It was only yesterday," he repeated, "that the gov'nor said I was as good as ever. He called me his 'good old Dutch'! What do you think of that?"

The big white face seemed to swell with pride in the twilight.

"That takes the biscuit—and cheese," murmured the irrepressible ball of rubber. He sometimes got taken out into the world in coat and waistcoat pockets by mistake, and had quite the reputation of a gay young dog among his more sober room-mates.

"He never said as much of you," retorted the clock, triumphantly.

"I say, you fellows, why will you go on so?" remonstrated the morocco chair. "This continual bickering is not seemly, and though there's nothing like leather, I shan't endure it for ever, I promise you."

"It can't hurt you, you're not thin-skinned," purred the rubber. "You've been too well tanned."

"Why don't they let me alone then," ticked the clock, savagely. "They're always getting at me, but they'd better be careful, they can't get ahead of time, and if they don't look out, one day I shall go on strike."

"That's impossible," the rubber couldn't refrain from retorting, but he said it very softly, for they all knew that that was the silent tragedy of the old clock's life, to hide which he ticked as loudly and as cheerfully as possible in vain.

"Tell us about it," said the ruler, speaking hastily for the first time to cover the rubber's unfortunate remark.

"How do you know you're right?"

That was a very tactless way to put it for so careful a person as the ruler, but he was a little flurried, and when that was the case he sometimes went a trifle askew.

"From my place on the wall I see many things," said the clock, sententiously, judging it best to ignore the rubber altogether.

"You never see her now," remarked the inkwell; "she seldom comes in here now."

"It's three months since she's been in here," said the clock. "I know. I've reckoned every minute of it."

"I know it too," said the armchair; "she used to sit on me sometimes when she came in to chat for a few minutes at night. Ho! ho! I never could get my arms round her, though; she was much too thin. I think that's a defect in a woman myself, but I'm a better judge of men. I've always lived in the City."

"When Jones chaffed him about her not coming in now," said the indiarubber, "he said he didn't want to see her any more, because she sat on him. He seemed to object, eh? You wouldn't?"

The armchair made no audible reply, but he favoured the rubber with a slow and ponderous wink, which apparently satisfied that friable personage, for he rolled over and over with delight.

"Queer creatures, these humans," came from the depths of the inkwell.

"She never sat on him," remonstrated the clock. "I was always here, and I know. They talked philosophy and sociology. They agreed very well, but she said she was afraid he wasn't thorough, and that made him mad."

"There are very few people who are real grit all through—like me," said the rubber, with a complacent air of perfect self-satisfaction. "She shouldn't have expected too much of a mere man."

"Do be quiet," said the inkwell, irritably. "Your verbosity is redolent of the New Humour, which is no humour at all, and fails to be amusing."

That was a phrase he was very fond of. He had learned it from the Head Sub, who did a little reviewing occasionally.

"Was that all they quarrelled about?" piped the thin, shrill voice of the poker, pushing its round brass knob of a head out from beneath the broad base of the shovel, with a wide-awake and inquiring air.

"N-no," ticked the clock, hesitatingly. "I don't think so. She used to have a poem in the paper occasionally, you know, before she left off talking to him, but she's never given him any MSS. since then; at least, I've never heard of it."

"Is that all the story?" asked the poker, disappointed. "What is there in that to make a fuss about? I think it's a damn silly story myself."

All the works of the clock rustled with indignation, but he couldn't possibly hurry for anything, and before

he was able to tick out a sufficiently caustic rejoinder, a diversion was created by a squeaky, scratchy, little voice, which was heard crying impatiently from the desk, "Let me get out! I say, I want to get out!"

"Who's that?" said the inkwell. "I don't know the voice."

One of the drawers of the table opened a very little way, and shut itself up tightly again immediately, as a shabby bit of brown blacklead hopped out on to the surface and fell panting into its accustomed groove.

"It's only a pencil," said the chair, a trifle apologetically.

The inkwell sniffed contemptuously. He didn't approve of pencils. He said it was because they wore out so quickly, and became themselves cut up, whereas he only assisted to cut up other people. That he was jealous, and suspicious of the possible effects of their competition, he would never for a moment have admitted; yet it is possible that that motive and no other underlay his rooted objection to cedar wood, and in this also, though perhaps unconsciously, he again imitated the temper of the Head Sub, his master.

"Who are you?" asked the clock.

The pencil rose and bowed gracefully towards his old enemy, the inkwell. "I'm his pencil," he chirped, cheerfully. "I know why she doesn't come in here any more."

"How should you know," asked the inkwell, with a flap.

"Pardon me, I wrote to her," the pencil explained, cocking his head on one side and glancing askance at the juvenile stool and the impatient poker, "and what is more I went with the note. I was her pencil once."

They were all still waiting for the next development.

"Go on," said the clock. "Tick."

The pencil paused to enjoy to the full the unwonted consideration accorded him. Besides, he was an incurable scandalmonger; and the little bit of gossip he had to tell tickled his palate as he turned it over and over, that no whit of its flavour should be lost.

"Well, give me your attention! This is what he wrote," he chirruped. "Dear Madam, I am not quite satisfied with your poem, and would be glad if you would remodel it before noon to-morrow. Last line but one from end of first verse, is 'lie' intended to refer to the word or act? Do you really say what you mean in four first lines of second verse? Is first word of last line of last verse 'you' or 'your'?"

"What did she do?" asked the poker, breathless with interest. "Did she cry?"

"No," said the pencil, "she looked a bit white, as if she'd got the headache, but she didn't cry. She just pasted the note into her diary, and drew a mourning border around it. That's all."

"But how did you get back in here?" queried the inkwell, doubtfully.

"O—h, she brought me back," said the pencil, "she came in and said——"

"Yes, I remember," interrupted the clock. "That was the last time she came in here. She was wearing a little bunch of violets, and I thought she looked odd."

"How rudely you do interrupt everybody," snapped the inkwell. He was anxious to hear the end of the story from the pencil, but he could not, of course, admit that under any circumstances; so he took the easier way of snubbing the clock.

"Come, come," interposed the peacemaker, as the clock in vain endeavoured to hasten its angry tick, "one at a time, you know. Let little Verysoft finish."

"I beg your pardon," said the pencil, bowing again—he had all the airs and graces of a drawing master at a ladies' school; "not at all! I am H. B."

"Well, go on; what did she say?" asked the chair.

"She laid me on the table very gently," said the shabby little pencil. "I felt her fingers tremble a bit, but she only said quietly, 'I have brought it back, Mr. Smith—don't you think there is some mistake?' Smith wouldn't look up, though if he'd seen the expression in her eyes he would have melted, I'm sure; but he kept his back to her, and just grumbled out, 'Oh, no, thank you, that's all right.' There was an almost imperceptible pause; then she went away so lightly that not even the heels of her little brown shoes clicked on the oilcloth, and I stayed behind. By-and-by he saw me there, and he just swore under his breath and put me inside. I've been here ever since. The life suits very well, though a trifle placid and uneventful."

"And was that all?" asked the poker again.

"Not quite," said the clock. "She had a bunch of violets in her dress, and while she spoke to him I noticed that her fingers were nervously plucking and pulling at the blossoms. Two or three scattered leaves and flowers fell upon the floor beside his chair, and when she'd gone he picked them up and put them into his pocket-book."

"Absurd," said the inkwell. "If he had his back to her all the time, how did he know they were her flowers?"

"I can't tell," said the clock, "but he takes the pocket-book out, and looks at them sometimes when he's alone. Not very often, but I've seen him do it."

"Does he cry then?" asked the inquiring poker, but nobody took any notice of such a ridiculous idea.

"But why did he write like that? Wasn't the poem any good?" demanded the rubber.

"I thought myself it was very pretty," the pencil confessed, a little abashed, "but I'm afraid I'm scarcely impartial. You see I wrote it."

"Good — I should think it wasn't —" spluttered the inkwell. "I remember now, he read part of it over to me. It was rot."

"Then wasn't the rebuke deserved?" queried the stool, impartially.

"I don't know," said the pencil; "I don't think she will ever try again."

"And pray is not that something to be thankful for?" snapped the inkwell. "I consider that the critic, who, from mere stupid kindness of heart, encourages or even only abstains from discouraging mediocrity, is much to be contemned."

That was another phrase he borrowed, for the first time, from a recent review of his master's.

"Nevertheless," said the clock, solemnly, "it is much more to be deprecated that a base and personal malignity should ever be allowed to usurp the place of fair and honest criticism."

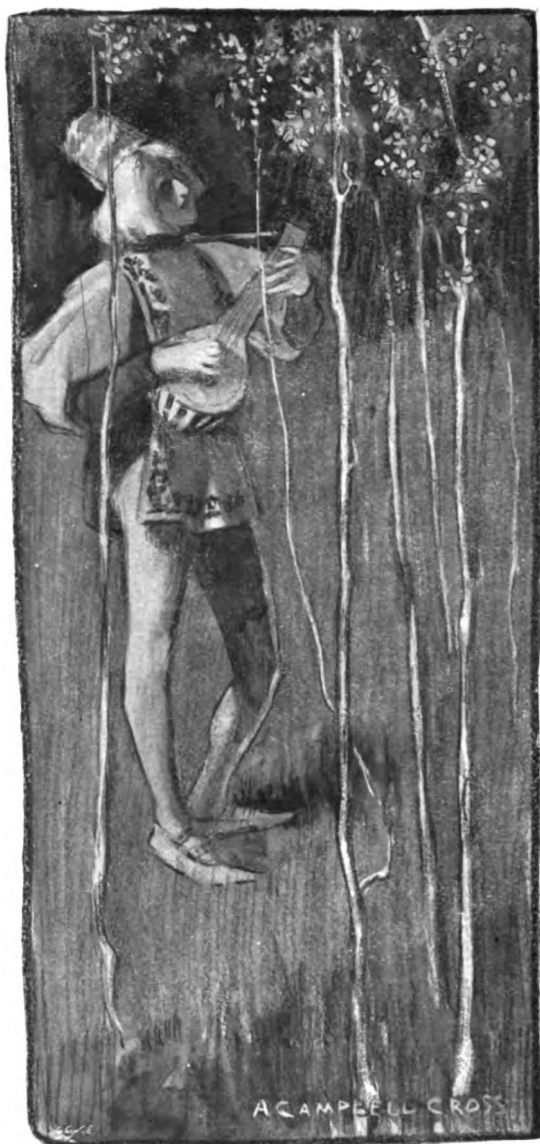
"It's a pity she's losing her looks for she might have done much better," said the ruler. "It's spoiling a very fair page."

"His figures wouldn't have filled it. He's much too poor," said the clock, reflectively. "Too poor and too extravagant; so it is better as it is."

"You said that at first," snapped the inkwell. "If it is better as it is, what has all the fuss been about?"

All were silent. Everybody looked at everybody else. What *had* all the fuss been about? Nobody knew.

LEAH ANSON.



THE TROUBADOUR

Drawn by A. C. Cross

A MODERN NIOBE.

Beneath thy magic spell, O sorceress bland,
The Niobe of tears transforms unto
The Queen of smiles, fresh as the morning dew,
And rosier than the flowers the zephyrs fanned
To instant life at nature's soft command,
Throughout the far-famed Hesper islands blue,
Whose peaceful shores no sounds of discord knew,
No music save the surf-beat on the sand.
Sweet Niobe, who tak'st our hearts by storm,
Had she, thy marble sister, owned thy grace,
Thy voice melodious or thy presence warm,
The dooming gods that turned her flesh to stone,
Once gloating on so marvellous a face,
Would bid her live, to be their queen alone!

ST. GEORGE BEST.

MEMORIES OF A GARDEN.

(A STUDY OF CHILD NATURE.)

AT the end of the terrace walk a little wicket gate opened into a plantation of fir trees, which, by the way, was inhabited by giants, although this fact was not generally known. In a corner of this plantation was a pond, somewhat overgrown by weeds and rushes, but nevertheless of considerable extent.

As long as the children could remember this pond had been like most other ponds, and nothing of moment had within their recollection occurred there, save the occasional capture of a frog or newt, or the launching of a liner—events which, however exciting in themselves, are apt to become monotonous when often repeated without variation. It was held, therefore, that something must be done to remedy the existing state of affairs.

At a conference attended by Charlie, Mabel, Dora, and Laddie for the purpose of discussing the question, the general wish of the assembly appeared to be that the pond in the fir plantation ought to be considered henceforth and for all time most dangerous, as being the favourite haunt of some creature of a wild and fierce nature. It now remained to choose the form of the monster who was to reside in that particular locality.

Laddie at once suggested lions, but this proposition met with little support, its originator being reminded that apart from the undeniable fact that lions did not live in water, there were already lions in the shrubbery.

After this there was a prolonged and thoughtful silence, at the end of which Dora timidly suggested "cwockodillies." This was understood to mean crocodiles, and here a long argument ensued as to the respective merits of crocodiles and alligators. However, on a division being taken, alligators won the day by three votes to one.

From time to time a considerable number of dangers in connection with the garden and shubberies had been discovered, and it had formerly been the custom of the children to warn the servants and gardeners of such discoveries.

But, as these solemn warnings had so often been ridiculed and disregarded, the children determined to

take no such measures on this occasion, and decided that if any one of these persons should be carried bodily away and devoured, the occurrence would be entirely his or her own fault. In the case of parents, however, matters were different, and at a meeting held after tea in a corner of the fruit-garden, conveniently near the gooseberry bushes, it was proposed by Charlie, seconded by Mabel, and unanimously carried, that a deputation should immediately proceed to the study and the boudoir to warn Father and Mother of the new peril that had arisen.

The deputation, consisting of all the children, proceeded without further delay to carry out the resolution which had just been passed.

It was now growing dark, and some difficulty was experienced in persuading the younger members to pass a certain corner of the garden known as "the graveyard," where Jimmie the hedgehog, Turk the terrier, and others of their old pets had long been quietly sleeping their last sleep. This difficulty, however, was overcome by joining hands and running at full speed round the dreaded corner; and, no further bar to their progress intervening, they reached the house somewhat out of breath, but quite safe.

Father and Mother received the news with becoming gravity, and appeared much impressed by the serious nature of the case. Indeed, they seemed very grateful when Laddie, who had recently attained the mature age of six, and had on that eventful occasion become the happy possessor of a gun which fired real percussion caps, announced his intention of protecting the whole family against any attack which might be made.

Laddie hastened to take advantage of their gratitude, and explained that his stock of ammunition was low, intimating that it would be impossible for him to be responsible for the general safety unless a new box of the above-mentioned percussion caps were shortly procured. At this point an interruption was caused by Dora and Laddie, who, it appeared, had chosen this particular moment to decide a long-standing difference by combat.

The two were separated and pardoned—it being understood that in the event of a renewal of hostilities, both belligerents would at once be sent upstairs. After this, peace reigned for the rest of the evening.

On the following day, the pond in the fir-plantation was christened. The choice of a suitable name was considered so important that the whole morning was devoted to deep thought upon the subject. All the

children were of opinion that the word alligator should be in some way brought into the term decided upon. Charlie, who had begun Latin, thought that "*Mare Alligatorienae*" would satisfy all the requirements of the case, and Mabel seemed quite willing to waive her own suggestion "*Alligatoria*" in favour of the longer and more learned one, but Dora and Laddie, who could not pronounce so long a phrase with any approach to correctness, joined forces on this occasion, and vigorously protested, with tears in their eyes, that, if they happened to be standing near the pond, and tried to say, "Here we are at the *Mally Awwygatorliense*," before they were half-way through, one of the brutes might dash out and make a meal of both while they were off their guard!

In the face of this pathetic protest the other two had no alternative but to think of some shorter name, and in the end "*Lake Oria*" was adopted as being easy to pronounce, while at the same time having a distinctly geographical sound. Invitations were at once sent out, the ceremony being fixed for 2.45 p.m. Father, who had on former occasions attended similar proceedings, and whose recollections of such affairs were not wholly pleasurable, pleaded a previous engagement, but Mother put on an old dress and accepted. At the christenings of the men-of-war and liners which had been launched at Lake Oria, the children used to try to break a bottle of ginger-beer (since father strongly objected to supplying champagne for this purpose) over the keel of the boat. If the bottle broke the liner (a catastrophe which not unfrequently happened), the ship was held to be defective in mechanism and unseaworthy, and the christening had to be postponed until a new vessel was procured—the intervening period of time being generally spent in repairing the old one with gum and tin-tacks.

But there was no precedent for wasting a bottle of ginger-beer on the christening of the "*Lake Oria*," even had there been any ginger-beer—which there was not. It was settled that the ceremony should consist of a procession, a speech from Charlie, and then a general shout of "*Lake Oria!*" ending with the usual demonstrations, such as cap-waving and yelling. At 2.25 p.m. Laddie summoned the company by ringing the dinner-bell, kindly lent for the occasion, and about half-past two the procession was formed near the conservatory. The committee of four was composed entirely of officers, and possessed no ordinary members—Charlie, Mabel, Laddie, and Dora holding respectively the proud positions

of President, Vice-president, Honorary Secretary and Honorary Treasurer.

Just after half-past two, the aforesaid committee led the way to Lake Oria, followed by Mother; Jemima Jane (the head nurse); Emma (the housemaid); Robert (the gardener); and, last of all, Mary (the under-nurse), and Dick (the boy). It is regrettable to have to state that the two persons last mentioned paid no attention whatever to the interesting proceedings to which they had been invited, but carried on a violent flirtation the whole time. The ceremony itself calls for no particular remark, except that Charlie forgot his speech, and Laddie, in his excitement (no doubt), threw Dora's hat into the water. When it was over, Jemima Jane remarked, "Lawks!" Emma ejaculated, "Well, I never!" Robert said nothing, and Mary said, "No, yer shan't, Dick!" This very irrelevant observation, coming unfortunately during a lull in the conversation, and being spoken with some heat, directed the immediate attention of all present to Mary and Dick, who both seemed confused, and retired hastily. Then the company dispersed.

E. H. MOYLE COOPER.

COMPARISON.

Violets in dusky dells,

What are my love's eyes worth ?

Tinklings soft of lily bells,

What are my love's sighs worth ?

Gleam you violets as you may ;

Waft you lilies every way ;

Folly, folly ! I but say

What a lover does in play.

Roses red and dewy-sweet,

What are my love's lips worth ?

Honeyed cups for bees to meet,

What are twenty sips worth ?

Blush you curv'd opening flowers ;

Honeysuckles, try your powers ;

Since she smiles not in these bowers

I but waste the creeping hours.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

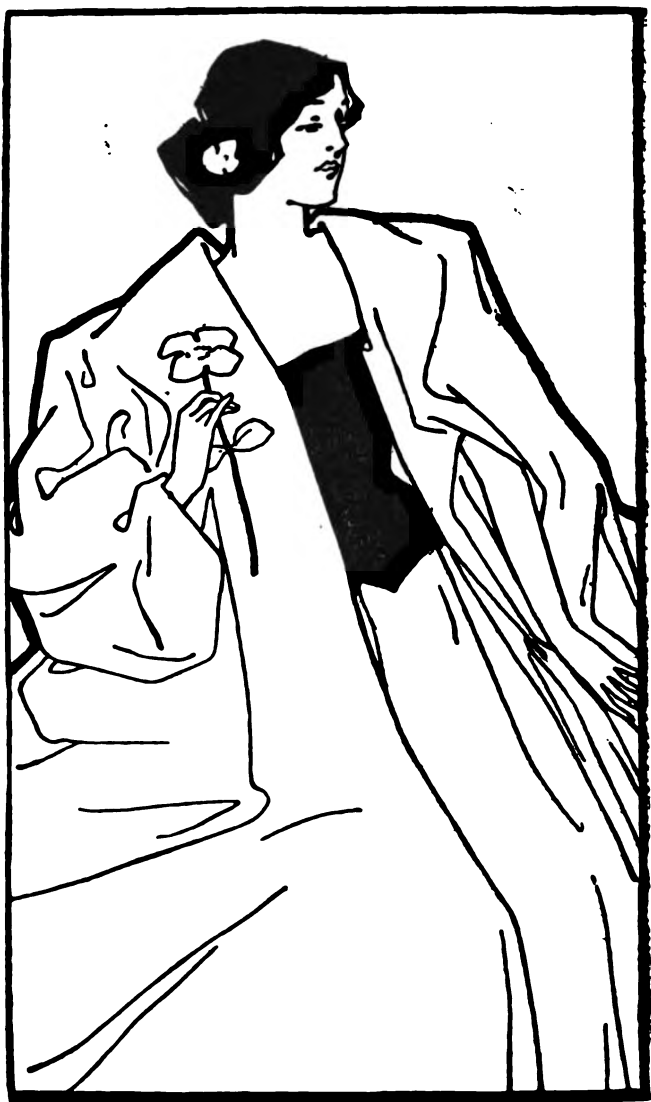
FRIENDSHIP.

FRRIENDSHIP, so someone says, springs from the social nature of man, and rests on the esteem which each entertains for the good qualities of the other. Usually, however, to the merely casual observer, the appearances of esteem between two friends are missing entirely. I am discussing the friendship of young men, not that of later days, when as old men they smack their lips over a stiff whiskey and the memory of some youthful escapade. But those peaceful days are the reward of stormy and troublesome times. Where the pleasure exists in talking of old times, or why it should exist, I really can't pretend to know. But all the same there is no doubt it does exist.

"We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow," quoth Falstaff. "That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have," replied the Justice of the Peace; "our watchword was 'Hem, boys.'" There was nothing interesting in the worthy knight's remark, nor in the reply of the poor esquire. But I am sure they chuckled to themselves at the remembrance of the late hours and somewhat curious watchword, and, looking back into the vista of the past, lived their lives anew.

It is the privilege of a friend to give his candid opinion about your character, to brutally thrust forward your failures to the general disadvantage of your virtues; according to him, no one, than yourself, has ever lived who has more disregarded every human and social tie, or even the generally conceived notions of right and wrong. He will sit in your easiest chair with his feet on the mantelpiece, smoking your tobacco and sipping your drinks, while blackening your character. He is marvellously eloquent—unnecessarily so, you consider. Yet, this is the man whom only a short while ago you had to bail out of a police court for participating in a street fight. You must not mention this to him, though. If you do, he will rise up in righteous indignation, and demand of you whether or not you are his friend; whether pawning your watch and Sunday coat to pay his fine is anything of a sacrifice at the altar of friendship. Would he not do the same thing for you under similar circumstances? "If you are going to make out such a paltry affair to be obligation," he will say, with dramatic emphasis, "we must part now." Then he will sit down and replenish his pipe and glass, and you must suffer as well as you can, soothing yourself with the consolation that your turn will come soon.

L. L. D. BLACK.



GIRL WITH FLOWER

Drawn by H. G. Fangel

A LATIN QUARTER LIFE OF THE '30's.

BERLIOZ'S father had no extraordinary opinion of his son's abilities in any line, and a very small appreciation of music as a profession. He was a doctor of some local importance at Côte-Saint-André, near Grenoble, where his talented son Hector was born; and was of the persuasion, like more modern fathers, that what was good enough for him was equally worthy of his children. Music as a profession he thought as bad as an addiction to calf-love and minor poetry; and he wanted his boy to go to the great city of Paris, not far distant, and study medicine. His wife, like the mothers of many musicians, was also averse to her son's entering upon the troubled ways of an artistic apprenticeship, and added her decided veto to his project of a severe study of music. It is no doubt due to this fact that Berlioz never learned to play any musical instrument except those an untutored boy might take up for his own amusement—the jew's harp, flageolet, and guitar. Berlioz never failed to mention the important truth that he "also knew something about the snare-drum!" But all his life he deeply regretted his inability to play even his own works, and hardly forgave his parents for their nearly fatal hostility to his cherished art.

With a knowledge of a few chords on the pianoforte, and of the curious things which one might do with them, Hector Berlioz came to Paris in 1822, and entered the Medical School under the teaching of Amussat, Thénard, and Gay-Lussac. He established himself in the Latin Quarter, comfortably near the Odéon, where at that time the Government was giving musical representations of one kind or another, none of them very extraordinary, and many of them consisting in garbled versions of foreign works. Besides his medical studies, to which Berlioz frankly confesses that he gave almost no attention whatever, he took lessons in French literature from Andrieux, of the University, and in composition and thorough-bass from Jean François Lesueur. He wrote all sorts of youthful compositions, many of which foreshadowed his peculiar instinct for orchestral colour; and before he had been in Paris very long had a mass brought out at Saint Roch. This encouraged him to throw off the parental tyranny, and to take his destiny into his own hands. True, the slender allowance which he had been receiving monthly from his father failed to turn up when this disobedience had been discovered; but Berlioz had

by that time so completely embraced the easy-going life of the left bank of the Seine that he was content to trust to luck for bed and board. He wrote a little for the newspapers, particularly the *Journal des Débats*, gave literature and music lessons, and finally, having managed to get together a little money, had his name formally inscribed on the register of the Conservatoire. This was in 1826; a few months before, he had handed in a composition, hoping to be admitted as a competitor for the annual prize for the best work of that kind, but was promptly refused. Again in 1827 he competed for the Grand Prix, but did not secure even an honourable mention; in 1828 he managed to get a second prize with a cantata called "Herminie," but when he entered the lists for the fourth time in 1829 he failed, and not until the next year did he succeed. Another cantata, "Sardanapale," had been offered this time, and the composer now might go to Rome to study. He was glad enough of the honour; but residence in Rome seemed very disagreeable to him, since he was already beginning to be known in Paris, and to have a tolerable reputation as a fellow of promise. Leaving Paris with the Prix de Rome simply meant falling out of everybody's mind for three whole years.

To Italy he went, nevertheless, and when he returned—he stayed only two years after all—he began the most charming decade of his life. Those were ten richly creative years, and yet Berlioz was young enough to get into quite another kind of life than that led by the usual composer who comes back to his home to show his advancement and added seriousness. He probably believed with Voltaire that "we should introduce into our existence all imaginable modes, and open the door of the soul to all sorts of knowledge and all sorts of feelings. So long as everything does not go in pell-mell, there is plenty of room for it all." At least Berlioz acted in accordance with these delightfully dangerous principles; and bequeathed to his musical successors the memory of a life devoted to much besides the art which formed his principal occupation—a spectacle, by-the-way, extremely healthy for the musicians of our own day. He threw himself into the fervour and boiling activity of his time, and drew from it as much as he gave to it. Berlioz the composer, journalist, wit, and *raconteur*, was also Berlioz the observer, the student, and, finally, the philosopher. The life in the Latin Quarter particularly interested him, not so much from the standpoint of the art student as from that of the man who likes good

company and knows it at once when he falls in with it. Nearly every so-called Bohemian, who is in the majority of cases a potential Chesterfield struggling for social recognition through one or another kind of mental ability, is interesting for the very reason that he offers a comico-tragic spectacle. No one who has read a page of the articles and books which Berlioz wrote under the direct inspiration of his Latin Quarter associations, will fail to find that the charm of them is largely due to the author's consciousness of this fact, which he voiced before Murger. Henri Murger's heroes, indeed, belong to the same generation as Berlioz, and though they were still living in the obscure corners of the old Faubourg at the time when Berlioz was philosophising over their kind in general, they were much the same as the more obvious sort of Bohemians among which the composer moved.

He liked them, considered that they formed a rational part of the social scheme, and entered even into their pranks and extravagances, which all the world knows were not seldom outrageous. If they wanted to hiss a mediocre opera at the Odéon he was with them; if one of them had a grievance against a grocer in the Rue St. Jacques for too diligent "dunning," Berlioz backed him up, if he did not pay the grocer himself; if the medical students took the idea of mixing in contemporary politics and began to move towards the Luxembourg Gardens for a mass meeting, Berlioz was once more an enthusiastic medical student himself, and far more energetic than when it had been his ostensible occupation to wield the scalpel. After the mass meeting he would write a fugue, plentifully embroidered with his favourite snare-drum patterns, and would go to bed feeling that the day had been profitable on the whole.

Snare-drum fugues were, one might say, the principal concern of the young musician during those days, for even after having won the Prix de Rome he did not find it an easy matter to make his way in the art world. He could not find a sale for his things; they were strange to to Parisian ears, and little after the manner of the victorious "Sardanapale." Even now Berlioz's orchestration startles one, and is not nearly so popular as his admirers like to think. He represented a certain musical sensationalism which was utter heresy in those days, and which is still not too respectable. Perhaps there was too much Latin Quarter exuberance about it; it knew no laws, and gloried in its sublime obstinacy; it whistled and boomed, shrieked and howled with demoniac fury, all for no purpose. The Parisians were not to

be screeched and snare-drummed into forgetfulness of "Lucia" and the "Huguenots." This uncontrollable and hectic juvenility got tamed down as the years crept along; it is quite another Berlioz that we meet in the symphony "Harold en Italie," although his beloved cymbals and doubled ranks of trombones never ceased to attract him. Berlioz lived down his posy sentimentalism in music just as he managed to outlast the "broken hearts" which followed on his unfortunate love affairs. These were none too few. His career in Rome had been punctuated with them. Camilla Moke, afterwards the famous pianist Camilla Pleyel, was the object of one of these temporary passions, and Harriet Smithson, an Irish actress in Macready's company, so completely enchanted the susceptible Berlioz that he made up his mind to marry her. He frequented the theatres at which she played; he plotted to secure her presence whenever any of his works were to be given at a Parisian concert; he wrote languorous music under the influence of her charms and dedicated it to her. No pale youth was ever more sentimental than he, in fact. In his "Memoirs" one grows tired of passages like this: "What were my feelings when I saw the lovely creature, the divine Miss Harriet, sitting carefully listening to the exquisite melody of which she herself had been the direct inspiration and origin. I immediately began to despair! Would my affinity ever recognise me?" His affinity evidently did finally recognise him, much to his future discomfot, for he soon married her, and began a life less free and careless than before. His wife brought her canny Irish ideals with her, and Berlioz soon discovered that there are more solid things than sentiment and "divine creatures" in the existence of a still struggling composer. The marriage was absolutely unhappy, and would have been disastrous to the musician's future had it not been for his natural philosophic temperament. He began to make foreign tours about this time, and before very many years had lost Harriet and had married someone else, a union which was not a whit more felicitous than his first.

During the 80's, Berlioz did a great part of his literary work. He became musical critic of the *Débats*, and was librarian of the Conservatoire. He was elected to succeed Adolphe Adam at the Institut, and was made Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur later on, but even so early as 1885 his literary talent was well known. In his writings, still more than in his rampart music, he is the true child of the Latin Quarter. Take, for instance, the

fascinating book entitled "*Soirées de l'Orchestre*." Its faults and virtues, its prejudices and ideals, are those of the left bank. Its bold onslaughts on existing abuses of the French stage are such as originate only in a community which is law unto itself, and regards nothing as sacred. The light way in which the gossip chapters dispose of the tenets which were cement to the musical institutions of the day would take one's breath away even now if one did not at once recall that this book's origin was the region of eternal intellectual outlaw, the student atmosphere of the Latin Quarter. As for the rest, the work is made up of a series of conversations and essays, storiottes, and reminiscences put into the mouths of different members of an orchestra who lay aside their instruments during the performance of an opera which they consider poor music, and pass the time in reading or conversing. On the other hand, when the opera of the evening is worthy of strict attention, not a whisper can be heard throughout the orchestra; every musician is engrossed with his part. This conceit gives the author an opportunity to air in detail each of his aversions, and yet offers a fanciful, romantic setting for a collection of sketches which have never been excelled in humour. "*Soirées de l'Orchestre*" is a treasure-trove for the musical amateur who wishes to breathe an atmosphere full of good music-talk, anecdotes, and reminiscences of the historical highways and byways of the first half of the century. The time was one of huge proportion, and many a man who masks in these delightful scenes under a false name is a giant's personality thinly disguised. The musical tone of the book is its greatest merit, that half genuine, half buffoonish attitude which Berlioz took in his compositions at this time as well as in his writings.

Whatever his limitations, Berlioz was a *raconteur* of the first order of ability. He had a talent for saying things in print with that genial buttonholing intimacy which makes you feel that they are whispered into your ear for yourself alone. It took moral courage, too, to say certain things then; and somehow Berlioz always seems to have been at loggerheads with the rest of the world. That, once more, was the Latin Quarter influence; and for this reason I have selected this one book of his to talk about. The 40's found him more mature—and less interesting. The realities of life overtook him; and it is only when the realities are not uppermost in one's mind that one is valuable to the artistic brotherhood. When Berlioz went on his German tour in 1842, he left the Latin Quarter behind in more senses than one.

In Germany his success opened the eyes of his compatriots to the genius they had had among them. Similar trips on which he directed his own works in Russia, Austria, and Silesia brought him to the acme of fame; and when he went to London to conduct the New Philharmonic in 1852 he was a made man. Thereafter he need hope no longer; his name was in everybody's mouth. He set himself to opera-writing, and approached the Berlioz of the "Damnation of Faust," which we all know so well. He gradually grew a little sour over the inevitable popularity of Wagner, which he could not but foresee; and called Wagner the apostle of "musical declamation," in which he had no confidence, believing that the melody or simple musical "phrase" was the true unit of composition. In the old days at the Odéon he might have cheerfully hissed a piece built consistently on that thesis; but with his fame Berlioz had grown "respectable."

LAMAR MIDDLETON.

*Ex-libris,
drawn by
H. A. Hogg*



LOVE WRONGED.

Nay, think not thou that love can never die ;
Or that it will show mercy, and forbear
To leave the stained soul, once clean and fair,
The blackened soul that bids white truth good-bye.
It may not wait the twinkling of an eye ;
It goes upon that moment thou dost dare
To yield to powers that wrong it, but a share
In thee. Shall life with death sink down and lie ?
Nay, love is like some fair and delicate flower
That in the summer shows its glory long ;
Drinking the sun, the breeze, the cooling shower ;
But dying with frost. Love liveth sweet and strong
In love's own time ; but hurt, droops in an hour ;
E'en withering at the very touch of wrong.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

A FIANCÉE OF NAPOLEON I.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. F.

*He could
hold up
his head
before
Napoleon*



HISTORY contrives beyond romance, and "truth is stranger than fiction" in the life of this little bourgeoisie maiden of Marseilles, who, from total obscurity, became a central figure in Parisian court life of her day, played fast and loose with glittering fortune, and was seated, at last, upon the throne of Sweden.

More than a century has gone by since the Reign of Terror and the day when Desirée Clary went with her sister-in-law to intercede before the Representative d'Albitte for the life of her brother, one of too many who were arrested on suspicion during those troublous times, when all France was in "fusion and confusion."

Desirée, it seems, lost her sister-in-law in the excited throng that surged through the Hotel de Ville. Her eager search was hopeless. She was alone in this vast crowd, far from home, and night was fast coming on. Afraid to make her way out into the darkening streets alone, poor Desirée sank into the nearest seat and buried her face in her hands.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, are you in trouble—can I do anything to help you?"

A tall, distinguished looking stranger stood before her offering his timely aid; and so it came about that Joseph Bonaparte met Desirée. As a result of this chance meeting he became a frequent and welcome visitor at the Hotel Clary. This is the first event that history vouchsafes us—the rising of the curtain, so to speak, in the drama of her life. Soon after, a marriage was arranged between them, of the sort where a dot figures largely, and the bride-elect is one of the obedient daughters of France.

She did not love Joseph, to be sure, but then, the engagement was not of her making. Besides, Julie, her sister, adored him from the first, and Julie was twenty-two (a much more suitable age, surely). Why couldn't he marry her instead. She consoled herself, however, with the thought that, as she would have to marry some day, perhaps it was better that it was all settled and off her mind.



THE ESCORT

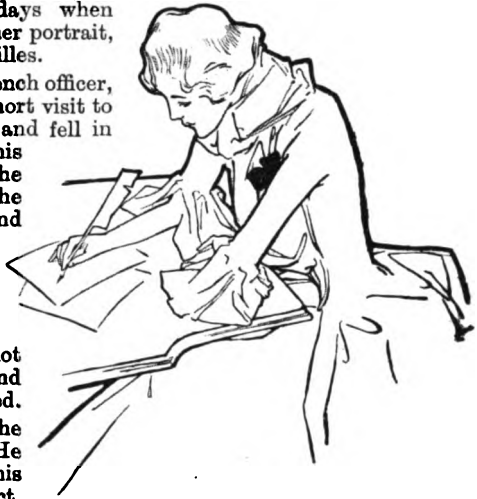
A Fiancée of Napoleon

So she sat idly musing, in her white and gold boudoir, with a glance from time to time into the oval mirror which stood above her dressing table. What she saw there was a very charming face, indeed—destined to be reflected in many hearts and in the eyes of all the world of fashion, early in our century. The face was a sunny one as it smiled back upon her, for as yet Napoleon had not appeared to give a more serious turn to her musings, and her sixteen-year-old head was very little troubled with the cares and anxieties of life. Marry Joseph she would, some day in the uncertain future, and in the meantime the sun was shining, and the world was a grassy playground under her feet. The face had become more serious, and the velvet-robed figure more stately in the days when François Gérard painted her portrait, as we see it now at Versailles.

Napoleon, the young French officer, came, all too soon, for a short visit to Marseilles, where he met and fell in love with Desirée, his brother's *fiancée*; but the man who was to change the map of Europe soon found the words to persuade his weaker brother to retire in his favour; Joseph married, instead, the adoring Julie, and not unwillingly, since the dot of one hundred thousand francs remained unchanged.

Thus Desirée became the *fiancée* of Napoleon. He was not handsome, like his brother; his fierce aspect, sallow skin, and extreme thinness forbade the thought, but he was a brilliant and ambitious fellow, and, above all, she loved him. During the year following the lovers often met, for though Napoleon had his military duties to perform, he found time for frequent visits to her home.

Alas for the course of true love that never did run smooth! Napoleon was called away to Paris to higher destinies, leaving letters only and vows of eternal constancy to shorten the miles between. Not many months passed by before Desirée went to Italy, and in a letter to his brother Napoleon says, "It must be that in



*Desirée
writes to
Napoleon*

going to Genoa one passes the river of Lethe. Desirée has not written me one word since she went there." In vain he wrote to Julie and to Madame Clary; her silence remained unbroken and unexplained. In desperation, he had even threatened to demand his release and follow her, but still no word came from Desirée.

When he had met Josephine Beauharnais, when the romance of his life had begun and the idyll of his love was over, this letter came in tardy explanation for so sudden and complete a silence. "I can no longer resist the desire to justify myself in your eyes. If I have your love no longer I would at least have your esteem; it is the only consolation that remains to me. You are angry because I did not reply to your last letter. It is true, I was wrong. But such a little fault. Does it merit such great anger? A little pique and jealousy on my part caused the suspension of our correspondence, for someone had told me that you were paying court to a rich and beautiful lady. That news turned me against you, and was the cause of all my troubles, but do I deserve to be treated with so much cruelty? Did I not promise that if I changed I would tell you so and ask for my portrait—pledge of my love—which you still have? Have I done so? It is you then who are wrong."

The little Marseillaise awoke at last from her dream, to find Napoleon married to Josephine and the breach irreparable. Again she wrote: "So you are married! It is then no longer permitted to love you—to think of you. No, I cannot grow accustomed to that idea. It would kill me. I could not survive it. Never shall I marry. The day of your departure from Marseilles was unhappy enough for me; but then I had the hope of one day being united to you. At present the only consolation which remains to me is to persuade you of my constancy. After this, I desire nothing but death. Life is a frightful penance to me, since I can no longer consecrate it to you. I wish you all good fortune in your new home, and I hope that the woman you have chosen will make you as happy as I intended to do; and I hope also that you will deserve it. In the midst of your good fortune, do not entirely forget Desirée, and pity her fate.

The next year passed uneventfully, and at its close we find the stricken lady in Rome with her sister and Joseph Bonaparte, to whom Napoleon sends this message: "I commend to you General Druphot, a brave man. He will speak of the marriage he wishes to contract with



The
suitors

your sister-in-law. The alliance will, I believe, be greatly to her advantage, for he is a distinguished officer."

Fond hopes never to be realised! He is betrothed to *Desirée Clary*, but soon after falls, almost under her eyes, a victim of the massacre by the soldiers of the Pope.

The winter of 1798 she spent in Paris, where Junot wished to marry her; "but," she says, "he was so awkward and so timid that he charged Marmont to make the request for him. Ah, if Marmont had only been asking for himself. Who knows? My answer might have been different. He was such a fine-looking fellow." Marmont did not speak for himself, however; and soon after refusing his friend, the unhappy little *Priscilla* accepted *Bernadotte*, and a life of splendour in place of the happiness which mocked and eluded her.

Bernadotte, Ambassador to Vienna, formerly divisionnaire of the army of the Rhine and of Italy, was a dazzling figure in the world of that date. In the Italian campaign of 1797 he had dared to oppose Napoleon. It was balm to her wounded pride to marry the rival of her former forgetful lover, and she says later, "General *Bernadotte* was in a high position, and deserved the esteem of all. I grew to know him with difficulty; it was quite different with those whom I had refused. I consented to marry him because he could hold his head up before Napoleon."

He prepares an insurrection and conspires with *Moreau*, but is nevertheless named *Maréchal de l'Empire*, and given a hotel on the *Rue d'Anjou*; later he plots with *Tallyrand* and *Fouché*, but is made sovereign prince of *Ponte-Corvo*, and heaped with benefits unnumbered; for the sword of

the crafty, turbulent Gascon is useful; and Napoleon fears his spirit of intrigue.

Bernadotte, on the 21st of August, 1810, was elected Royal Prince of Sweden, but, strange to say, these supreme honours brought very little pleasure to Madame Desirée Bernadotte, who says to a friend: "I never was interested in foreign countries, and was very much puzzled to place this one, when I heard the name so often about me. I thought that Sweden was, like Ponte-Corvo, a place of which we only held the title."

Tearfully she refused to leave her home and friends, and the beloved customs of Paris for "*ce pays perdu*," and only through the intercession of the Emperor she went, like an exile to Siberia, to join her husband.

She returned soon after, and lived for many years as the Princess de Gothland, in her home in the Rue d'Anjou, until forced by the death of Charles XIII. to go again to Sweden. She was crowned with great ceremony in Stockholm. There she remained until her death, which took place during the second Empire.

Desirée Clary Bernadotte's was a life dedicated to human pomp and grandeur, but happiness was never hers. She was betrothed to Joseph Bonaparte, with whom she would have been Princess Imperial and Queen of Naples and Spain; with Napoleon she would have reigned Empress of France. Druphot would doubtless have made her *maréchale* and *duchesse*; Junot would have made her *duchesse d'Arbantès*; and Marmont *maréchale* and *duchesse de Raguse*; but it was reserved for Bernadotte to place the crown of Sweden upon her fair young head.

ANN MERRIMAN.

EXHIBITION AT THE AMERICAN GIRLS' CLUB OF PARIS.

THE American Woman's Art Association opened their Third Annual Sketch Exhibition at the American Girls' Club, 4, Rue de Chevreuse, on December 11th. There was a large attendance of the public, and the Association may congratulate themselves on having scored a distinct success.

Not only were the walls of the exhibition room generously covered with pictures, but the hat and cloak room downstairs was also crowded with works of art, which necessarily forced each visitor to be his own *vestiaire*. For this trifling inconvenience, however, he was more than compensated by the merit and excellence of the pictures that caused it.

To criticise further, we beg to say that what in our judgment was the *clou* and chief attraction of the exhibition was placed in an angle of the stairs—neglected, gloomy, unframed, unnumbered, and alone. We refer to the portrait of a young girl, by Miss Alice Mumford. Even in the obscurity, it arrested the passer's attention. When brought into the light of the exhibition room, its full beauty stood revealed.* Composed of three planes of colour—grey (background), black (*fauteuil* on which the girl sits), dull white (the dress), its perfect simplicity and unstudied technique, are most attractive and pleasing. There is but little colour in the child's face, and the only bright spots on the canvas are two bits of yellow ribbon in the hair, which, however, are placed there with inimitable skill and splendid effect. The pensive yet withal childish expression on the little sitter's face is one of the charms of the portrait.

In the hall upstairs a glance reveals the fact that the water-colourists bear off the honours of the day. Miss Wilhelmina Hawley sends seven masterly and brilliant drawings. In a more subdued style—but equally pleasing and able—are the water colours of Miss Alice Engley.

Among the paintings, "Les Terrasses de Tunis," by Miss Elizabeth Nourse, a panoramic view of the white walls and domes of that city, is conspicuous by reason of its absolute correctness in minutiae and architectural detail, combined with decorative charm and artistic feeling. Refreshing it is indeed, in these days of

* We have subsequently learned that the position of the picture on the opening day was due to the fact that it had been sent in too late.

amudging, to behold so successful a relapse into old time methods—so frank and honest a use of art materials.

Miss E. Norcross exhibits an "Interior," which is full of subtle beauty in its rich, but subdued, tones—but the composition is not satisfying. The girl to the right, who should be the centre of interest, is stiff and inartistic; and not worthy of the rest of this most excellent painting.

The "Study of a Head," in black and white, by Mrs. C. Briggs, is interesting and well executed.

Miss Ellen Emmett is bold enough to attempt the time-honoured composition of a double-view portrait obtained by the kindly assistance of a mirror. Yet she has treated her subject (one of the fair sex, naturally) with such pleasing skill that we forget the many photographs we have seen in the Rue Rivoli. We speak not in disparagement. Only true talent can invest the commonplace and hackneyed with variety and attractiveness.

The studies of Dutch peasants by Mrs. A. de Forest Parsons are full of humour and character, and make us involuntarily reflect on the meretriciousness of the deluge of similar work that pours each year into Paris at the fog end of fall. Mrs. Parsons in depicting her peasants has thought of something more than their costumes.

In the miniature department we noticed the contributions of Mrs. Virginia Reynolds—as usual, charming; and a portrait, of delicate colouring, by Miss Maria Champney.



ARTISTIC REPRODUCTION.

The Paris-American Art Store, 15, Quai Voltaire, which is connected with the American Art Association, as we have before explained, is laying in a large and comprehensive stock of art goods, which it will soon invite the public to inspect.

The store makes a specialty of artistic reproductions by photography of the masterpieces, and its collection is one of the best chosen and most complete to be found in Paris.

"Autumn" in our December number should have been accredited to Miss Florence Jones.

A BANQUET IN PARIS.

ON the eve of Thanksgiving the University Dinner Club of Paris, in honour of that occasion, gave another of its brilliant and successful banquets.

Due to the able management of its committee, notably Mr. Theodore Stanton and Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, this club has grown into a large and influential organisation; and its reunions, while losing nothing of the fraternal feeling that marks the gathering of university students and graduates, have come to be regarded as international events.

The dinner was held in the great Banqueting Hall of the Continental Hotel. The guests were seated at two parallel tables, and the repast was all that French culinary art could make it.

We have spoken of the international character of these banquets. Without going into a list of the guests present, the *personnel* of the speakers will indicate what we mean. The president of the dinner and toastmaster was the Honourable John K. Gowdy, United States Consul General, who officiated with accustomed *savoir faire*, and to whose happy remarks and good management part of the success of the evening was due.

On the right of the Consul General was the United States Ambassador, General Horace Porter. General Porter answered the toast, "The College Man in the Civil War." Although this gave our gifted Ambassador a splendid opportunity for one of the stirring and patriotic speeches for which he is renowned, his address was couched in a very different key. The first part of it sparkled with amusing allusions and *bon mots*, and the latter part of it, though fully as patriotic indeed as the occasion required, was mainly anecdotal. Differing as it did from his usual style, General Porter's address was one of the most brilliant of the evening, and gave ample proof of his versatility as a speaker.

Following the Ambassador, Mr. Gaston Paris, of the French Academy, president of the College of France, spoke on "French Universities." He drew a comparison between the educational systems of France and America; gave praise to both where praise was due, and hoped that mutual benefit would accrue from an interchange of ideas and systems. Though didactic, his address was of absorbing interest, and was received with great enthusiasm.

The toast to the "American Universities" was responded to by Dr. David Hill, ex-President of Rochester University, and author of the well-known treatise on rhetoric that bears his name. As Dr. Hill is ranked with that other great and eloquent doctor, Chauncey Depew, as an after-dinner speaker, it is scarcely necessary to say that his remarks won full appreciation from the guests present.

The next speaker on the programme was Mr. Loyson (le Père Hyacinthe). Le Père Hyacinthe fully sustained his reputation as one of the great orators of the day in France. He made a long address, which he concluded with a strikingly beautiful and noble apostrophe to the American Woman, which of course provoked great applause.

Throughout the banquet the Glee Club of Paris, led by Mr. Lamar Middleton, sang a number of ballads and college songs, and gave a touch of genuine college spirit to the entertainment.

In concluding these remarks on the banquet, we will add that the toast "The American Students in Paris" was answered by a representative of *The Quartier Latin*. We mention this with pardonable pride, because the invitation to speak at the banquet was not a personal honour, but one offered to this magazine, or rather to the interests in Paris which it represents.



A. ROUBILLE.

A BALL IN THE QUARTER

Drawn by A. Rouville

VIGNETTES OF THE STUDIO.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"I'M going to surprise you greatly," exclaimed my platonic friend as she sailed jauntily into my studio on a certain afternoon. A draft of cool air slipped in at the same time, driving before her stray silken hairs of golden yellow and the ends of a black feather boa. Her face was aglow with colour and smiles.

By
Henry
G.
Fangel

She was in the habit of dropping in whenever it pleased her. We understood each other well; better—we thought—than do most friends. Analysing each other's faults was a frequent pastime—always diverting. Long talks we used to have lasting through twilight and dusk far into the dinner hour. It was during one of these that I chanced to call her "a lady of many moods," which appellation she took pride in, since, as she said, it precluded the possibility of her being a "bore." We often agreed as to our respective shortcomings; indeed—and it is a strange truth—more often upon that topic than upon most. Perhaps we did not always take each other quite seriously.

I hardly flattered myself that all her little visits were for the pleasure of my charming society, for there was my piano—and she musical. It certainly was pleasant to have the dull hours of "grind" broken into with half-hours of Chopin. Equally so to be able to play the good Samaritan to an occasional lame drawing that she would bring, which always needed just a "something" to put it on its feet.

Her announcement of a surprise being duly noted, I indicated a chair near the fire, and while mentally admiring the effective brushwork suggested by an animated face surrounded by wavy, wind-tossed hair, said, half mechanically, "You mean, you'd like to."

At any rate she appeared in no great hurry to make the effort, but proceeded to arrange herself comfortably upon a pile of cushions on my couch. Her careful carelessness in placing a favourite grey and gold cushion where it became background to her face did not escape me. That was but the natural touch of an artistic temperament, for such she assuredly had. Her "artistic temperament" was not, however, the complex bundle of virtues and vices, at which that form of mental organisation is usually estimated. Nor was it the actual number or variety of her words that led to her being styled "of

many moods," but rather the fine shades of difference in what was in truth a very even disposition. She looked at life artistically—so to speak—as a painter in looking at a picture ignores (if he is a good painter) tiny specks on the canvas or cracks in the paint, yet enjoys every brilliant detail down to a clever brushmark. Hence her smiling indifference to life's little ironies and keen appreciation of the minutest of its favours. Added to this she had a taste for Bohemia—its independence appealed to her—an understanding of art far beyond her ability, and—as essential as the rest—a modicum of self-appreciation.

"Well?" I asked at length, expectantly.

"Well!" she answered, with a raise of the eyebrows, in a pretty pretence at keeping a straight face. "It's something very, very serious this time. Dreadfully serious." And she smiled a contradiction.

"Serious as love?" I asked, stupidly.

"Serious as love," she answered, "only worse."

I formed my estimate of the surprise in store accordingly. However, to fill a pause, I continued my pose of attention, and was soon rewarded.

"Just think! Mr. Colman, you're famous—your name is made." And the face looking at me from among the cushions was radiant with merriment.

Suspecting that the fun might be at my expense, I tried to look as bored as possible, muttering, "Is that all?" and hinted at a change of subject.

"You might *pretend* to be surprised," suggested my fair visitor. "Conceited man! You'll wish it weren't true when you hear the rest—which I couldn't be bribed to tell you now." A short laugh followed; then a pause, during which her eyes wandered about the room. Suddenly her gaze turned from the easel to me, and she asked quite seriously:

"What are you going to make out of those turpentine streaks running down that canvas—or did you spill your palette cup over it?"

"Turpentine streaks!" I muttered, in astonishment. "Where—here? These? Why those are trees—saplings. Not quite finished," I added, apologetically. Another burst of laughter descended upon my last words until, fairly out of breath, she murmured:

"Oh dear! How stupid of me. It must have been the distance—I'm sure it was the distance." And by way of penance she descended from her comfortable throne, and honoured my picture with closer inspection.

A dash of the out-of-door still lingered on her cheeks,

and roguish merriment lit up the eyes, out of whose corners she looked at me as she insisted, "But they do look just a little like drops of turpentine or wet paint trickling down the picture—now don't they, Mr. Colman?"

My eyes were fixed on hers. One of my hands flew from my pocket to the back of a chair where two very dainty, little hands were resting—but arriving, found them gone. Contact with hard wood restored my equipoise; and an abyss of sentiment yawned in vain.

While I was mentally kicking myself, she slid gracefully into a piano chair, and allowing her well-trained fingers to run at random over the ivories, turned to me and asked, mischievously, "Shall I play you something beautifully sentimental?"

"Adapt your music to your mood," I answered, pulling together my scattered dignity.

"Oh! shall I?" she said, and fell at once with exaggerated dramatic abandon and mocking fervour into some stupidly sentimental thing then in vogue. This I chose to accompany with a furious rattling of the grate in my stove.

Finally she stopped.

I did likewise.

We both turned.

"Won't you have some tea?" said I.

"Nothing less would induce me to reveal to you the secret of your fame."

She moved to a comfortable, low armchair.

"You know you are dying to tell me," I said, pouring hot water into the teapot.

"Mr. Colman," she answered, and took the cup I held out, "it's this. Do you remember that horrid fashion drawing you touched up for me last week?"

I nodded, and began pouring tea into her cup.

"Well," she continued, "through some mistake it was printed with your name to it; designed by—O heavens! you're pouring it on my dress!" She was on her feet in an instant. Cup and saucer came to the floor with a crash.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed, unconsciously holding the teapot aloft—at arm's length. "I'm so sorry—really—I'm awfully—but that surprise, you know!"

NORAH'S LAMENT.

Far, far away he rove
Upon the billowy foam,
Alike of foes and friends bereft,
Of happiness and home.

I'm looking o'er hills and valleys,
O'er forests and pastures green,
To the dim and dark horizon
Which limits the fading scene.

For I know that beyond that dim outline
Where the sky and the earth unite
Lie meadows and cornfields golden,
And the broad sea surging white.

And I know that on its proud bosom,
Its gentle or angry swell,
Sails a mariner bold and fearless
Who loves me truly and well.

WALTER F. SMITH.

NOTES.

Mr. W. F. Kline, who has spent the last two years in Europe, studying in Italy as well as in Paris, and who was a prominent member of the American Art Association, has returned to New York; and, according to the numerous reports which have reached us, has been very well received by his brother artists. Mr. Kline was the Lazarus scholar here, and his industry and art-fervour were well known among his friends, who congratulate him on his success. Some weeks ago *Harper's Weekly* published Mr. Kline's large decorative canvas, "Peace and War," which was the last work the painter did on this side of the Atlantic, and which the present scribe had the honour of seeing in progress. It was in strict accord with Mr. Kline's classic persuasions, and promised what its completion has fully realised. In the supplement of the *New York Times*, now on the reading-room tables at the clubhouse, we find reproduced two more of his paintings: "La Jeunesse," which was exhibited at last year's Champ de Mars salon, and a study of a young girl, which is one of the best things he has ever done. This work hints at some of the most unequivocal merits of portrait-painting, and has greatly interested Mr. Kline's Paris friends, who see it now for the first time. These and other canvases by the same artist are on exhibition at the New York Museum of Art.

By
Lamar
Middleton

Emile Zola's address to the "Youth of the Latin Quarter," lately sold on the streets of Paris, has called forth a half-dozen answers from the said youth. He arraigned that heterogeneous body for its complicity in the recent demonstration of the students against M. Scheurer-Kestner *in re* the hackneyed "Dreyfus affair." The "Address" was as eloquent as Zola's impassioned sentences always are, though the pamphlet was undoubtedly marred by a theatrical and declamatory flavour, which caused it to lose a great part of its effect. The only one of the replies which I had the patience to read through was written in the same vein, and after denying that the students of the Quarter, as a whole, had anything to do with the rowdiness of the anti-Dreyfus demonstration, pitches into no less a person than M. Henri Rochefort. The vocabulary of scorn and hatred is exhausted to furnish adjectives picturesque enough to portray the students' disgust for the eminent editor of the *Intransigeant*; and the irritated writer makes the threat that French youth can tolerate him no longer; either *he* or *they* must go. Just what M. Rochefort has done to merit this indecent tirade, the author does not take the trouble to tell his readers; but it would perhaps be wrong to expect much perspicuity in such a document. On its face it bears evidence of its callow origin.

"You know, Zola," it remarks in one place, "that WE are only the Youth of to-day; but you know, too, that WE are the men of the great To-morrow, and this To-morrow makes the strongest tremble!" Ahem! This warlike self-complacency contrasts humorously with the closing statement of this revolutionary communication. The final clauses tell us that this To-morrow is surely going to realise "the beautiful dream of Humanity which Zola himself has talked about." Without questioning just what a "beautiful dream of Humanity" is, one may be pardoned for suggesting that there is apparently nothing so blood-curdling, after all, in connection with the halcyon future, which our young man calls on us in one place to fear and in another to anticipate joyfully. The reply, it is charitable to believe, is no more the expression of the whole body of Latin Quarter students than was the noisy parade to the *Figaro* office. Extreme youth, like murder, will out.

La Fronde, a newspaper edited, administered, and even printed by women, has just made its appearance in Paris. Most of the prominent women journalists of the city are connected with it, and furnish brave "leaders" in the initial number. Mademoiselle Chauvin, the young woman who was lately refused the right to practise law in the French courts, has also been invited to join the staff; and nothing has been left undone which could make *La Fronde* representative of the interests of women in general, and of French women in particular. As might be supposed, there is a great deal of plain speaking in the new paper, and also no small amount of boasting about the future; but if the object of the united effort of the women of France is what the editorials of *La Fronde* state it to be—gradually to secure the equality of the sexes before the law—a journal of this kind is in direct opposition to the cause. It starts out with an implicit separation of the sexes; and thus hints that women can get along better alone. Elsewhere women have found that the aid of their brothers and fathers was necessary to the progress of what they have grown to call their "emancipation." In other respects the *feministe* sheet is sane and readable.

The abuse recently hurled at the *café-chantants* of Paris by people who appear to have asked for musical food and received a stone is really not justifiable, when one takes into account the aim and real province of those atmospheric institutions. There are drearier places on earth even from the musical point of view than the "Ambassadeurs," for instance, or than the "Horloge," which profane the sacred groves of the Champs-Élysées. Music dies a more pitiful and gasping death in the London music-halls than in any other locality where a company lets itself be bored for dear amusement's sake. The topical or the sentimental song served up to the ear in these English halls is a musical

perversion so monstrous that the foreign listener is bewildered, and has no opinion at all for the moment. He knows only that he has passed through the valley of the shadow of death. Vulgarly is the keynote; every kind of bathos, verbal and musical, the accompaniment. Facial distortion is practised as a fine art, and the "dry laugh" reigns supreme.

In comparison, the French song, advertising moral finesse, is a gem of splendid purity. If you have once dreamed of a kind of music which should be popular, and yet neither artificial nor deceitful nor corrupt, you cannot leave a London music-hall without crying out in the spirit of the wretched little Heine, tortured by the irregular French verbs: "Oh, thou poor Deity once tormented like myself, if it be possible! Grant that I may forget the English melodies!" But the prayer is prayed in vain. Once heard, the vile music haunts the ear! Once seen, the vulgar leer of the singer dances for ever before the eye. There is no relief under the sun: Music blushes and hides her face.

The news comes—it might long since have been expected—that in a young girl's boarding-school near Paris psychology has been substituted for the study of practical morality. This is, indeed, an eloquent indication of the whetherwards of the educational tendencies of the day. It may be an interesting debate whether practical morality is ever "learned" anywhere; and for one, I should feel certain that there is more ethical influence in, say, William James's volumes on psychology than in the most carefully-concocted moral treatise of the boarding-school *genre*. The outcome of the change from didactic catechisms to psychology is difficult to foresee; its chief significance and danger lie in the shifting round from codifying to analysis. When the analytic instinct begins to possess the curious and plastic minds of French boarding-school girls, it is impossible to guess what the ultimate result will be.

There is nothing extraordinary in the spectacle of psychology introduced into primary schools, as long as it corresponds to the very mild "How-we-live" kind of physiology, which is also taken up in those schools. A "How-we-think" sort of psychology would sound no alarms in the ear of the most conservative of school superintendents. The new advent which my note heralds, however, is not of this food-for-babes kind, I judge; for, first, it is to "replace the study of practical morality," and, second, it comes into the fourth year of study at the *Lycée*. One hopes, so far in vain, for some expression of opinion from Marcel Prévost, that pitiless and hawk-eyed student of the French *démouille*; but if we possess our souls in patience an utterance may not be long in coming.

Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens was a guest at a recent dinner given by the American Art Associations. The great sculptor claimed not to be much of an after-dinner talker, and limited his remarks to the expression of his pleasure at finding himself once more in Paris, where he was a student nearly thirty years ago. But those who had places near his at the tables found him excellent company, and were interested in hearing him discourse about the latest *Americana*. Mr. St. Gaudens spoke very little of his own work at present, but it is rumoured that he intends to exhibit at next year's Salon a replica of the bronzes which he has done for the Shaw monument on Boston Common. Personally, as well as in the artistic sense, he is a valued addition to the American art-colony in Paris.

Mr. Charles H. Pepper, the young American artist, is holding an exhibition of thirty excellent water-colour drawings at the galleries of S. Bing, 22, Rue de Provence, Paris. The subjects, chiefly Dutch, are treated in line and wash. This artist's productions bear evidence of Japanese influence, but are eminently personal and characteristic. Full of poetic feeling, they show a straightforwardness of handling and purity in colour and design that are admirable. By the skilful arrangement of subdued tones, relieved by accents of colour or light, Mr. Pepper has obtained many novel and charming effects. We reproduce on the opposite page one of the exhibited sketches—entitled "The Kirmess."

In the recent Second Annual Exhibition in the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, we are glad to learn that a number of our old Latin Quarter friends were represented, among them being Messrs. Paul Cornoyer, Ben Brown, A. Van Briggie, E. Wuerpel, and Clement Barnhorn.

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THE KIRMESS, from
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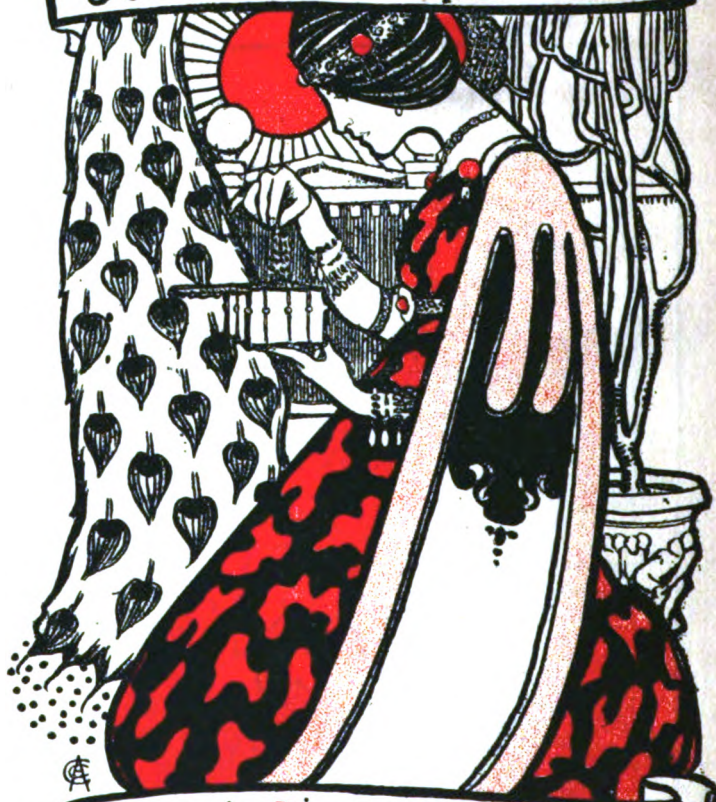
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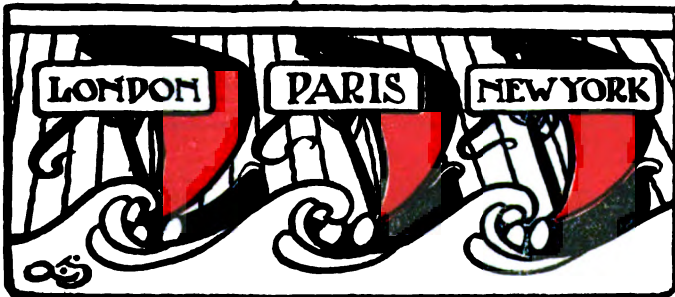
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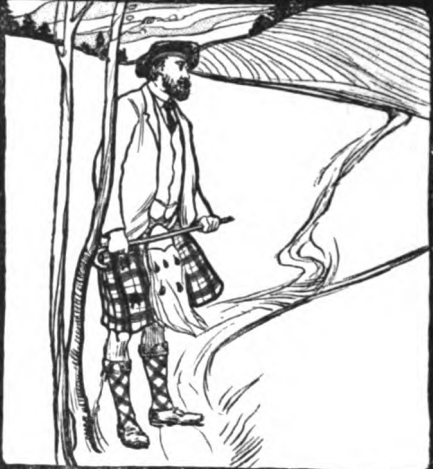
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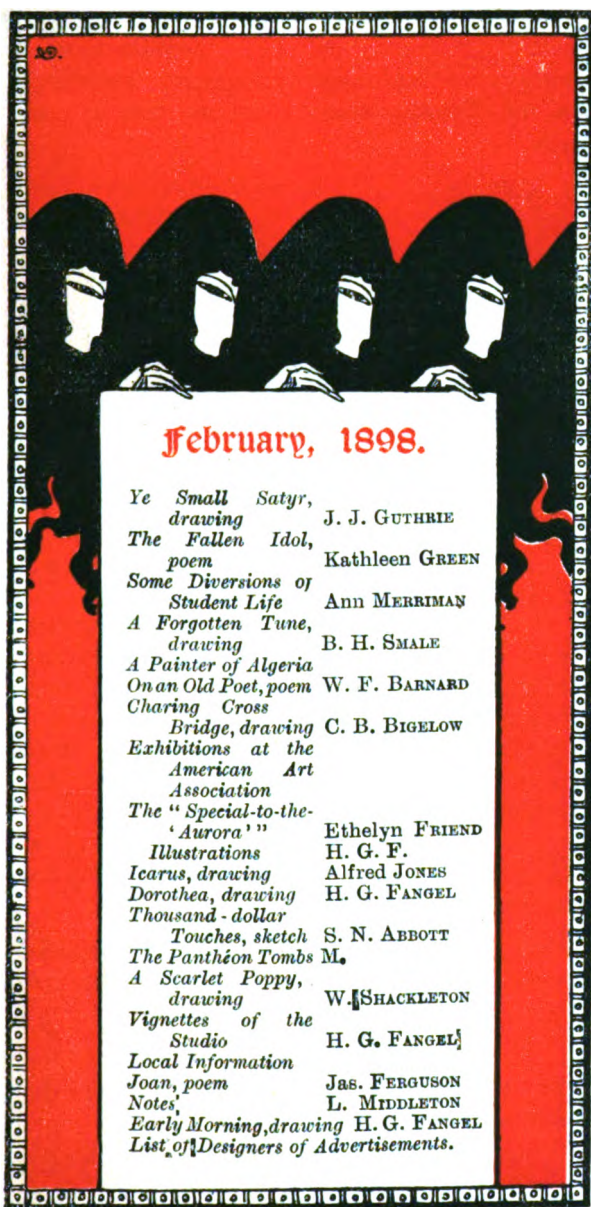
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Arrangements have been made for binding the issues of the first year of *The Quartier Latin* (July, 1896—June, 1897). The volume is bound in reversed cloth, covered with a design by Mr. Alfred Jones, stamped in gold, who has also made the title-page decorations, etc. The natural deckle of the paper is preserved, but the top of the book is trimmed and gilded, and by special binding the silk cords are kept in each copy. In the arrangement of the pictorial advertisements, monthly covers,

etc., great care has been taken to render the volume as handsome and attractive as possible. With this end in view the difference between the price for covers, on the one hand, and for covers and binding, on the other, has been cut down as much as possible, to encourage our subscribers to have their binding orders go through us, our binder having particular instructions regarding the make-up and paging of the volume.

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The Quartier Latin

Vol. IV

FEBRUARY, 1898

No 19

We take pleasure in announcing that beginning with our next number we shall publish a series of artistic portraits of the leaders of the dramatic and operatic stage by Mr. Alfred Jones. Wholly apart from the intrinsic interest such a series might possess, the scope they offer for rich detail and elaborate decoration promise us this artist's work at its best.

THE FALLEN IDOL.

I loved a mighty idol years ago,
 Enthroned secure within a secret shrine ;
 Wrought in pure gold it stood—ornate and fine,
And bright with jewels, and from top to toe
Perfect in stately beauty : bending low
 I worshipped gladly, for a thing divine
 I deemed it till the lurid daylight's shine
Proclaimed the horrid secret that I know.

Tainted this god as with a touch from Hell—
 Beneath his robe lurked feet of common clay !
Then in full haste my folly to efface,
 I smote him till the image, tottering, fell :
But those clay feet, intangible alway,
 Still stand and mock me with their brutish grace.

KATHLEEN HAYDN GREEN.

SOME DIVERSIONS OF STUDENT LIFE.

AT a glance, we wonder why so calm and inoffensive a river as the Seine should cut in two completely the social life of Americans in Paris; why we, of the Latin Quarter, always refer to "the other side" with the implication which naturally follows; and why, in return, we are put off with an indulgent smile and an "Oh, yes, the Latin Quarter is an amusing place to visit, but I wouldn't live there; no, indeed!" The reason, however, is not far to seek, for each young American, in coming over, adds himself either to the gayer life which dances, dines, and holds its elaborate diversions within the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe, or else becomes part of the more organic life of Bohemia, where he finds a function to perform—not to attend.

If fortune has bestowed a full purse and no artistic inclinations, he lives on "the other side," and his life is that of the *mondain* in its usual form. Rides in the Bois and boxes at the Opera are the order of the day, and if so it pleases he becomes a patron of the arts. With the more social gift of music, however, he may be the feature of many *salons* in the Champs Elysées, and still hold the latch-key of Bohemia. The river is no barrier, for the musician belongs to both. Not so with the more rugged, nonconforming painter, who comes without hesitation to the freer life of the Latin Quarter, where he may be social when he pleases, be left alone to work when he is in the humour, and where he is part of a serious, yet shifting and kaleidoscopic life in which, by rubbing elbows with his fellow mortals, he learns to find "himself." Here are most of the schools, most of the models, many studios, and the means of cheaper living, and, above all, the artistic atmosphere he craves.

It were folly to pretend that this division means a total separation, that the artist never dips into the social world across the river. To be free from tradition, mental, moral, and social, is part of his creed, and, furthermore, his capital lies in fresh impressions and new ideas.

The *mondain* comes to Bohemia from mixed motives too many and too various to be analysed. Amused curiosity or a thirst for change may bring him, or a certain dash of the vagabond which is said to be in us all. Still, it may be a true appreciation of art and its concomitants which calls forth the visit, and makes him politely at home in our studios for an hour.

Young Anglo-Saxons in the Latin Quarter learn to take their pleasures less laboriously, and to forget that a monotony even of good things is sometimes called a bore. Unpremeditated gatherings after dark, where tea is served with lemon and art gossip, never grow tiresome, for there is much to say. Beyond a few words bearing on the day's labour, "shop" is barred out, and the wet canvas is reversed upon the easel. Instead of luxury, there is a comfortable warmth from green hangings and the omnipresent little stove. A brass kettle and the tea cups may have come from some old Dutch mantelshelf or Flemish kitchen, and the chairs might well have had their place by a *bourgeois* fireside in the last century. All add a flavour of the past, and turn the talk to abstract things. Theories of Art and Life grow with their utterance, and the conversation lasts long after the cups are empty, and on into the dinner hour.

The long series of exhibitions in the spring are an unfailing source of pleasure and profit, until the climax is reached with the opening of the two Salons in May. The *vernissage* of each in turn, which makes a stir throughout all Paris, is for the art-student, who has "sent in," a time of great rejoicing and congratulation that he is "hung," or one of lamentation that he is not.

Amateur bibliomaniacs find the afternoon too short when strolling along the bookstalls of the quays, where they scent many treasures—now and again find one—among the thousands of dusty, leather-covered volumes, and go home in triumph with, perhaps, an early illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe," bought for ten sous, or five volumes of "Plutarch's Lives," in old English, enriched by a book-plate and an illustrious name.

In a social vein there is no end to the happenings, for the Girls' Club is only outdone in hospitality by the American Art Association, whose doors seem never closed. One might suppose its oak-panelled *salon*, once associated with Napoleon, always brilliantly lighted, for dances, banquets, musicales, and exhibitions follow one another in such quick succession all through the winter.

If the social *crème de la crème* did not rise in the Latin Quarter, as elsewhere, verily 'twould be a sign and wonder—a nick in its completeness. The "four hundred" is reduced to a mere four dozen who live in studios, talk economy over Sèvres tea-cups, and gild their amusements to their taste and more ample pocket-books. Though they find fewer hours for work,

more, in consequence, for pleasure, they are an important addition to Bohemia. In their studios, where red-shaded lamps and soft divans give an air of more than comfort, we listen to celebrities who have left off the "concert pose" or professional manner to lend their interest to the evening. Here one meets as plain Mr. Dobbins a distinguished pianist and composer who gives recitals on "the other side" as M. Dobbinski, or listens to the soft, rich voice of a Polish singer who has made a successful *début* on the operatic stage of St. Petersburg. An actor, well known in New York, recites his inimitable lines; a *fin de siècle* poet reads his verses, or, if fortune favours, some hard-worked journalist finds an appreciative audience, and wit and wisdom flare up like lighted brandy on a Christmas pudding. In these more luxurious *ateliers* are Persian rugs and faded tapestries, furniture which was prized during the Empire, and velvet cushions embroidered with Italian crests. The antique shops of Germany and Italy would never yield up such treasures of brass and carved wood to the workshops of the artist, and we could ill spare them where beauty is so important a factor.

Not to mention the Concert Rouge among the amusements would be a gross oversight to music lovers, who go there often and stay late. The cost of admission is the price of something to drink in this unpretentious *café*, not far from the Luxembourg Gardens, where the tables are grouped around a raised platform in its centre. People come here to listen, not to talk, especially on Monday evenings, when the programme is better than usual, and the first violin takes a more active part. Exaggerated types of poets, artists, and musicians are on every side, and one feels in the very heart of Bohemia.

In a certain airy studio, in the Boulevard Montparnasse, there is also music to be heard on Sunday evenings. Solos and duets by good American voices, and a half-hour's discourse fill the time between eight and ten, after which cakes, lemonade, and conversation take their place. It is the popular meeting for students—known in common parlance as "hymns and lemonade"—and forms a sort of spiritual backbone to this busy community.

Many are the ways in which Bohemia works and is amused; for the artist not to be at some time part of the ever-changing pattern is, "in this short day of frost and sunshine, to sleep before evening."

ANN MERRIMAN.



Drawn by B. H. Smale

A PAINTER OF ALGERIA.

PERHAPS there has never been a collection of pictures on exhibition at the luxurious galleries of the Boissy d'Anglas that fitted into its surroundings so well as the present one, which displays what might almost be called the life work (though the artist is still in his prime, and continues to produce) of Mr. F. A. Bridgman. Rich and harmonious colouring is of course the reason for this; and the fact that the gorgeous crimson of the tapestried walls finds itself many times repeated in the brocaded and parti-coloured stuffs that make up the Algerian woman's street dress. The same note is also found in the many sunsets, in which Mr. Bridgman finds ample opportunity for running the entire gamut of his rich-colour harmonies.

But while these are the first impressions—and certainly the right kind to receive on entering a picture gallery—upon closer inspection of the pictures they give way to others which are more interesting if, perhaps, less pleasing, and more important—if it be true that it is the last impressions which we usually carry away with us.

Principally interesting is the fact that Mr. Bridgman has risen to his present prominence from the very lowest rung of the ladder—that he was a beginner like the very poorest of us, and in the score or more of his little sketches which date back to the early '70's he appears indeed as quite a hopeless one. For no one, I venture to affirm, would have dared at that time to accuse him of being talented if these little sketches were all they had to judge from. Philistines and those who knew him for his pluck and perseverance are naturally excepted. If genius he possessed it was of the kind which Goethe called "an infinite capacity for taking pains." To this the other works in the gallery bear eloquent witness, for all impress us with the concentration of thought and effort. This is not always so agreeable in the more finished works, since it results in their being often a trifle "over-done," but it brings the studies to considerably above the average.

While it is interesting and amusing to us to mark the different stages of progress which have brought Mr. Bridgman to his present position in the art world we should at the same time bear in mind the rareness of this opportunity. It is true that we have seen some early works of nearly every great painter, and, in a few cases, a great many—but only after their work

has undergone a careful sorting out, which leaves but few mediocre works remaining for posterity. It is also true that this pruning or eliminating is usually done by the artist himself, who is very loth to exhibit what he calls his "youthful indiscretions." This sifting, it would seem to me, is a very healthy exercise, and—with all due thanks to Mr. Bridgman for the opportunity he gave us, as well as admiration for the charming frankness and unaffected sincerity which his action displayed—is one which deserves universal recommendation. It is customary for the average painter to rave for a week or so over any particularly successful canvas, which at the end of that time finds a place somewhere upon the studio walls, gradually becomes part of the studio furnishings, and consequently less and less noticed. There it remains for six months or a year, and when it joins the crowd of old stretchers and other discarded favourites in some shadowy corner, perhaps it rejoices to have found a permanent resting place in such good company. But no such luck! Some fine morning, when milord is feeling particularly lofty, and his standard is somewhere among the clouds, he must needs destroy everything reminding him of his less facile period—everything that jars upon his present high-strung sense of the artistic; so he accordingly puts his foot through several of these old stand-bys, or, what is worse, new pictures are painted over their very faces. This, by the way, is the fate of a considerable quota of the Salons' yearly exhibits. By this same process, however, some long-forgotten works with such merit as sometimes greatly surprises their author are resuscitated and ever after cherished and respected.

But Mr. Bridgman, on the other hand, seems never to have destroyed a single scrap; on the contrary, has taken pains to save a great many that could easily have been lost or spoiled through accident. And that this fact adds considerable interest to the exhibition is not to be denied. We find there sketches—pencil notes—made on the steamer Gascogne in '81; little studies of foliage done in Dorchester, Mass., and the vicinity; of Niagara Falls; of the tombs of Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert; studies of costumes, lions, centaurs, windmills, peasants, and horses. These and many others point out, besides versatility, an interest in his surroundings that is highly to Mr. Bridgman's credit.

Of his paintings, I think those of Algerian works painted in the early 80's are his strongest. They are full of character of the place and the people, well drawn and

extremely well painted. In fact, Mr. Bridgman paints almost too well for the motives he selects. His technique is refined to a nicety of touch that is hardly suited to the portrayal of dirt and old clothes. However, we understand that it is his object to give us the picturesque side of Algerian life—and this he certainly does.

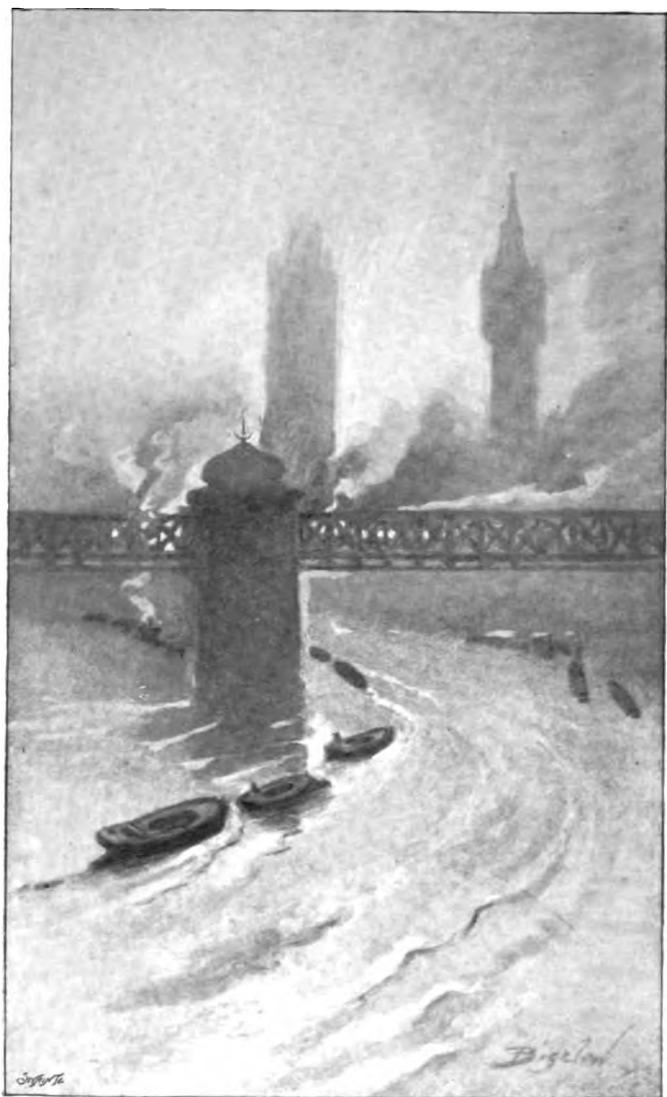
There is hardly a better work in the exhibition, or one more representative of Mr. Bridgman's style than the one entitled "Sur les Terraces, Alger." The composition of this picture is extremely simple, happy, and restful, and peculiarly fitted to impress us with distance between these terraces and the ground level. Of the many times this motive has been treated it has perhaps never been done so convincingly. As an essay in warm and cool whites it is also charming, but above all it has a certain solidity that is too often lacking in Mr. Bridgman's other works—notably in his "Retour de Fête"—if I remember rightly. But whether it be horses, arabs, or ladies and gentlemen, one and all are carefully and thoughtfully studied, though invariably his Algerian works stand apart, and these will ever be linked with his name in our memory's records.



ON AN OLD POET.

The strings are loosened, and the harp of gold
Stands almost voiceless : eaten of the rust.
At times the Master, rousing, as of old,
Draws mighty music from it in its dust.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.



CHARING CROSS BRIDGE

Drawn by C. B. Bigelow

THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION'S FIRST COMPETITIVE EXHIBITION.

THE very fact that there were two Whistlers to be seen at the exhibition recently given by the American Art Association of Paris at 2, Impasse de Conti, was in itself sufficient to ensure that exhibition a widespread interest. It is safe to say that the merit and motive of these two little pen sketches (no larger than ordinary postcards—and done on paper suspiciously similar) were discussed over all the many tea-tables in the Latin Quarter—discussed, wondered at, or, too often, simply cuss'd; and indeed, if walls have ears, those of the Club dining-room were sufficiently tortured.

Once again Whistler has—consciously or unconsciously—set this little world of the *rive gauche* a-guessing. The guesses run much in the same direction as usual: "What does he mean by them? Are they serious works of art or only jokes? Does he think them worth fifty guineas?" The price, which, strange to say, everybody finds high (!), forms no small factor in the discussion. Besides staggering the many, it helps the few to the conclusion that Whistler is "laying for a fool." These fancy they perceive back of the pictures the supercilious smile of a cunning trickster.

From among Whistler's champions and admirers not a few find it difficult to reconcile their present impression with George Moore's well-remembered opinion that their patron saint is "serious only in his art," and incidentally fall to wondering whether he is always serious in that. What the epigrammatic possibilities of Moore's phrase are we leave an open question. Again, there are the Philistines—or are they the Goths?—mercenary mortals at best, who brutally assert that Whistler is merely selling his signature. Those who really take the little works seriously are few and far between. But seriously they *should* be taken, by which is meant that they should be taken for what they are, not for what they might have been, or for what everybody anticipated when he heard that Whistler was exhibiting. They were the hasty pen scribbings of an acknowledged master, nothing more nor less, and if Whistler does not, like the majority, bear posterity continually in mind, we should be thankful for the relief, and be fair enough not to judge him in the same breath with those who do. One of the sketches, however, does possess something that posterity may not sneer at—a

certain something in which lies the charm of his etchings—though the other, which someone described as a “*risqué* young lady in diaphanous draperies”—well, a word of apology for the drawing, or the lack of it, might not have been amiss.

But besides these attractions and the addition of such names as Sargent, Collin, Dagnan Bouveret, and Constant to their list of exhibitors, the Club puts forth a very creditable showing of its own. The works of the members blended very agreeably with those of greater artists. Indeed, if contrast there was, it favoured the former, as, for instance, Mr. Garrido seemed quite at his best beside M. Collin, although I've seen better work by both. But since both exhibit at the old Salon, it is perhaps not the first time their pictures have happened in juxtaposition. There was something extremely charming in the sunlight spotting of one of Mr. Garrido's pictures, and both were technically interesting. The long sweeping strokes of this painter's brush are delightfully restful—a quality which should commend itself to others whose technique is inclined to help along nervous prostration. This is, of course, too strong a term, but if in Mr. Tanner's painting of an approaching storm the paint were a little less *en evidence* the pleasure to be derived from it would increase tenfold. As the author who complicates his style with mannerisms stands in his own light, so does the painter. Saving this defect, however, Mr. Tanner's work was easily the strongest and most truthful work in the exhibition.

Mr. Officer exhibited two little landscapes, full of beauty, sentiment, and promise—the same qualities that marked his work a year ago; but he has covered considerable ground since then. Mr. Washburn's sketch of a market place in Algiers was essentially a sketch, but in a good vein. In Mr. Van der Weyden's little study of boats, cold greys were the attraction. Those who saw *The Quartier Latin* for November surely remember Mr. Foley's interesting frontispiece. The original was given a prominent place, and attracted much attention. Two other drawings that have appeared in these pages were there: “Moonrise” and “The Witches,” by Henry G. Fangel. Their principal interest lay in a decorative simplicity and poetic feeling. Mr. J. Pemberton, who seems to live in the Boulevards, brought in the Arc de Triomphe, this time as background to another of his well-observed street scenes. This also was in black and white. There was something delightfully airy, and a fine effect of fleeting clouds

overhead, in Mr. Lawton Parker's little painting of trees and bushes. Furthermore, the atmosphere was distinctly American. Also worthy of special mention were the works of Messrs. Walcott, DuMond, Hutchens, Mott-Smith, and Altmann. Instead of three prizes, as was originally intended, the jury, composed of members of the Paris Society of American Painters, awarded five prizes of one hundred francs each. Messrs. Tanner, Garrido, Walcott, Washburn, and Bruce-Joy (for sculpture) were the fortunate ones.

THE SECOND EXHIBITION.

The January exhibition of black and white drawings, posters, and architectural designs opens just as this number goes to press. A fine charcoal drawing of a female figure clad in loose flying drapery meets the eye as one enters. It is by Louis Loeb, whose work figures prominently in American magazines, and is a study for a large picture "The Winds" which is to appear in the next Salon des Champs Elysées. Mr. Garrido shows a charming "Dolce far Niente," and a large poster in blue and orange tones intended to advertise a mid-summer number of the *Century Magazine*. Mr. Fangel, whose contributions to *The Quartier Latin* have done so much to give it its *cachet*, is represented by six drawings. However, if his work were to be removed, the exhibition would lose more in quality than in quantity. That we are not alone in this opinion was signified by the fact his "Wharf Rats" and "Girl and Poppies" were the first pictures sold on the opening night. "Wharf Rats," a wash drawing, shows a lot of village children—street urchins—sitting on a quay in the foreground, with the shipping behind them; and dock-houses and chimneys leading off into the distance, partially reflected in a bend of the stream. Naïve mirth has been caught in the faces, and the entire work has that masterly directness of touch which is always refreshing. There is a curious little drawing of an old French court by Mr. Robinson, which is distinctly old and French in the portrayal. Mr. Lewis is well placed, and all three of his contributions are interesting. One is the original of the frontispiece of our last number, and another is of a startled philosopher in a dark gloomy room seated before an immense book, with a tall candle on either side. Both in composition and technical treatment it conveys the effect of mystery excellently well.

Of the smaller pencil and crayon studies those by

Henry M. Walcott are the best. Mr. Koopman has some studies in red chalk and white which were seen at the Salon two years ago. No one who has ever seen him will fail to recognise at a glance the sardonic smile of Mr. Myron Barlow as portrayed by Mr. E. E. Pattee. Both smile and attitude are singularly characteristic of "our member from Detroit." Others deserving mention are Messrs. F. V. DuMond, C. B. Bigelow, A. Humphreys, and Lawton Parker.

The jury, composed of Messrs. Walter MacEwen, John W. Alexander, Gari Melchers, F. Dannat, Henry Bisbing, and F. A. Bridgman, distributed the awards as follows: Henry G. Fangel, first prize (150 francs); Harry M. Walcott, second prize (60 francs); and Louis Loeb, third prize (40 francs).

Again several loaned pictures form an interesting feature. A large illustration, painted in oils by M. Castaigne, of an incident in Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia," is extremely hard and metallic in treatment but dramatic in conception. There is also a small pencil sketch of M. Castaigne by the painter Friant. A delightfully clever little illustration by L. Marold, whose works have enriched the well-known Guillaume collection, hangs near by. M. Marold is unquestionably the best illustrator in France. Then there is a very fine specimen of the Italian school of pen drawing, which was until recently owned by William M. Chase.

The architects form a strong exhibit. Probably the best of their works is the drawing in water colour of an entrance to the Chartres Cathedral by Edward Bennett. Mr. Lescher's drawings are conscientious and strong. Those by Mr. Denby are also extremely good and reminiscent of Italy. Mr. Wirts proves himself to be both a colourist and a pen draughtsman. Others to be remembered are Messrs. Perkins, Gurd, and Bakewell. Two very fine drawings are lent by M. Guadet, professor at the École des Beaux Arts, and Architect of Paris. These are distinctly of the old school, though M. Guadet is said to be very modern in his views.

An international competition is about to be opened by Mr. B. Maybeck among the architects for the erection of the splendid buildings of the University of California. Mr. Maybeck's plaster model of the "lay of the land" is here, also photographs illustrating the interior of the country, and a long panorama of the whole painted in a charming decorative style by Miss May Holden.

Z.

THE "SPECIAL - TO - THE - AURORA."

BY ETHELYN FRIEND.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. F.

MISS ORMSTEAD settled herself snugly in the corner of a first-class carriage to Dover. On general principles she was a trifle dissatisfied with herself for spending the night alone at a London hotel, for her natural independence, increased by three years of half-chaperoned wandering over Europe, was apt to be tempered by sudden fits of reserve; perhaps due to a spirit of national pride lest foreigners should imagine that nice American girls at home comforted themselves with the same freedom that they found it so agreeable to claim when abroad. But, on the whole, she had had a lovely time. She had dined alone, breakfasted alone, and spent more money than she could afford shopping; she had even witnessed a midsummer *première*, and had done it on the authority of her professional card, which wrote her down as the credited representative of a London paper.

Certain characteristics of the audience suggested an article to her, and she had taken it herself that morning to the office of the London *Aurora*. She had felt more timid than business-like as she mounted seemingly endless flights of very dirty stairs, and was rather relieved than otherwise to learn that the editor-in-chief, whom she expected to see, had left London on his holidays, and to find herself in the hands of a very young and nervous sub, evidently newly raised from the reportorial ranks.

He was exceeding glad to see their pretty foreign writer, who, unknowingly, had been something of interest to the entire staff; and as the afternoon edition was just going to press (it was almost lunch time) was



*The fair
Special*

very glad of her column of bright matter. As she gave him her hand on leaving, his distress at perceiving that he had on no cuffs was overcome by his jubilation at the recollection of the story he had to relate to Parsons; for Parsons, be it known, was the chief who had been so enamoured by the brightness of the early letters of their unknown correspondent that his scheme of a birthday edition of the *Aurora*, with portraits of all the staff, was denounced by his *confrères* as simply a base attempt to gain a photograph of their supposed young and fair foreign correspondent. If it were possible that the busy editor of a London daily could find the time to devise such an elaborate manner of gazing on the face of one of his contributors, the attempt, as far as Miss Ormstead was concerned, had signally failed, for the lady's courteous reply to the editor's personal letter was to the effect that as she had had no picture taken for several years she had none which would be at all suitable for publication now. The natural inference was that the "Special to the *Aurora*" writer was decidedly old, and too honest to impose on the British public a picture taken ten years past.

Miss Ormstead, of course, knew nothing of all this. At heart she was much more nervous than the young sub-editor, for it was her first visit to any newspaper office. To be sure she had been writing for the *Aurora* for two years past; at first some fitful sketches of student life in Germany, sent haphazard to the first English paper that occurred to mind, and followed up by some accounts of social and artistic life in Italy and France. About the time that a certain unresponsiveness in the money market at home commenced to make itself unpleasantly felt, she had drifted into becoming a regular correspondent of the paper, and was only too glad to accept the editor's final suggestion that she should establish herself in Paris, and, in addition to her regular work, take charge of a column or two for the newly-established "Woman's Page," designed to be run on the American plan, and thus bring up the circulation of the paper.

She hardly took this latter department seriously, even when her mail began to be heavy with anxious queries forwarded from the office on the proper deportment of young girls, the *trousseaux* of

The Sub



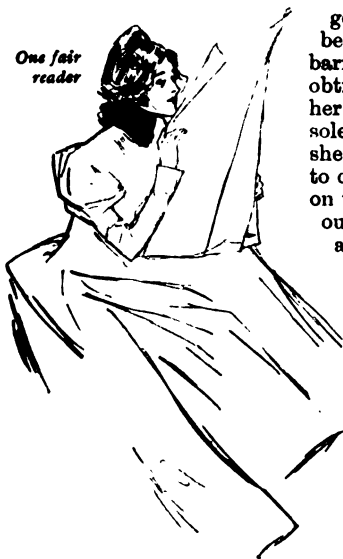
brides, the management of a recalcitrant husband, and the correct amount of mourning to be worn by a widow. But of late the letters had been embarrassing, not only by the touching dependence they showed on her advice, but by the personal tone that often demanded a personal reply. Not only was a large part of her time taken up in answering silly letters, but she found herself forced into the place of "Dame Oracle" to a large and trusting public, a position no healthy-minded conscientious young woman of twenty-six enjoys. "Petite Une," whose *nom de plume*, by the way, had undergone no change from her mentor's gentle suggestion that she might pleasantly occupy some complained-of leisure moments by studying French, had been by means of almost weekly letters carried from a typewriter's desk to the possession of a husband and a six-weeks-old baby. "And Aunt Jane continues to insist on my having a proper chaperon," Miss Ormstead wearily sighed as she sealed a letter to "Petite Une" on the subject of sterilised milk, and tackled the woes of "Scotch Widow" whose only son showed signs of quickly filling an inebriate's grave.

But the young woman was blessed with a sense of humour, and a capacity, even a love, for hard work, and had the shrewdness to see that although she had no journalistic training she possessed the journalistic instinct, and that a profession had been made for her needs.

The visit to England was a much needed change, suggested by some American friends who were to meet her with their yacht at Dover; the lonely trip to London was partly to fill in the day or so before their arrival, and to see "her editor" in regard to future work, and on the subject of the proper remuneration for the "trousseau, layette, and personally-conducted deportment letters," to which she had been so generously replying.

As Miss Ormstead curled her small, round figure into the fawn-coloured, cushioned back of the railway compartment, she was some way from suggesting either "E.M.O." or "Marian Merriot," of the London *Aurora*. She had not been in England since her first landing there from the Transatlantic steamer some four years ago, and what had seemed to her then a foreign atmosphere now appeared a veritable home-coming. She possessed what is generally called a "gift for languages," and what she had picked up of French, German, and Italian had so satisfied her practical needs that until the contrast was forcibly before her, she had not realised the isolation in which she had lived. The first effect of hearing English

One fair
reader



generally spoken about her had been bewildering, and almost embarrassing, almost as if people were obtruding their confidences upon her. It was restful to be the sole occupant of the compartment, she thought—just a moment too late to congratulate herself very warmly on the fact, for as the train pulled out, the door was vigorously opened, and, following two valises and a

dress suit case, came a broad-shouldered, loose-limbed, tweed-suited Englishman.

"How nice and clean Englishmen look!" was her mental comment, as, with a clumsy mutter of apology, he settled in the opposite corner. "What an awfully pretty girl!" he thought. "Good form, and travelling without a maid; must be an American." For he had noted the daintiness of her travelling equipments, and per-

haps the rustle of her skirts as she moved an inch under his hasty glance. "Always did like American girls." Then he pulled out his travelling cap and a copy of the bulwark of English respectability, and—well, did what all tired Britishers do behind a copy of the *Times*.

As the train pulled up at a suburban station, the newsboys were crying out the afternoon papers, and Miss Ormstead's sleek head was promptly thrust out of the window to signal the first news-bearing urchin. "Give me a copy of the last *Aurora*," said the Englishman, when he had got his chance, but, alas! he had only a two shillingpiece with which to pay for it, and the train was moving away. "No change, sir," said the boy, reaching up for the paper. "Won't you take this?" said a soft voice; and the Englishman, wondering to this day why he did it, took the proffered penny; the pink journal was legally his.

"Thank you very much," he said, after a moment's pause. "It was very good of you; so awkward not to have the penny for the paper, you know—and—and, if you will allow me, I—I—er—think I have a penny stamp that may perhaps release me from my monetary obligation; but awfully kind of you. Thank you very much—awfully kind of you to take it."



Drawn by Alfred Jones



DOROTHEA

Drawn by Harry G. Fangel

Miss Elizabeth had retired into her corner, cross with herself for the second time that day. "I wonder if I shall ever grow up and remember that men are men and not people! For punishment I will write two columns to-night on the proper behaviour of young women while travelling." Silence reigned in the compartment until the next station was reached, when Miss Ormstead's companion started up with a jerk, and said, "I must change here, I find; but if you will allow me, I will leave you my paper. Good afternoon!" And with a bow that seemed strangely curt to a young lady who had been living some years on the Continent, he left the carriage to peace and Elizabeth.

She was not at all loth to seize the opportunity offered to peruse the pink sheets of the afternoon *Aurora*; for, although Miss Ormstead had no very great opinion of her literary gifts, she probably enjoyed reading her own utterances better than she did the effusions of any other living author; in which characteristic she is possibly not alone. She saw by the index that the article she had turned in that morning had been used, but, much to her astonishment, when she turned the sheet to look for it, she found the column hastily torn out. At first thought this seemed like a piece of gross impertinence on the part of her late companion; but as he could not possibly have known of her connection with the subject, the enormity of his offence reduced itself to the simple fact that he had offered her a mutilated paper. The train swung into Dover, and it was nice to breathe the salt air, even at a dingy station. She had little



there to occupy her, for passing through from Paris two days before, she had sent her traps to the hotel whereshe was to meet the Dinsmores with their party, and she had now only her hand luggage to attend to.

Half an hour later, while taking her belated lunch in the almost deserted ladies' restaurant, the waiter came in with her mail. A large, important-looking letter, thickly perforated, and smelling vilely, was directed in Mrs. Dinsmore's writing. "My dearest Lissa," it said, "Tom says I'm not to frighten you, and am to break it to you gently. We are all in quarantine, and likely to stay here for ten blessed days. The cook, whom we were going to discharge anyway at Dover, fell sick night before last. Dr. Barrie, who is with us, says it is nothing but a bilious attack brought on by the man's eating his own cooking, which, by the way, has been wretched, my dear; but as we have come direct from Barcelona, where there is cholera, and the quarantine doctor is a meddlesome old idiot, they have decided to keep us. You can imagine the temper Tom's in; the soda water has given out, and one of the crew is doing the cooking. Dr. Barrie is a darling, makes the loveliest messes on the chafing-dish, and keeps Tom half-way quiet playing some cut-throat game with him. I know you and he will simply love each other. Now Tom says that you are to be a good girl, and do exactly as you're told. Don't stay at the hotel, but take my card, and go to Mrs. Duncan's, 87, Grace Street, where we stopped last year. She will make you very comfortable, and as she has a dining-room on the American plan, you need not engage a sitting room. I am afraid you will be bored to death; but get a good rest, and forget all about your horrid writing. Tom sends his love, and a heart full from

"Your devoted ADELAINE.

"P.S.—You can write to us, you know, care of Quarantine Station, on board the 'Constance.'"

"Of all idiotic, senseless situations! And who but Tom and Adelaine would ever have got into such a scrape!" was Miss Ormstead's heartless comment. "There they are, about ten miles away from me, I suppose, and here am I with no choice but to stay here or go back to Paris. If I go back to Paris I shall go back to hard work, all tired out—never; if I stay here, I can at least be a lady of comparative leisure; and, lest the latter *rôle* be too expensive at this hotel, the sooner I can get out and into Addie's lodgings the better."

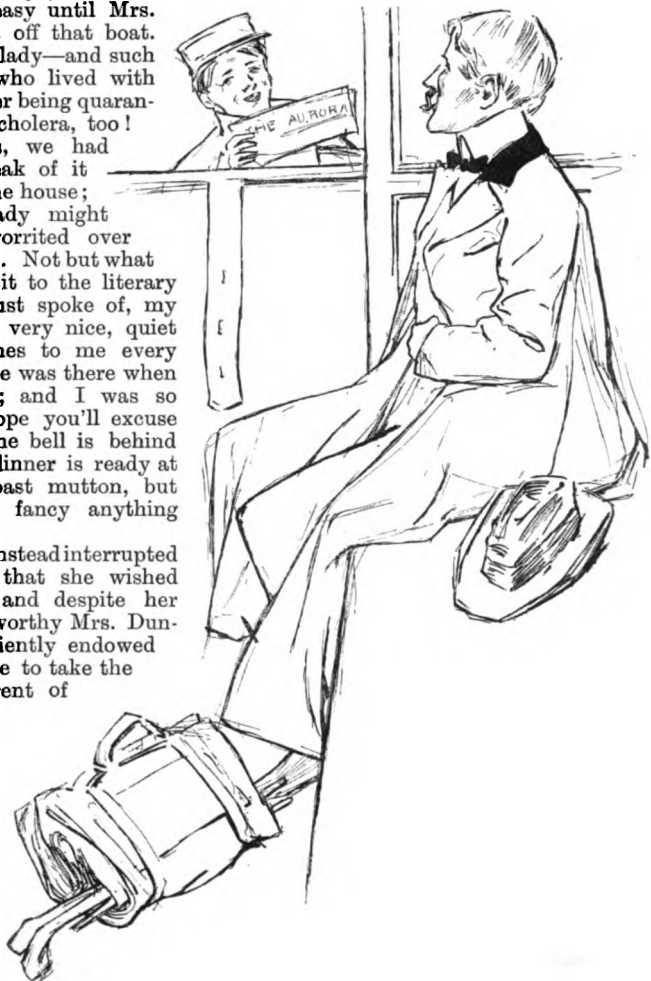
By tea-time the odd member of the "Constance's" crew found herself comfortably installed at 87, Grace Street, under the kindly, if garrulous, care of Mrs. Duncan, who brought in her new lodger's tea herself that she might further dilate on the woes of Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore.

"And you are an American lady yourself, Miss? I do like Americans," she went on. "They never give any trouble as to what's left over, or the cruet; and if you only knew, Miss, the meanness of some in that way! But, as I was saying, Miss, you can stop with me quite on the American plan and take your meals in the dining-room. I have only three other boarders at present; an invalid lady and her daughter from Manchester, and a literary gentleman who came down from London to-day.

*The young
Britisher*

Ask for anything you wish, and be quite easy until Mrs. Dinsmore gets off that boat. To think of a lady—and such a nice lady—who lived with me last summer being quarantined, and for cholera, too! Perhaps, Miss, we had better not speak of it to anyone in the house; the invalid lady might be a little worried over your being here. Not but what I *did* mention it to the literary gentleman I just spoke of, my dear. He's a very nice, quiet man, and comes to me every August. But he was there when Jane told me; and I was so flustered, I hope you'll excuse me, Miss. The bell is behind the door and dinner is ready at seven. It's roast mutton, but if you would fancy anything extra — ?"

But Miss Ormstead interrupted to the effect that she wished for nothing; and despite her garrulity the worthy Mrs. Duncan was sufficiently endowed with good sense to take the hint; the current of talk stopped.



"It has certainly been an exciting day," thought Elizabeth, as she changed her bodice and fluffed up her hair as a substitute for a dinner toilette, "with a few sensations thrown in. I certainly didn't come to England in search of the unexpected, which the prospect of ten uninterrupted days assuredly is. But I have a presentiment that I am going to enjoy the novelty of being quite by myself, if I only felt sure that Adelaine was not too miserable and Tom not too disagreeable." Miss Ormstead, by the way, possessed a triple right both to criticise "Tom" and to take a pessimistic view of his conduct, for he was her third cousin, her first sweetheart, and the husband of her dearest friend.

The dinner bell rang as she was writing a note to Addie, and she was a trifle late at the table. The maid pointed to a place in the cosy niche of the window; two ladies, evidently the invalid lady and her daughter, made two uncertain shadows a little below, and her nearest neighbour, a big man in grey, stood up to let her pass. She glanced at him as she took her soup and saw that he was the broad-shouldered, tweed-suited Englishman to whom she had loaned two sous and who had repaid her by a penny stamp and mutilated copy of the *Aurora*. "A story-book coincident that I detest, but we are probably even," thought the young lady, "and I might as well be pleasant."

By this time the Englishman had passed the pickles and exhausted the contents of the cruet-stand, and from pickles and vinegar a desultory conversation passed through the oil of the salad course to the sugar of after-dinner coffee. Miss Ormstead had had sufficient experience of Englishmen abroad to know that they rarely became personal in a chance conversation, and she had sufficient confidence in her own discernment to believe her companion a gentleman, and a man above the average in attainments and culture. But a bit to her surprise, he loosened the chain of general conversation to say, "Our landlady, as you may have seen, is a talkative old soul, and she is an old friend of mine, so you may pardon her indiscretion in telling me something of the reasons of your stay here. Also I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore while they were here last summer. Only a chance meeting, of course, but if there is anything I can do in regard to this little annoyance now, why I should be only too happy."

"Thank you very much," said Miss Ormstead, "but what can anyone do? It is very kind of you, I am sure, and Mr. Dinsmore, who is my cousin, will be very glad

to hear that I have met someone whom he knows. I have just finished writing to them, and perhaps you can tell me the best way of getting my letter off, and also of sending poor Tom some egg-soda which he is sadly in need of."

"When a man wants soda this weather he should have it," her companion promptly responded. "I happen to know some of the harbour officials, and if you will give me your letter in the morning I will see that both get off by a special boat. Will you pardon me a moment?" for the maid had laid a bundle of letters and a paper beside his plate. He opened a telegram or two and courteously handed her the paper, which was again the *Aurora* in its *last* edition.

"I'm afraid that I am a bit tired of the *Aurora*," she said.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed. "Quite natural, I am sure; I get tired of it myself, but, although I'm away on a bit of a holiday, you see I really should read it, because I am its editor!"

"Oh!" said Elizabeth, "I am sure it's a very interesting paper and you have many clever contributors. As you are so kind, I will send the letter down in the morning. Good night."

(To be continued.)



THOUSAND-DOLLAR TOUCHES

Drawn by S. N. Abbott

THE PANTHEON TOMBS.

AMIDST all the talk occasioned by the recent opening of the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau in the crypt of the Panthéon, it has been apparently forgotten that this is not the first time that the final resting places of these two famous Frenchmen have been tampered with. In the case of Voltaire, there is a more or less substantial record of the gruesome undertaking. In 1818, not so very many decades after the philosopher's death, the State was petitioned to make an investigation by a company of scholars. The result is said to have proved that the sceptics were wrong, and that the skeleton of Voltaire was indeed in the Panthéon. More doubt hung around the second violation of the tomb, for Napoleon III. put the affair into the hands of a priest, a certain M. Darboy, who opened the tomb at night without a single witness and in the deepest secrecy. Furthermore, he made no report, as far as is known, unless it was a confidential one to the Emperor, and so the outcome of his efforts was never ascertained.

For the last few years the same subject has repeatedly been discussed among literary and historical societies. Rumour had it that during the Commune the bodies of both Rousseau and Voltaire had been torn from the crypt and flung among the carcases of animals which were then in the street near the Panthéon. Even if this were not true, it was held that the Panthéon had gone through so many different changes, had belonged first to this cult and then to so many others, that by no possibility could the bodies have escaped destruction. When the great building came back under the sway of the Church, the Catholic authorities were given the right to make any changes or repairs they might "consider necessary." In those days a certain sort of Churchman might have thought that a very desirable "change" consisted in getting the remains of the detested philosophers out of the sacred edifice. There was more danger from this direction than there was even from the Commune.

Mystery and doubt, in fact, enwrapped the entire subject, and it might have been abandoned for ever at the moment when M. Charles Dauzats re-opened the discussion by the statement that he could prove that the body of Voltaire had been transported to Russia immediately after his death, where it was cremated in hot lime by the orders of Voltaire's famous friend, Catherine II. While the mortal remains of the philosopher were on their way to Russia a burial ceremony was taking place at Scellières supposed to be

his funeral, but the coffin was full of sand: Voltaire had made another and final rapid retreat from his native land. This was satisfactorily proved, so M. Dauzats argued, by a document but recently discovered, a letter written by the Prince Bariatinsky to Catherine II., informing her of the successful accomplishment of her wishes, and which was brought to light by a scholarly Mr. Schuyler, who was for some time United States Consul at Moscow. In other words, Voltaire's body had never been deposited in the Panthéon. And Rousseau's never was, either. He still lay buried in an obscure country village of France. It was nonsense to suppose that anything else was true.

The best way of finally settling the whole question was to appeal to M. Rambaud, the accomplished Minister of Public Instruction, the historian of Russia and of half-a-dozen other countries, and a man whose general culture would be of aid in case he permitted the opening of the two coffins. M. Rambaud gave his consent, and on the morning of the 19th of December, 1897, a company of a few senators and scholars, including the Minister, descended into the crypt of the Panthéon. In their presence the workmen went to work on the two coffins.

The wooden casement and then the metal coffin of Voltaire were first opened. A skeleton was within, which was at once measured and which corresponded with the facts known of the physical constitution of the author of the "Henriade." The lower jaw had been sawed into two pieces, and the skull was otherwise badly damaged; but, as far as human skill could ascertain, the skeleton was that of Voltaire. The same measurements were taken in the case of the remains found in Rousseau's coffin. Even the position corresponded with one which it is known Rousseau often assumed when lying down, and the length of limb and breadth of forehead coincided with measurements taken during the philosopher's lifetime. Rousseau's arms were peacefully crossed, and his position suggested rest and ease, while Voltaire's had evidently been disturbed, and a curious substance, like a kind of metallic precipitate, lay at the base of the skull—another chance for speculation and controversy; since no one seems yet to be able to explain its presence.

Once for all, then, the matter is settled: the bodies really were finally buried in the Panthéon, whatever vicissitudes they went through beforehand; and the Government is about to set up a tablet bearing a legend to that effect.

M.



A SCARLET POPPY

Drawn by William Shackleton

VIGNETTES OF THE STUDIO.

INTERRUPTED.

THAT the model at Colarossi's wasn't in high favour that day accounted for the presence of several fellows; and my journalistic friend's search for "matter" very likely brought him. He was getting it, too, though, perhaps, not exactly the kind he wanted, for the average painter—and more particularly the average art student—resents nothing so much as the "literary opinion" of a picture. That a picture contains an "idea" is quite sufficient to bring down upon it a hasty manifestation of his wrath. Naturally enough, ideas are exactly what the scribe looks for; so he is apt to be just as extreme in his notion of the requirements of a picture as the painter is. He may go into extravagant ecstasies over what he terms "musical eyes," where it is only too obvious to the painter that someone lacking the first instincts of an artist has taken a second-rate model, given her long black lashes, and placed impossible highlights in absurdly large eyes. When the conditions are these there is no common ground between them. All their arguments are but the "froth and drift" of a sea of theories—leading nowhere, and ending in nothing.

By
Henry
G.
Fangel

From out of the shadow of a corner, where a glowing pipe occasionally lit up his beardless face, a youth, possessing lots more good sense than we usually associate with velveteen coats and long locks, was pouring forth "facts" with such calm assurance that, with the exception of the journalist at whom they were directed, it hardly occurred to the others present that there might be any other opinions worth stating, so what had been at first a general argument was gradually drifting down to a man to man combat. Besides, six painters pitted against one poor journalist had hardly been fair proportions, even though the latter *could* roll off his sentences with the rapidity of a printing press. There was a gleam in the eyes of the precocious youth, noticeable with every puff he took, for he was in the aggressive—keen on entering his opponent's territory—and possibly aware that he might be talking for publication.

"You *deny* the good of impressionism? What about your impressionism in literature? I was reading only the other day—one of you fellows claiming that impressionism has done more for literature than it has for painting—that—"

"But that isn't so," interrupted Journalism, finding a firm foothold once more, "you mustn't believe all you hear or read, especially in newspapers. There's a lot of decadent literature, just as there is decadent art, that has no more claim on good art or good literature than Claude Monet has a right to rank himself with Holbein or Andrea del Sarto. Take the same conditions in music, for instance, Grieg——"

"But," broke in the youth, "Claude Monet is——"

"Grieg is—let me finish——"

"But see here, I say Claude Monet——"

"Grieg——"

And a sudden consciousness of their needless excitement being borne in upon both at the same instant, they burst into laughter, which was immediately joined in by the others present. The conversation degenerated into commonplaces.

Meanwhile, I had remembered a dinner engagement and the necessity of a shave beforehand, and had spread the necessary paraphernalia upon the only table, balanced a small hand glass upon some nails in the sash of a little window opening upon the court, and proceeded to paint my jaws in the customary way.

Comments began raining in upon me from all sides—

"Paint more broadly."

"Keep it simple."

"A trifle pale, give it more colour."

"Best painting you ever did." To which remark I *could* not withhold my "Thanks!"

One side of my face being sufficiently scraped, I was about to begin on the other, when—happening to look down into the court—I caught a glimpse of feminine dress moving in the direction of my special stairway. Visitors? I asked myself. Who could they be?

"What's up?" questioned the long-haired youth, noticing my perplexity.

"Ladies—coming up here," I answered, and then suddenly remembered. "By Jove—Miss Wallace and her sister—wrote they were coming—forgot all about them. For heaven's sake help straighten up the place."

All were on their feet in an instant. Pipes flew into pockets, cigarettes into the stove. One hustled my shaving tools under the table, another threw open the window to clear the air of smoke, while two or three crowded before a long strip of mirror; for there's vanity even in men. I had scarcely time to remove that lather from my face with a dry towel, and restore my collar and tie, when the rustle of skirts along the passage became

distinctly audible, and close upon it followed the dreaded knock. A dead hush now pervaded the studio, for everyone had fallen into some obscure corner prepared to rise with dignity as the visitors entered. I crossed the floor, throwing weight into my steps, and, rubbing my uncomfortable chin with one hand, opened the door with the other. To my great surprise, a large paper parcel was thrust at me, and a thin, wiry voice chirped forth :

"C'est la blanchisseuse, Monsieur ; voilà votre linge."



The *cinématographe*, which has become such a great source of amusement to Parisians, has now crept into politics, and has proved its impeccable authority as an historical document. There is an amusing story going the rounds that this ingenious invention was called into the palace of the Elysée, the other day, to settle a dispute which rose from a point of etiquette President Faure was supposed to have overlooked on his recent visit to St. Petersburg. No less a person than Prince Bismarck, in fact, commenting on the manner in which M. Faure had acquitted himself of his duties during his stay in the Russian city, declared that he had neglected one important ceremony prescribed by the *protocole* ; instead of saluting the cossacks, who constituted his *garde d'honneur*, by raising his cap, he had merely raised his hand to the brim and contented himself with that. Practically unimportant as so small a slip might have been considered, the suspicion that the criticism was founded on fact rather disturbed the President when he heard what the Prince had said. In vain he tried to recall his action at the moment ; in vain he questioned those who had been at his side—nobody could be sure whether the President had offended against the *protocole* or not. Finally, someone remembered that there was a *cinématographe* exhibition on the boulevards, which reproduced, for the curious, the President's *entrée* into St. Petersburg. The exhibition was ordered to the Elysée, since it was thought very possible that the dispute could be settled in this novel way. So it was. The spectators saw the President slowly advance to front of the cossacks, then raise his hat from his head, as directed by the *protocole*, with the lofty sweep so familiar in Parisians. Prince Bismarck had been proved mistaken ; the *cinématographe* could not lie.

Drawn
by
H. G. F.



Those who wish to see a real American bonfire in the streets of Paris should bear in mind the date of February 12th. Every year the architects of the École des Beaux Arts have what is known as the *concours* Auguste Rougevin—a *concours de décoration polychrome*. The special theme for that competition this year will not be announced until the day the competing ones enter *en loge* and their week of exertion begins, which is fixed for February 5th. At about six o'clock in the evening of the date to be remembered, a procession is formed in the large court facing Rue Bonaparte. The students are all in corduroys and their working blouses, and thus they march with carts full of fuel, illuminations, and song through the narrow winding streets to the Panthéon. There the bonfire is built, directly in front of the renowned edifice, and as a large factor of the students are Americans the thing is usually done in true Western style.

On the Tuesday following this little demonstration the exhibition of the competitive drawings begins, and lasts until Saturday. Two prizes are awarded, one of eight hundred francs and another of four hundred francs.

The *projet* upon which, at present writing, the members of the first class of the same school are working is that of a "hotel." An exhibition of the designs for this will open on Tuesday, February 1st, and close—as they all do—on Saturday of the same week.

The information has now become official that both Salons this year are to be held in the Palais des Machines, Avenue de la Bourdonnais. Whether separate rooms will be given to each is not yet announced, but a complete amalgamation is hardly likely—certainly not to be wished for. The dates for both are the same, and there will, it is rumoured, be but one turnstile—one price of admission for both. Opening day will be May 1st. Closing day (probably) June 30th. Last day for entering paintings, March 20th, except for H.C.'s, who have until April 5th. The dates for entering sculpture, *objets d'art*, etc., and several other essential points will be decided early in February.

The privilege is now accorded to the members of the American Art Association to bring their friends to luncheon or dinner at the club restaurant on any day of the week—Sundays included. This permission was greeted with warm applause at a recent club meeting; and we don't doubt that it will appeal to the young ladies of the Quarter as favourably. This will in no way interfere with Ladies' Day, the special feature of which will continue to be a short musical programme.

On New Year's evening Hon. John K. Gowdy, Consul-General of the United States, presided at a banquet attended by both ladies and gentlemen. It was given in the Salon of the Association, and the pictures of the December exhibition were still on the walls. The speakers of the evening were Hon. John K. Gowdy, Monsieur Bréal, Hon. Theodore Stanton, Rev. Mr. Paxton, Messrs. Barron, Mott-Smith, and Lamar Middleton.

M. Henry Bréal's speech on this occasion was upon a topic of particular interest to University students all over the world. Its main purpose was to make clearly understood the work of a certain committee which has secured from the French Government the recognition in the Universities here of foreign diplomas, so that students coming here can continue from the point where they stopped at home, and be as eligible to the highest diplomas here as native students; whereas formerly it was required that they should begin at the very beginning, going over a second time the ground they had already covered at home. M. Henry Bréal, who is a son of M. Michel Bréal, professor of the College of France, is secretary of the committee which has accomplished this significant result. There is such mutual good feeling between the committee and the A.A.A. as bids fair to end in M. Bréal's connecting his committee with the Association.

The opening of the Black and White Exhibition of the American Art Association, at which Mrs. Ernest de Weerth and Mrs. Oliver Bodington were the patronesses, was celebrated on Jan. 14th, and the musical programme was composed of the following: Piano, Mr. Thompson; vocal, Miss Rennison; accompanist, Mlle. Vignal; violoncello, Mr. Mott-Smith; accompanist, Mrs. Mott-Smith.

The Association, a few days ago, was honoured by a visit from Mr. Whistler, who also looked over the exhibition.

On Monday evening, January 17th, the Art Talk Club convened for the election of officers. This is an organisation in the American Art Association for the purpose of arranging once a week for an address from some distinguished artist. Three years ago it was first organised by Mr. E. E. Pattee, who was elected president, and it proved to be the

most interesting feature of the Association that year. On opening the meeting, Monday night, Mr. Pattee explained that the Board of Directors of the Association had repeatedly requested that the work of the Art Talk Club be taken up again, and, as he was now too much occupied with other matters in the Association to continue in his position, this meeting was called for an election of officers, and that nominations for president were in order. Mr. H. W. Walcott was nominated, and unanimously chosen. Mr. Lawton Parker was elected vice-president, Mr. F.T. Hutchens second vice-president, Mr. R. A. Fry treasurer, and Mr. J. Bakewell secretary. It was then voted that the Art Talk Club should hold its meetings every Tuesday evening. After a long and interesting discussion on Association matters, congratulations to the incoming and outgoing presidents were moved and carried, and the meeting adjourned.

Thirty-six new members were elected to the A.A.A. at the December meeting of the Board of Directors, twenty-one in January, and an already promising list is increasing for the next meeting of the Board. If this manifestation of interest goes on the Association will soon have a sufficient membership to warrant it in doubling the already great advantages which it offers to students, artists, and other English-speaking sojourners in Paris.

Mr. John A. Alexander is to address the Art Talk Club of the A.A.A. on Tuesday evening, January 25th. We regret very much the necessity of going to press before hearing this distinguished artist discourse on his favourite subject.

A slight alteration has been effected in the rules governing the competitive exhibitions of the A.A.A. Heretofore only two works by each member could be admitted. This limit is now removed.

We are pleased to note that the medal for the *concours* Godebosuf at the École des Beaux Arts has been awarded to Mr. F. E. Perkins. This *concours* has attracted unusual attention for many reasons. The problem given out by Professor Guadet in this case was for a design of an entrance to a *bosquet* (what we might call an arbour) in trellis. This novelty did not, it seems, appeal to a majority of the architects at first. It was too new, and, as one of them expressed it, "there was nothing to fake from." So, at the professor's next lecture they set up howls, cries of "*Gueule ! gueule !*" and in various other ways freely expressed their disapproval. In consequence, the Ministre des Beaux Arts closed the school for six weeks. Thereupon the students interviewed several members of the Chamber of Deputies, through whose influence, and after an apology to Professor Guadet, the school was re-opened ten days after it was closed.

Strange to say, the *concours* turned out, after all, an unusually good one, both in the number of drawings and their excellence ; and they have received special compliments from the professors. The number of honourable mentions awarded testifies to the high standard of the work. The Americans thus distinguished are : Messrs. Davis, Rodman, Wyeth, Warren, Barber, Haskell, Phillips, Lowell, Potter, Dyer, and Newton. Mr. Perkins is to be congratulated on receiving a medal seldom conferred on foreigners.



JOAN.

Joan came to meet me yesterday,
Looking so sweet, and a little bit shy,
And we sat and talked an hour away,
While the night crept into the sky.

Then, when the dark was almost down,
And the golden banner of sunset furl'd,
We took again the way of the town,
And passed back into the world.

JAMES FERGUSON.

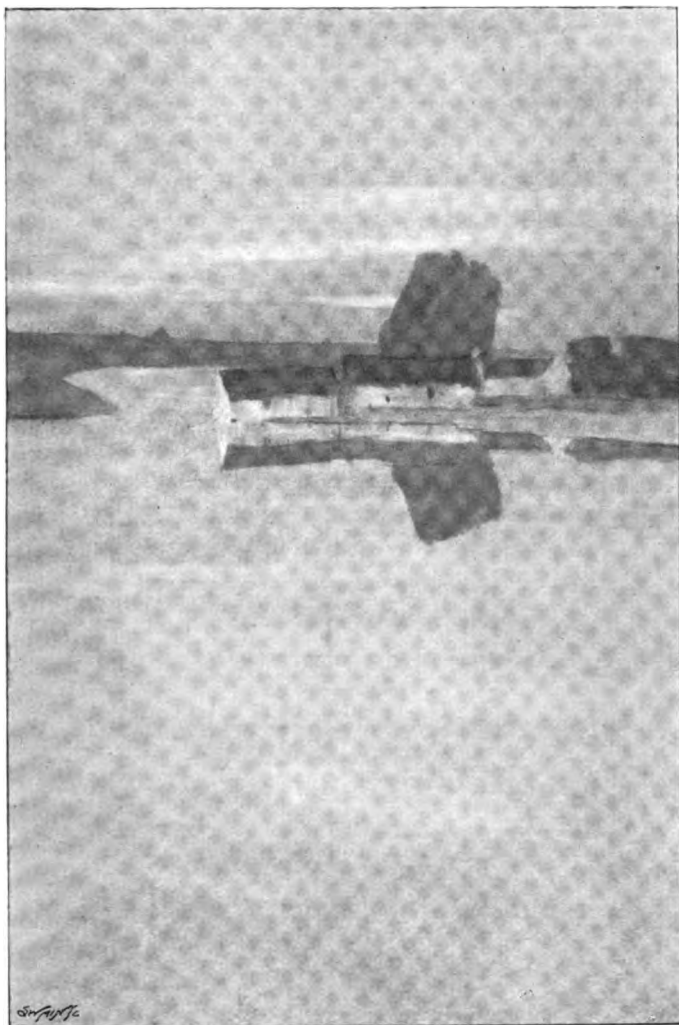
NOTES.

By
Lamar
Middleton

One of the most extraordinary things in connection with the kaleidoscopic changes in the Dreyfus-Esterhazy-Scheurer-Kestner-Zola affair is the amount of seriousness which the students' noisy demonstrations have assumed. Probably in no other city in Europe would the authorities consider the students such a grave factor in a matter which obviously is not more their business than anybody's else, and which might, in fact, be said to concern them less than any other portion of the community. Evidently, the Paris student does not care to regard himself as leading the "cloister life" which is usually supposed to be characteristic of most universities; he constitutes himself and his fellows legitimate judges and arbiters of public opinion, and promulgates a literature of abuse which is absolutely unparalleled anywhere else in the civilised world. The remarkable part of it all is not this tolerably pardonable exuberance of youth, but the attention of a respectable sort given to it by the civil authorities. Some grave judge is always "wondering what the students will do!" or hinting that "such a measure will cause disturbance in the Latin Quarter!" etc., etc. This merely adds fuel to the flame; juvenility, taken too seriously, gets itself on the brain.

As a rule the American student is a more mature person, or acts so. If he is, it may be due to the fact that the police in Boston and New Haven are usually safer "arbiters of public opinion" than they. The police, too, wield more deadly weapons than clubs, *lâ-bas* on the other side of the sea. There used to be one whom the present writer particularly recalls, stationed in front of the statue in Scollay Square, Boston; a burly Irishman, who has injured the pride of many a turbulent Harvard freshman. His method, summary and effective, was merely to confront calmly a couple of hundred exponents of "cloister life," to shift his quid from one cheek to the other, to put his hands in his pockets, lean against the statue, and then to deliver himself of these crushing words: "Now, see here, ye kids. Jest yer git back over de river quick—see? Yer ma's is waitin' fer yer, an' they got it in fer yer. I won't say I seen yer; but this ain't no time fer young uns to be out. See?"

The friends of the Latin Quarter poet, Paul Verlaine, are not to be daunted by the series of court martials, riots, polemic *littérateurs*, and the general atmosphere of vague unrest which have all helped to keep up Paris's reputation for the dramatic for some time past. The poet is again forced on our attention by the *fête galante* which has been organised by the same circle that, a year or two ago, got up a rather abortive subscription for the purpose of raising a statue to his memory. Of the sum needed only six thousand



EARLY MORNING

Drawn by Henry G. Fangel

frances have been secured, and the *fête* is depended on to obtain the rest. It will be given at Versailles in a month or two, presided over by the Comte de Montesquiou; but of its nature no one yet is aware. The second anniversary of Verlaine's death, by the way, was celebrated a few days past by a handful of his admirers, who assisted at a *messe* in St. Etienne du Mont, and afterwards went to the Batignolles cemetery to lay wreaths upon his tomb. It is undeniable that there was far less enthusiasm than last year to be noticed among the company; but the "statue fever" is a peculiar Paris malady, and is not to be found in abatement even when the memory of a man is slowly or rapidly sinking into the phantom-peopled dusk.

Not exactly yellow journalism, but, let us say, a pale corn-coloured tint of it, is creeping up slowly and surely in the Paris press. Yvette Guilbert is travelling over the realms of the Pharaohs for the *Figaro*, to which paper she is sending her "impressions." We are inevitably reminded of the time when Paris doubled up with concealed laughter over the report that the *Journal*, of New York, had sent the diva to Madison Square to look through the great telescope, temporarily erected there by a fakir, in order that she might write up her emotions, born of the sun-spots, for that impossible sheet. It was true; Yvette suddenly burst out into an eulogy of the heavens which they, no doubt, greatly appreciated; and then rambled off into her "views of life!" The trail of the yellow serpent now runs over the columns of the *Figaro*, too. Guilbert will probably entirely revolutionise the accepted traditions concerning Isis and Osiris; or perhaps she will pursue her astronomical studies by dipping into the Ptolemaic theories. No doubt it is this which another paper hints at, when it remarks that the versatile Yvette has gone on a "starring-tour."

As an example of an impulsive, yet altogether philosophical, Frenchman, M. Victor Capoul has taken the palm. A little more than two weeks ago he was in New York, attending to his duties as director of the Conservatory of Music there, unaware of the seven thousand miles of travelling which lay immediately before him, and resigned to the prospect of exile from his native boulevards for perhaps years to come. He picks up a paper, reads the news of the death of Carvalho, late head of the Opéra-Comique in Paris, and thinks hard for ten seconds. Then he sends off a cable-gram, packs his trunk, sits down calmly and does some more thinking. An answering cable comes; he sends off a million francs to be deposited with the *Société Générale*, and buys a steamer ticket. The end of the next week finds him sitting in the office of M. Rambaud on the banks of the Seine, giving good reasons why he should be appointed in the place left vacant by Carvalho. Then he waits another day, discovers that a rival has been successful, packs his

trunk once more, gets back his million, sniffs the air of the well-known streets, and cracks cynical but good-natured jokes while his valet is gone to buy another steamer ticket. At the present writing he is again back in New York, idolised even more than before by his school, which is justified in considering him, in more senses than one, a *tenore robusto*.

M. Albert Carré, the favoured competitor for the place, enters upon his duties at a significant moment, and makes all sorts of pleasant horoscopes outlining his future achievements. The new Opéra-Comique building, so long under way, is at length nearly ready; in October the first performance can be promised there. In the meantime every one who has the least claim to a musical reputation is urging on M. Carré his ideas of the precise line to be followed in bringing the institution back to its pristine brilliancy. Carré is a man of varied experiences, both as a musician and a director of theatrical enterprises, however; and taking youth and fresh blood to his new field, has the chance to make an illustrious name for himself.



ALL TWISTED.

His palette quivered on his thumb,
 His heart was throbbing in his throat;
 "Six hours I've painted yonder cow,
 And, bless my stars, it is a goat!"

W.

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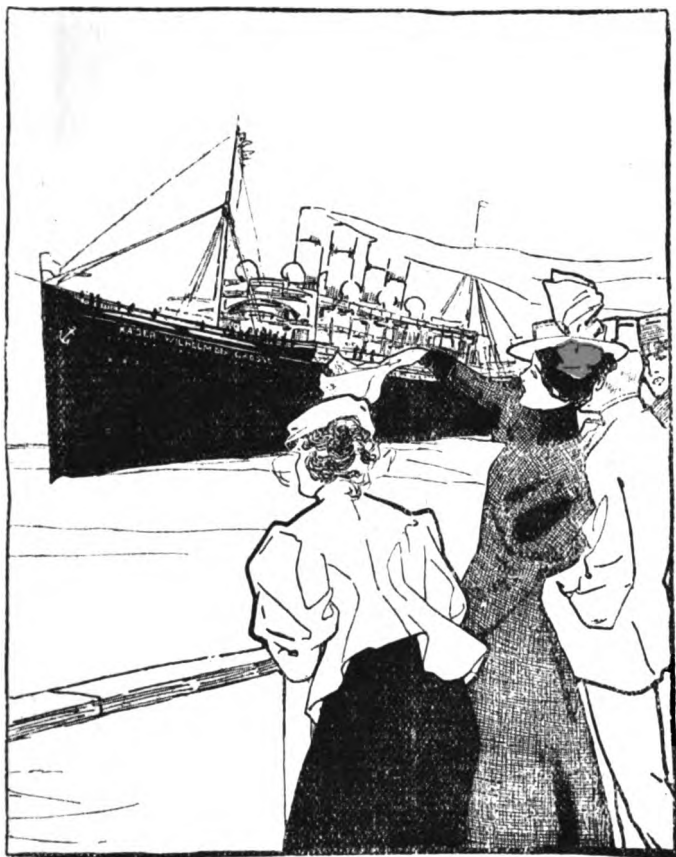
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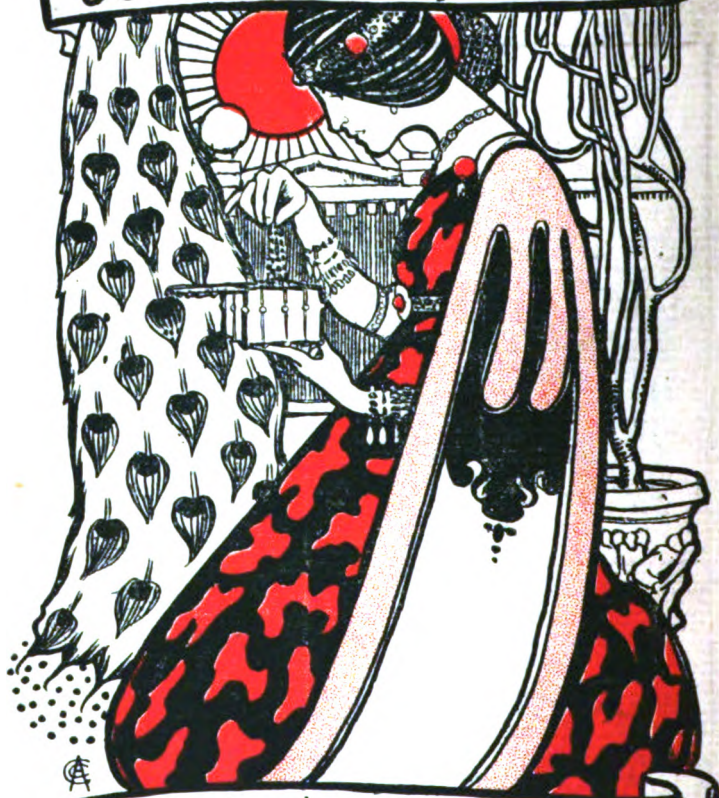
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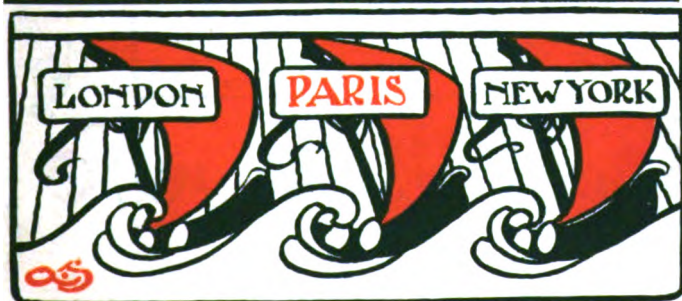
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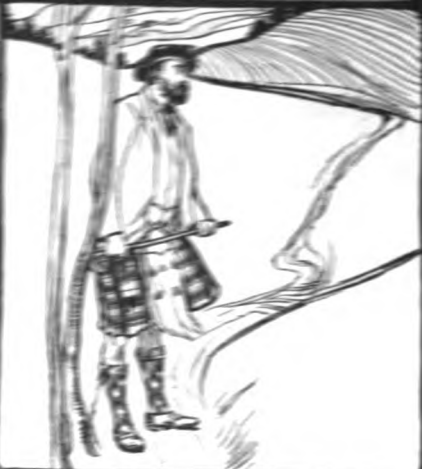
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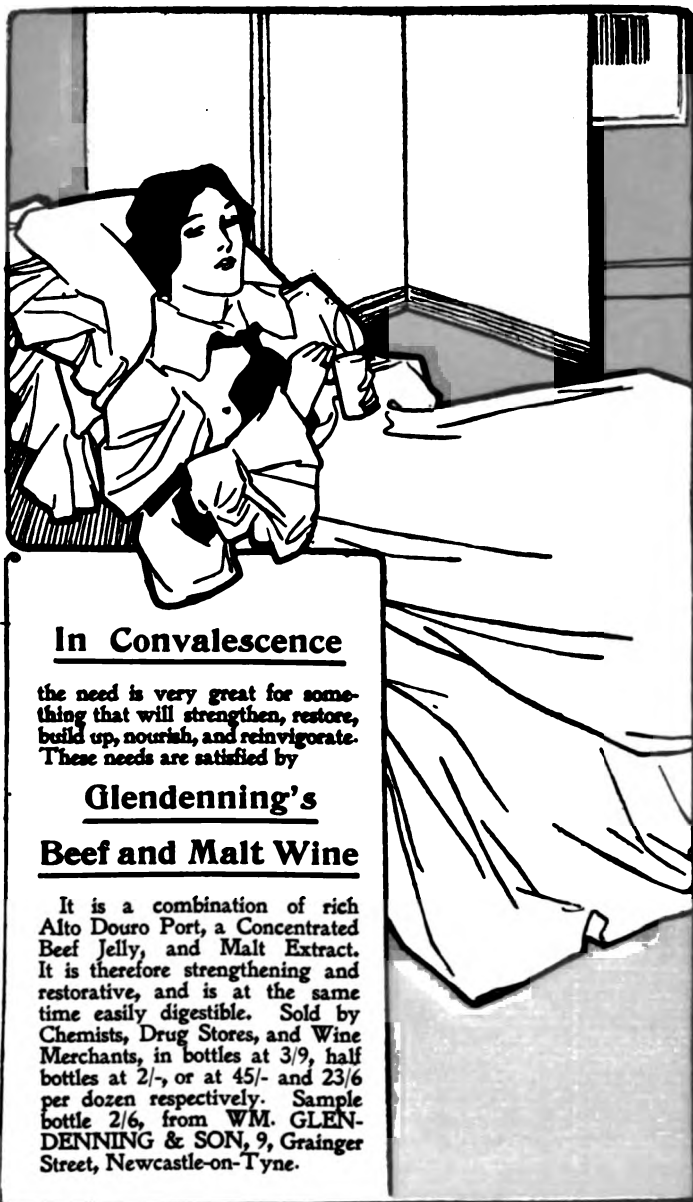
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**SIR HENRY IRVING
AS CARDINAL WOLSEY**

Drawn by Alfred Jones

The Quartier Latin

Vol. IV

MARCH, 1898

No 20

UNATTAINABLE.

Dear troubled eyes, white throat, and tawny hair—

Sweet face that will not let me be at rest!

I would not drive you from my haunted breast;

I cannot clasp you from the empty air.

To woo your coming is to court despair,

Yet not to seek you were to be unblest.

No solace can I ask—no boon request;

Such love as mine hath neither hope nor prayer.

My lips—athirst from memory of your kiss,

Like parched flowers—must evermore be mute;

My love can bear but harsh, unripening fruit;

Yet His the seed—of whom love's essence is,

And even He some pitying thought may give

His plant—which hath outlived its right to live.

SAMUEL REID.

SHIFTING SANDS.

THERE is a *café* where I sometimes spend an hour that has a quiet patronage and a billiard table. Its windows look upon the "Boul' Mich'." Hither resort of an evening two young men, of different nationalities, who play an interesting game, overlooked by friends with whom they keep a laughing round of conversation. One of these young men has the light of prophecy in a face perhaps too handsome for a great success. The world sits so lightly on his shoulders that he seems unaware of the specific gravity of life in its relation to matter. He has French verve with Italian grace; the trim proportions of an athlete borne with the charming, healthful indolence of a Capri boatman. Not the sort of youth one looks to find in Paris, but common enough in that treasury of French resources, Southern France.

An evening in mid January these two were at play, when suddenly the ordinary bruit of the street was drowned in a clamour of voices, and presently there came the rush of roaring numbers. A crowd of several hundred students and others swept by on the run, crying in an unimpassioned but noisy way, "*Conspuez Zola ! Vive la France !*"

The young Frenchman, whose cheeks may have taken their rich glow from the sun of Languedoc or Provence, lightly chalked his cue, smiled humorously at his friend, and said, as he nodded toward the roaring "manifestants":

"That is their idea of patriotism !"

He continued his play; the distance swallowed up the mob; and the peaceful *café* was left to its musically clinking glasses, the impact of ivory balls, and the levities of conversation.

This was a somewhat cynical summary of the turbulent incidents of street, and press, and chamber, with which France for several months has pitifully entertained the world. But the mental attitude of the young critic was precisely the one that deliberate intelligence, freed from hysteria, would have enforced upon all France. There was in it the reserve of *sang-froid* that the French nation so conspicuously lacks—a lack which permits this wonderful people to run into political extravagances that amaze the other factors of Western civilisation. Nothing could be better illustrative of this want of balance than the multitudinous phases of this lamentable Dreyfus affair.

It is, however, but one of an innumerable series of events that have made France historically the paradox of nations. She is antithetical, contradictory, the impossible nurse of splendid possibilities. Aware of the forces restlessly at work here, the discriminating student is persuaded that, had she a moral energy equal to her enthusiasms, France might again become the mistress of the world. Wanting this moral energy, France is as a tidal nation, ever mysteriously at ebb and flow, though maintaining mysteriously an eternal balance. Her patriotism is a passion of sentimentality that cannot make a judicious survey of foreign conditions; her philosophy is a rationalism charged by territorial limits; her progress is by that process of demolition and reconstruction which sets new institutions upon impaired foundations.

For these reasons the French are, and for centuries have been, the most curiously interesting of peoples. They are interesting for many and conflicting peculiarities—interesting in the anomaly of a national integrity preserved by the very means that seem to threaten its dissolution; for an emotionalism thrown into violent convulsion by incidents which would not send a ripple over the calm of any other great political power; for an æstheticism that rises out of pruriency, as a lily rises out of the mire; for a scholastic culture which educates the world without reforming the French; for a courage equal to every demand but those of self-examination and self-confession; for a distinctive literature that belies or defames the national character; for a theory of liberty and fraternity, worn as the crown of intolerance; for a learning that does not inculcate self-discipline; for a benevolence presided over by prejudice; for a governmental authority that shakes to its foundations under every gust of popular feeling; for a republicanism that bows to a military hierarchy; for an "equality" that prostrates itself before a thousand distinctions. Interesting always, convincing—sometimes.

It is only when these undeniable traits of the national life are borne in mind that the commotions of the past four months become intelligible. They are then intelligible, not because they may be reconciled to reason, but because they are recognised as phenomena of instability. The mere onlooker, without predisposition one way or the other, will not trouble himself with the right or wrong of action as long as the action itself affords him entertainment; but it requires no especial clearness of perception to discover in this incensed cry against Zola



MUSING

Drawn by H. G. Fangel

and the Jews the pipings of the nascent revolution. Not a revolution of fire and sword, doubtless, though many are ready for that, but the sort of revolution which, taking rise from disturbed moral convictions, ushers in a new socio-political state. Two of these convictions have been, not merely disturbed, but violently shattered. First, in time of peace, a citizen of France, who happened to be the wearer of a uniform, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life by a military court that has declined to make known the evidence under which he was sentenced; second, a citizen of France, who happened to be the chief of contemporary French *littérateurs*, is overwhelmed by execrations for having dared to express an opinion which he has the courage to defend in the name of Justice and Humanity. One established tenet of Republicanism is that no man shall lose his life or his liberty unless he shall have been proved guilty in a trial so conducted that he shall have knowledge of all the facts alleged, a full opportunity to introduce counter-acting evidence, and that he shall have the benefit of every doubt. There is nothing to indicate that Dreyfus had such a trial. So far as the public knows, the prisoner at Devil's Isle is only guilty of having a handwriting which some experts were willing to swear is identical with that on scraps of a memorandum said to have been found in a waste heap. Some very lame and paltering explanations have been offered for the secrecy of the so-called trial, and for the subsequent refusal to make public the incriminating facts. The attempt to have it appear that the general safety would be imperilled by such publication is either egregiously foolish or stupendously criminal. If Dreyfus was really guilty of single-handed, unassisted treason, then the cloaking of the circumstances in a profound mystery is the stupidity of a martinetism discreditable to the army and injurious to France. The public trial and condemnation of a traitor is the very best defence of the general security. If, on the other hand, Dreyfus is the victim of circumstances to which he was sacrificed in order that others might promote their selfish interests, the reticence of the Ministry is heinous. In either case, France has humbly, submissively, bowed to a military dictum; and the sanctity of the military is so impressed upon the people by certain newspapers and orators that any criticism of military judgment is at once denounced as unpatriotic and treasonable. It is rather painful to read the banal rhapsodies over the "honour of the army." Of what is the honour of the French army composed if it may be

as easily discredited as some feverish journalists seem to imagine? These strangely illogical writers contend that a reversal of the order of the Court Martial and the vindication of Dreyfus would impeach the honour of the army—and they seem to fear nothing so much as the possibility of establishing the innocence of the detested Jew. Nothing is more honourable in a man of honour than the frank admission and prompt repairment of an injurious wrong of which he has been unintentionally guilty. If the honour of an army be more sensitive and delicate than that of an individual, there is the greater reason why the army should be eager to be just, justice being the foundation of honour. The degradation and ignominious imprisonment of an innocent man is a possibility so odious to the contemplation of honour that justice will neglect no opportunity to shield or to redeem the State, or the community, from so lamentable an error. Half France and all the world believe that the evidence adduced was very inadequate to justify the conviction of Dreyfus. Few people, comparatively, care anything about Dreyfus himself; everyone with an interest in the universal struggle for civilisation cares a great deal for the principle involved.

The question at issue in France is simply this: "Is the authority of the army superior to and independent of all moral, legal, and humanitarian restraints of the power that creates and constitutes the army?" The upheaval of France has been brought about by the affirmative and negative disputants of this question, and the commotion was of so serious and threatening a character as to give proof of the fact that the military sentiment dominates the social order of France. It intimated, moreover, the extent of the influence likely to be exercised at no late day by those sagacious politicians in uniform who think to use the army as a rod of Moses in the wilderness of ambition.

At present, however, the grave consideration grows out of the fact that a citizen of France, under the displeasure of the army, may be railroaded into life imprisonment at a time of universal peace by absolutely secret process. When friends or the public demand the proofs of the condemned man's guilt, military authority has but to fold its arms, solemnly shake its head, and declare it to be contrary to the interests of public safety to make known the incriminating evidence. A very easy way in which to escape personal responsibility for official acts! But if anyone who is not satisfied with such answer should exclaim against a seemingly arbitrary and

tyrannous abrogation of human and civil rights, fanaticism immediately denounces that one as the accomplice of traitors. But if he be a resolute soul in whom humanity holds a larger place than is allowed to prejudice, and if he dare to show the honest courage of his decent convictions, there is a frenzied rush of malcontents through the street who feel themselves ennobled by the cries of "*Conspuez.*"

Freedom is a wonderful servant of divine aspirations; but that sort of freedom which means the license of the mob to destroy the individuality it does not approve is the ball-and-chain of infamy that a nation welds upon its own limbs. The people that fears the honest expression of a true conviction is not free. The passion that sends a mob clamouring through the streets to intimidate persons who utter unwelcome opinions is afraid of freedom. Happily for France and for the world a riot in Paris is no more the voice of France than a riot in Algiers is the voice of France. Betrayed by blatancy and invective, France was borne dangerously near to the point of national eruption. But the French have a way of averting explosions even after the torch has been thrown into the powder. It is one of their marvellous anomalies that they have a power of resilience that is even greater than the original momentum. The attempt of a few to suppress by ferocious menaces the first small pipings of timorous inquiry has aroused a formidable array of bolder inquiries. The "*Conspuez Zola!*" has called attention to the fact that Zola is a Gulliver, whom jealous and invidious Liliputians are trying to bind with their films of hate. Only a little while ago he was a would-be Academician, whose claims the "immortals" repudiated. To-day he is greater than the Academy, and no longer needs the endorsement of that institution to make him the greatest of contemporary French *littérateurs*. Seeing him persecuted because he chose to stand up courageously in defence of a clearly enunciated principle, the entire literary world has proclaimed and crowned his genius, and all the detractions of the invidious, all the slanders of the malicious, and all the contumely of the ignorant cannot strip the honour from him. When the passion of this hour has passed, France herself will confirm this world-wide eulogy, and in the ratio of the insults he has to suffer now will be the recompenses of her pride in him then.

In calmer moments, too, France will be haunted by the echoes of that Sixteenth Century cry now revived in the

streets of her capital, and "*A mort les Juifs*" will set her blood tingling with shame. If, before arriving at this recognition of injury malevolently done, France should discover that the sudden and irrational clamour against the Jews arose out of something much more vital than the punishment of a traitor, she may learn at the same time that nothing is more dangerous to a democracy than a great standing army invested with autocratic power, and surcharged with political ambitions.

Culpable or martyr, Dreyfus has served the truly great purpose of making France self-conscious in a way she has not been for at least a quarter of a century. What will be the result of this introspection? How great a moral reckoning will come of it? What flower of virtue will quicken under this manuring of conscience?

ELWYN A. BARRON.



ART.

The tree of life had grown through time untold,
And branch and leaf had each fulfilled its part;
There came a perfect spring with sun of gold—
The tree burst forth in bloom; and that was Art.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.



THE GUARDSMAN

Drawn by G. O. Onions

ROMANCE AT A DISCOUNT.

Extract from the address, "A Voice from the Latin Quarter," made by Mr. Lamar Middleton, at the University Club Dinner, Paris, Feb. 22nd.

THE hour following a good dinner is not one for the destruction of illusions; it is rather the time for *couleur de rose* conceptions in general, and for thoughts stimulated by the sunny sides of peaches and the wings of humming-birds. Yet since our last meeting here I have been wondering when the second side of the Latin Quarter question would be brought into view; when one might bravely herald to the sentimental folks of two worlds that the most dogmatically arithmetical spot in the earth is that bounded by the Seine and the Luxembourg. One of the best-known soothsayers of the Quarter drew us an impassioned picture of that storied part of Paris at our late thanksgiving dinner, and by the force of his eloquence there arose before us a Mystic Isle far removed from the common cares of humanity, quivering with romance, its inhabitants taking no thought of the morrow. Is all that true of the Latin Quarter of to-day? Are we really able to take the familiar Lucretian standpoint, and thank our stars that while the rest of the world labours under its load of machinery, there is nothing more mechanical in our midst than typewriters and patent bath-tubs?

But this is
heresy.
EDITOR.

Such a spirit of happy primitiveness may have been the case in the days when Little Billee made the blue stain on the tablecloth with a drop of *vin rouge*, or even as late as the days when Berlioz knocked the heads of grocer-clerks together for hissing Weber's music at the Odéon. But the decade which followed seems to have weeded out romance from the Quarter as effectively as it razed to the ground, in a material way, more than one old Faubourg of Paris. The same logic which destroyed the one changed the other; and here we are to-day, with purposes so different from those animating the Quarter's inhabitants in the time long ago that we may be glad the scene of our labours has been modified to serve our ends. Trilbyland, as Mr. Wood called it, is now one of those deadly localities where two and two make four even more relentlessly than elsewhere, and where the fact that rent-day recurs with dramatic regularity may leave room for intrigue—but not for romance.

And Bohemia! Gentlemen—the man who wrote the bible of Bohemia is also the very man who pointed out its danger and its will-o'-the-wisp nature. The best part of Murger's gospel was that which showed how good a place this Bohemia is to get away from. He told us the truth about it. We learned that it was a well-trodden land, at whose cross-roads lay the whitening bones of past wayfarers who had believed in its mirages. In the tops of its trees there whispered ghostly voices whose warnings have never been understood, and its sky was shot with leaden streaks, which treacherously attracted the new comer like the blue of Arcady. There were no gentry in Bohemia; the land was always owned by others than the inhabitants, who poached most of the time, and who were always hungry and cold. The crops were usually regrets, and these came unsown and unharvested. There was something in the atmosphere which sucked out energy, and replaced it by slovenliness of mind and body. Wit ceased to sparkle, except in tawdry flashes; only when one could say, "*I was a Bohemian*," could he add, "*I am an artist!*"

All this is not believed now, and perhaps never will be; there are teachers who teach what none of us want to learn. But for my part, I see no picturesqueness in the life of the modern Latin Quarter. Its boasted romance exists only in the pages of fiction. The poor student with his ideal may make it his home, but he must still reckon with the stern and material necessities of life. If sick and jaded at the struggle to an indefinite goal he turns aside to pluck the forbidden fruit on the way, it turns to ashes on his tongue. To his disgust, he realises that the term Bohemianism as applied to a phase of life in the Quarter is but a euphemism for the tawdry vice of the Bowery.

DECADENCE :

FROM AN ENGLISH STANDPOINT.

WITH the spread of Elementary Education, the country is fast rushing to its ruin. For the passive and harmless ignorance of the past has been substituted the aggressive and noxious little-knowledge of the present. With scraps of Science, with fag-ends of Philosophy, with drippings from the tubes of Art, with the refuse of the Reviews, with Condensed Novels and with Penny Poets do the great unwashed make clamour in the streets of Babylon. And out of this miasma arises the phrase militant. If principles be greater than men, then with double surety it may be asserted that phrases are greater than principles. The ancient Romans howled for bread and circuses. The modern barbarians prefer pessimism and phrases. The essence of the popular phrase is sound-sense at a discount. Hence phrases hurtle through the air like matured eggs at an Irish election. Hence also the dock labourer soliloquises about "heredity" and "environment," the goddess of the flatiron dilates on "sexual selection," the retired policeman murmurs about the "survival of the fittest," the coy barmaid warbles of the "psychological moment," the pot-house politician babbles of the "integrity of the Empire"; and the whole ragtag and bobtail of these islands—mostly fools—bellow about Decadence, the Yellow Decadent, and the Decadent School, till the place of residence of the Bodley Head shakes to its very foundations. I don't know what precise meaning the man in the street attaches to the word Decadence. Probably he considers it an out-of-the-way form of immorality; just as he considers Bohemianism synonymous with cigarettes and the Latin Quarter, and respectability equivalent to top-hats and Gothic churches.

There are few things so eminently indefinite and unsatisfactory as a definition. According to Nuttall, Decadence stands for "gradual failure or decline towards dissolution or extinction." Now, before we have decay we must have a better state of things. If the term Decadent be applied to a certain section of the painters, fictionists, poets, and dramatists of to-day, the only inference to be drawn is a prior condition of excellence and a subsequent falling away from sanctifying grace. Presumably, the Art of the Decadent is bad Art, his principles are false, his motives

are mistaken, his achievements are corrupt. But let us enquire briefly into the justice of these condemnations, treating as expeditiously as may be of Decadent Art, Decadent Poetry, Decadent Fiction, and the Decadent Drama. Undoubtedly the essential principle of true Art is this—the more remote a thing is from Nature, the nearer it is to Art. The ultimate object of Science is Truth; of Art, Beauty. Granting that Science and Art are separate entities, are distinct terms, and are not alone distinct terms, but opposing terms, Science and Art are in conflict owing to their diverse aims; and what is true of the primitive forces is also true of them in their developed state. If Art be opposed to Science, then indubitably Beauty is opposed to Truth. On these assumed foundations, on the fact that the greater the Art the greater its dissimilarity to Nature, the more perfect the Beauty the more bitter its conflict with Truth, I base my defence of so-called Decadent Art.

It may freely be admitted that appreciation of Decadent Art is an acquired taste—just like eating Gorgonzola cheese, or reading Meredith—with respectful apologies to the cheese.

It is only within very recent years that Japanese Art has been properly understood in this country, and here Decadent Art and Japanese Art meet on common ground—the ground of unlikelihood. Neither the angels in heaven above, nor the demons down under the sea, ever saw, fancied, or fashioned anything so outrageous to ordinary people as a Japanese landscape; but this is high Art; and the Art of the Decadent is high Art, but high Art with an added perfection—that of free, vigorous, abandoned unconventionality.

At first glance the Art of the Decadent repels. These pictures are of "such stuff as dreams are made of"; these black and white phantoms strike on the senses as emanations of acute alcoholism, such horrors as Coleridge might have imagined, or De Quincey experienced. Here are square-headed men with forked tongues, lean-breasted women blowing bubbles, human beings resembling beasts, and beasts resembling devils. You immediately say, "This is absurd. This is incomprehensible"—and, of course, the incomprehensible is never to be commended. But, by and by, the Decadent magic envelops you, the Decadent glamour sends a cold shiver down your spine. You recognise that the unnatural is the magnificent. You take up the *Yellow Book* from its inception, you survey the relics of the *Savoy*; and, finally, you say, "This is indeed Art. All else is vanity."

Then, verily, your doom is sealed. As the man who once takes a "brassy" and a "niblick" in his hand can never again be seduced away from the golfing ground, as the Alpine climber returns again and again to his old love till he finally breaks his neck, so the admirer of Decadent Art will be an enthusiast to the day of his death, or, indeed, until he finds refuge and oblivion in one of those havens supplied by a paternal Government for the accommodation of persons with too highly-strung artistic temperaments.

It has been hurled as a reproach in the teeth of the Decadent draughtsman that he cannot draw a straight line. Why should he? The Decadent knows as well as you or I know that the line of beauty is a curve. Why, therefore, should he essay the delineation of the un-beautiful? Why should he attempt to do what even an ordinary architect—anyone, in fact—can do with a ruler. One of the greatest achievements of Whistler's life was the famous picture, first exhibited at the Munich Gallery. To the uninitiated it was known as the *Portrait of a Lady*, to the elect it was familiar as a *Harmony in Black and Brown*. Anti-Whistlerites protested that it did not resemble a lady, and that it did not suggest a woman. This, in fact, was the case. It was very unlike a lady; it was still more unlike a woman. It was merely the outward expression of a female soul. It was faith, not good works. Again, at the most meritorious stage of Mr. Whistler's professional career—immediately prior to his receiving a farthing damages for libel—a picture of his was criticised in court. It was vulgarly called "*Battersea Bridge by Moonlight*"; but in reality it was a *Nocturne in Blue and Silver*. The peculiar beauty of the composition was that from whatever point of view it might be inspected—always provided that the painted side was kept uppermost—the same artistic effect was produced. The judge handled the picture very severely. He said it might be anything in the world but *Battersea Bridge*; but when judges understand Art, then also will solicitors enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The distinctive charm of the picture was, in the judge's eyes, a blemish. Of course, anyone could have given us a bridge. With James M'Neill Whistler lies the credit of giving us a nocturne.

So my defence of Decadent Art is that it is an exposition of Beauty as opposed to Truth, that it is high Art because it has no semblance of low life. I have spoken of Art at some length, because I know least about it. My task was a difficult one. I had not alone to convince

you, but to convince myself. When discoursing of Decadence in Poetry, Fiction, and the Drama, my way may be an easier one, and the same general argument will pretty well cover all three.

With the Poet as with the Artist the supreme object is Ideality. Therefore the grossest theme, if sufficiently idealised, can be made not only innoxious, but chastely refined. Another great feature of poetry is that it has no connection with morality. I do not mean to infer by this that immoral poetry is necessarily good, or moral poetry necessarily mediocre, but that the profession of the poet is not as Preacher or Teacher, but as Beautifier. The poetry of Decadence has been stigmatised as erotic and sexual. Well, in all ages and times, and in all lands, the leading themes of the poets have been Wine, War, and Women.

Wine has been replaced by whiskey, and whiskey, despite its undoubted intrinsic merits, contains none of the glamour essential to poetic treatment. Whiskey—except from the personal standpoint—has never produced any really first-class poetry.

With regard to War, international arbitration has all but superseded that, and international arbitration, though a lovable thing in itself, is not of the stuff to be associated with antique type, uncut edges, and broad margins. Therefore, in default of Wine and War, the poets of Decadence must inevitably turn to Women. Before passing away from this subject, I must refer to the leader of the modern poetical school—Mr. John Davidson, and his widely known and commendable work, "A Ballad of a Nun." This poem narrates the great desire of a maiden to leave a nunnery and to go out into the world and "live." Mr. Davidson explains her feelings in this wise:

" Still night its starry scroll unfurled,
And still the day came like a flood.
It was the greatness of the world
That made her long to use her blood."

We may have lurking doubts as to the girl's express sentiments on this point, but I wish to call your attention to Mr. Davidson's masterly sense of artistic reticence.

It must, in common fairness, be said of the poets of Decadence, from Dante Gabriel Rossetti downward, that, though the burden of their chant concerns the Daughters of the Pavement, their cry is not a *gloria in excelsis*, neither is it a *væ victis*, but merely an appeal *ad misericordiam*. Unfortunately, in all cults, in all creeds,

in all advanced movements, there are fanatics, men who exhibit what Talleyrand calls "too much zeal." This appears the case with two brilliant writers of the day, Mr. Arthur Symonds and Mr. Theodore Wratislaw. I could quote many beautiful passages from the works of these gentlemen, but, being a contributor who respects his editor, I refrain. In summing up for the poets of Decadence, I say we are not concerned with their subjects, but their treatment of those subjects. Poetry is not a question of ethics. These writers are too artless to be inartistic, too idealistic to be gross, too obscure to be salacious.

Now as to Fiction. The novelist has a very wide field. He may be Idealistic, Romantic, Realistic, or all three combined. He may give us the Study, the Idyll, the Sketch, the Mood, the Prose Poem, or the Human Document. For a century the Nonconformist Conscience and, in later days, Mudie have smothered the novel of life. The English school-girl has been the censor of the English novel. But a change has come over the spirit of the dream. The novel of fine manners and feeble sentiment has been supplanted among the masses by the novel of mixed morality. The school-girl has lost her pride of place. We would not deprive her of her Fiction. God forbid! Safe in the arms of Annie S. Swan and Mrs. Oliphant, she can avoid the dangerous embraces of Sarah Grand and John Oliver Hobbes. A brilliant scientific writer assures us that in life the abnormal is quite as common as the normal, that disease is as natural as health, that putrefying, sterilised water is as much in the order of things as fresh spring water, that Nature never makes a masterpiece, but she ruthlessly uses a million "wasters." As it is with life, so it is with the novel of life. The writer who devotes himself to the Cardinal Virtues, entirely disregarding the Scarlet or Deadly Sins, will never be a novelist.

Fortunately, in our own day, men have arisen who walk in the shadow as well as the sun, who give us the raptures and roses of vice as well as the lilies and languors of virtue, who recognise that marriage is not the end of life, but merely, in many cases, the beginning of divorce, whose characters are not marionettes, but real live men and women. If the Fictionists of Decadence do not give us a perfect picture of life, at least they give us a tolerably accurate reflex of it. The two greatest novels of our day, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "The Manxman," are the productions of Decadents. "By their works ye may know them."

What I have said of Fiction I affirm still more strongly of the Drama. The school of cup-and-saucer comedy has passed away, melodrama is fast becoming ridiculous, burlesque and musical comedy are butterflies on the verge of winter. The play of the present and future is the Problem Play, that play which, in despite of artificial and meretricious surroundings, manages with considerable exactitude to hold the mirror up to Nature. Suffice it to say the two greatest plays of the century are Problem Plays, that the two greatest dramatists of the century are so-called Decadents. And, assuredly, so long as Dramatic Art holds sway, Henrik Ibsen and Henry Arthur Jones will be identified with it; so long as play-houses endure, and actors and actresses exist, so long will "The Doll's House" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" occupy the temples of Thespis. Looking around the world to-day, wherever we see the leaders of Decadence we see the leaders of the race. In America, Whitman; in Africa, Olive Schreiner; in Russia, Tolstoi; in Holland, Maarten Maartens; in Belgium, Maurice Maeterlinck; in Norway, Ibsen; in France, Hugo, Zola, Maupassant, Sardou, and Verlaine; and in England, with which we are most concerned, a list whose fame is as that of the gallant six hundred of undying glory. In Art, Whistler and Beardsley; in Poetry, Swinburne and Davidson; in Fiction, Hardy and Caine; in Dramatic Art, Jones, Pinero, Grundy, and Wilde; and in Dramatic Criticism, Max Beerbohm. The watchword of the so-called Decadents is not Retrogression, but Progression. They have cast aside obsolete convention and mildewed tradition. They have carved a straight way for themselves. They are the new men knocking at the door, and they mean to get in. They recognise what Oscar Wilde recognised long ago, that "Providence and Sir Walter Besant have exhausted the Obvious." From the shadow of the globe they sweep into the younger day. Each man works in his separate star, for each man, in the language of the Music Hall, desires to "do a star-turn." Some of them work for fame, and most of them work for money. They paint the thing as they see it, not for the God of Things As They Are, but for the God of Things As They Ought To Be—and, of course, the Thing As It Ought To Be varies with the caprice of the individual.

We are not yet fallen on the day of little things.

LOUIS J. M'QUILLAND.



*His ideal was
absent from
this class*

THE "SPECIAL - TO - THE - AURORA"

THE "SPECIAL - TO - THE - AURORA."

MISS ORMSTEAD'S manner as she entered her room expressed a curious mixture of consternation and defiance. "To be absolutely just," she said to herself, "I am in a plight just a shade more ridiculous than are Adelaine and Tom. They at least are on their own foothold, if one may so call a yacht that has been around the world, and here am I, masquerading as a lady of leisure before the very man whom I came to England to impress with my claims for an increase of salary. It isn't my fault, certainly, that Tom's people grew rich on leather while mine became poor hunting for coal; but I know enough of English people to understand that they simply cannot grasp the fact that a girl with rich relatives must or will work; and I certainly do not wish to appear as one of those detestable young women who work to be original, or because they have a mission, or wish to show the world that they don't want to get married." Miss Ormstead petulantly threw into the grate the copy of the London *Aurora*, which she had forgotten to put down as she left the table.

"That detestable paper again. It has done nothing but haunt my footsteps since I landed in England," she went on. "But I don't know that this man is exactly to blame for my lending him two sous to buy his own paper with, or for the fact that afterwards in the capacity of Tom Dinsmore's cousin I should stumble across him. Certainly the easiest way will be to say nothing; I shall only know him for a week or so, and then he will simply be my editor, to whom I occasionally address business letters. Moreover, he is on his vacation, as I am on mine, and I merely continue to accept him on the impersonal basis already assumed. *Voilà*, a lady of leisure! I am Tom's cousin, and naturally have no connection with the London *Aurora*." And in place of writing the proposed article on the proper deportment of young ladies while travelling, this young lady ended her evening by adding a postscript to Mrs. Dinsmore's letter, relating the mere fact of her chance meeting with Mr. Parsons.

Elizabeth was tired, and the moist air of Dover was a narcotic to nerves strained by the noise and rush of Paris boulevards; else her natural acuteness must have perceived the weak point in her easy acceptance of the situation. Her name was not a common one, and her monthly remittances from the *Aurora* office had arrived in proper form. However, it was also true that Mr. Parsons,

By
Ethelyn
Friend

Illustrated
by
H. G. F.

Begun in
our last
issue

in his communications to their foreign correspondent, had always addressed her as "Miss Marion Merriot," and although he vaguely understood it to be a pen-name, he had quite forgotten that she possessed any other. It would be futile to deny that the editor, while smoking his evening cigar along the moonlit waves that night, did not think many times of the sparkling face that had been beside him at dinner; but "Miss Ormstead" bore no other significance to him than the name of a very pretty girl whom he had met under singularly interesting circumstances.

"I cannot say that I like unconventional girls," he mused. "No newspaper man does. We see too many of them; but I do admire a woman who is sufficiently sure of herself to do an unusual thing in a graceful manner. My! how pretty she looked as she held out that penny! And there's something so direct and simple about the expression of her eyes. She must have thought me a boor for my behaviour on the train, but I simply couldn't stand the situation any longer, and had to get away from those eyes and have a smoke. Dover seems to get lovelier every year," he broke off, "but a bit lonely for a fellow like me," as he stumbled upon a pair of lovers in the growing darkness; and to prevent a recurrence of the incident lit another cigar.

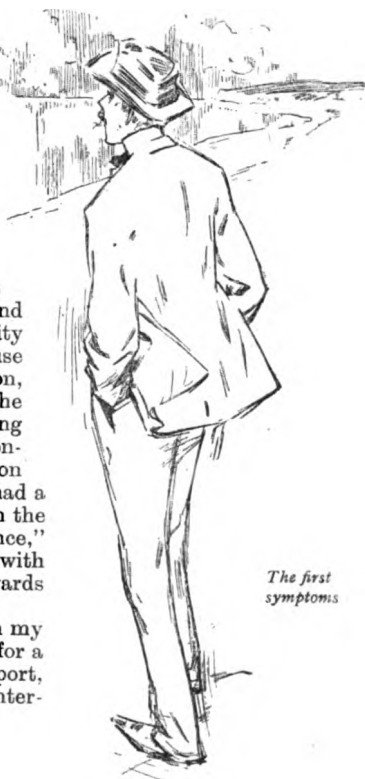
"I wonder if I could explain the suddenness of my departure to her," mused the second cigar. "In some easy fashion, of course, as if I had no idea she had noticed it! I wonder if she would regard the fact of my acquaintance with the Dinsmores as any sort of a proper introduction. She is alone here, and I might show her about a bit. I wonder if she is going to seem as charming in two days as she does now. I wonder—I wonder," he broke off, with a laugh, "if I am getting moonstruck or a little daft over a girl I have seen just twice, and who is as far removed from my life as the moon. I remember the Dinsmores as nice, unpretentious people; but they belong to a very rich, and what they call in America 'old' family."

By this time Mr. Parsons had passed beyond the holiday crowd on the beach, and was climbing his way through the rock-lined tunnel to the fortified hill beyond the town, a spot particularly beloved on moonlight nights by Tommy Atkins on leave and by his town sweethearts. Parsons had been born near by, and, although none of his relatives lived now in the vicinity, most of the few vacations his busy life had spared him were spent on these shores. What a hard-working and self-denying life

that had been, not many people knew; for the years that had taken him to the position he now occupied had seemed few and unusually successful. But his goal had lain in a direct line, and he had allowed himself no deviations. At his desk his subordinates found him curt and decisive in his plans and exacting in his demands; to his few intimates, he showed a boyishness and geniality none the less charming because it rarely formed a part of his professional manner. What feminine society he had been thrown into had been largely of a professional kind—women who wrote, sculpted, lectured, or danced—and although the policy of the "Woman's Department" of the London *Aurora* was strongly opposed to the "butterfly woman," it was secretly true of its editor-in-chief that the few glimpses he had had of the genus were accompanied by a subtle feeling of attraction. If not a "self-made" man in the too common acceptance of the term, he had certainly made the best of his opportunities; but there was not in him one grain of the snobbishness too often engendered by the process; he simply found his ideal absent from the class of women with which he moved, and of whom he was tacitly supposed to approve.

If that ideal femininity which is apt to accompany a post-prandial cigar and solitary walk was quite a tangible reality under the moonlight, it had little excuse for existence the following afternoon, when he met Miss Ormstead on the asphalt walk along the sea, looking exceedingly pretty and rather conspicuously stylish in her French version of the "tailor-made." Although he had a legitimate excuse for speaking to her in the form of his commission to the "Constance," he was naively glad at the frank manner with which she partly crossed the walk towards him and held out her hand.

"Good morning," he said, "I was on my way to the house to pray our landlady for a sight of you; I have to turn in my report, you know, and I have come from interviewing the 'Constance.'"



The first symptoms

"How professional you are!" laughed Miss Ormstead. "I certainly trust you managed to see her?"

"That is not a very bad assumption on your part of the editorial rôle," he responded, taking up her playful manner. "A little more sternness, and I can quite imagine you behind the railing of the day editor's desk."

"I am afraid I don't know the difference between a 'day editor' and any other kind, and I believe you are the only editor of any sort that I have ever met." Elizabeth had evidently forgotten the poor "sub," or else did not consider his editorial claims worth admitting. "But I have been in one newspaper office, and found it not a very attractive place. But perhaps the *Aurora* offices are much better," she concluded, with nicely-concealed amusement.

"They are not agreeable places for young ladies, and perhaps it is well that such visitations should be like those of the angels," he was going on rather grimly, when his companion, wickedly inclined to continue the conversation in its present dangerous vein, but genuinely anxious about her friends, interrupted.

"But you have told me nothing of my cousin and Mrs. Dinsmore. Have you really seen them? And, if so, why have you not come back, like Mrs. Dinsmore's letter, riddled with little holes and odorous of carbolic acid?"

"They are both quite well, and more disturbed as to your comfort than about their own. Mrs. Dinsmore, who was kind enough to remember me, has entrusted me with a note to you which I believe contains some commissions regarding her personal comfort; and a boat-load of provisions, including the soda-water, has just departed. You may send your friends anything you like, Miss Ormstead; it is only coming in that things are stopped at the quarantine station."

"You were not, evidently," she responded; "and if you went out and got back, why may I not at least go out and stay?"

"You are very—what you Yankees call—'cute,' Miss Ormstead."

"At the risk of forfeiting your good opinion, Mr. Parsons, I must disclaim the honour you give me. I was born and raised, as we say, in Old Virginia, which is a few miles removed from Yankeeland, about as far as we are from Rome. You forget how sensitive we Americans are to the average English indifference or ignorance of our geography. But please tell me if you have really been on board the 'Constance,' and if I may join my friends to-morrow?"

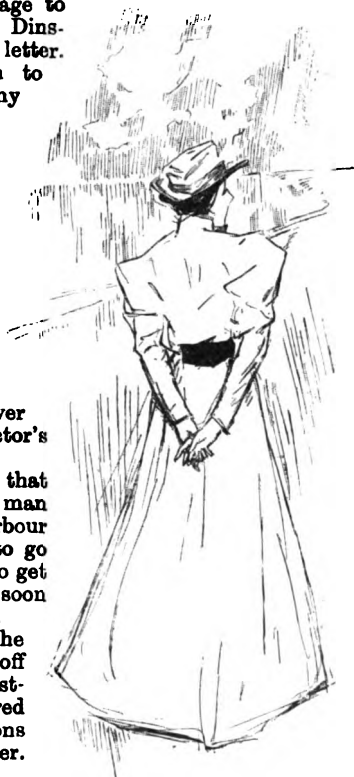
"I certainly think you could manage to be sent out there, and I think Mrs. Dinsmore has said something of it in her letter. There is now absolutely no reason to fear that the cook's illness has any connection with Barcelona or cholera; the sick man is in the quarantine hospital, and if the fact of the 'Constance's' detention had not been so generally noised about the yacht would undoubtedly be promptly released. It is unpleasantly warm lying so near the town, and Mr. Dinsmore would prefer to spend the week or so that must intervene before they can have a clean bill of health in cruising about the coast. But I will leave you to read your letter, and if you wish to send an answer to-day, it can go out with the doctor's boat at six."

Mr. Parsons went on to explain that in his double capacity of a newspaper man and a friend of some of the harbour officials, he had been able not only to go alongside of the "Constance," but to get it permission to leave the station as soon as certain formalities were completed.

After some further discussion of the subject he lifted his hat and strode off in a businesslike way toward the post-office. Elizabeth found a sheltered seat in one of the covered pavilions facing the ocean, and opened her letter.

"My dearest Lissa:

"Not a wink could I sleep last night from worrying about you, poor child. Your meeting Mr. Parsons was the loveliest piece of good fortune, and I could have hugged him when I saw him this morning on that dreadful doctor's boat which toots up twice a day to feel our pulses. Not that I cared particularly for him last summer, and I understand from your letter that your acquaintance is most superficial; but it was so nice to hear directly of you, and the man has really constituted himself our guardian angel. The doctor and all the officials have been horrid until now; I won't go into all particulars, but we are out of decent provisions, short on crew, and even if we get permission to leave Dover we



*Considering
the
situation*

can't put in any other port without proper papers. Dr. Barrie says there's not a bit of cholera within a mile of us, and the old bear of a quarantine doctor about agrees with him now that all the mischief has been done. Mr. Parsons thinks he can get us away to-morrow or the day after with a new man or two, and would you honestly prefer to stay where you are and have us pick you up later at Newcastle or will you come with us? You know neither Tom nor I would allow it if we imagined one bit of danger. The weather promises to be lovely, and we can have a glorious time. I enclose a list of things I hope you can get for me in Dover. Do send us a letter by the doctor's boat this evening. With any amount of love from your devoted

“ADELAINE.

“P.S.—Tom has just told me, and I am really provoked with him for not consulting you first; he has asked this Mr. Parsons to join us for a while, and it seems that the man has about consented. Anyway he and Tom must entertain each other, for I feel certain that you and Dr. Barrie will be great friends. He plays the mandoline, sings delightfully, and has really never practised medicine at all; only took his degree to please his father. He belongs to that Massachusetts family, you know, and there has been a doctor in the family for generations. I am sure he is quite the kind of man you like. Good-bye again, dear.”

Miss Ormstead was too accustomed to deciding things quickly for her friend's letter to leave any hesitancy in her mind as to her future actions; she would be on board the “Constance” as soon as she could get her things together and complete the list of commissions sent her. Nevertheless, while she had no fear of the cholera, and was conscious of a homesick feeling for Tom and Addie, the prospect of the cruise did not seem as inviting as it had. It was so quiet and restful where she was, quite the kind of change she needed. Mrs. Duncan was making her so comfortable; and she confessed to enjoying her budding friendship with the London editor. To be sure, he would probably be on board too; but the whole situation would be changed, and Adelaine had such an uncomfortable trick of managing things the wrong way!

“I wonder how many pleasant friendships Addie has spoiled for me,” thought Miss Ormstead. “With the best intentions in the world she is always arranging that the only man I like in a party shall be sent off to keep Tom company, and that some little idiot who is as much

bored with me as I am with him shall literally be forced into paying me some attention."

As attached as Miss Ormstead was to her friend, Adelaine's childishness often wearied her, and the severest strain on their friendship had been Mrs. Dinamore's procession of young men, each of whom had been announced in turn as "just the kind of a man you would like!"

Miss Ormstead, be it known, was so utterly devoid of coquetry that she was generally accused of being the most consummate of flirts. Men were impersonal human beings to her, and she enjoyed their society accordingly; and although she was sometimes forced to admit that she had a larger number of friends among the men than among the women, she claimed that this was a mere coincidence, and that she never permitted the question of sex to bias her attitude towards a new acquaintance. Absolute simplicity is responsible for many pretty tricks; and among the prettiest was Miss Elizabeth Ormstead.

* * *

It was nearly a week since the "Constance" had left Dover Harbour with a full crew, a well-stocked larder, and a cook whose cooking and state of health were above reproach. The weather had been perfect, sunshine by day, and they had sped over moonlit waves by night; the party recruited under such difficulties proved a congenial one, and the young Englishman's appreciation of American hospitality and the charms of American womanhood was rapidly mounting. Indeed, his admiration for Miss Ormstead and her frank acceptance of it had been so pronounced from the moment of their joint entrance on board that Mrs. Dinamore had very sweetly modified her original programme. She was honestly devoted to her friend, and since their childhood had looked upon her as the cleverest and most remarkable of girls. Naturally she considered matrimony as represented by an "eligible" like Dr. Barrie as preferable to an intellectual flirtation as represented by the young editor of the *Aurora*; but if Lissa would not have the first, she should not be prevented from enjoying the second. Dr. Barrie, it must be confessed, showed little inclination to fall in love with Elizabeth, who was handicapped in his eyes by the manner of Mrs. Dinamore's praise. Moreover, he understood that she wrote, and his horror of women who wrote, although from a different reason, was amusingly akin to that felt by the editor. So the situation on board the "Constance" very easily adjusted itself. The weather



Adelaine's
letter

was sufficiently brisk to keep Mr. Dinsmore interested in the behaviour of his boat. Dr. Barrie thrummed his mandoline and sang his ballads to his hostess, and Elizabeth and Mr. Parsons discussed philosophy, poetry, the intellectual movements of the age, and, in an impersonal way, the softer emotions.

It is needless to remark that three days on the yacht had made them better friends than an equal number of months spent in the ordinary way would have done.

The young Englishman had been most frankly confidential in regard to the facts of his life, as well

as to his views and opinions. Elizabeth had talked of her travels, her sojourns in the different capitals of Europe, and her pleasant social experiences there. To anyone but the editor of the *Aurora* she would naturally have spoken of her work; but to do so to him would undoubtedly entail explanations and an absurd change in their relations. The Dinsmores knew only that their cousin wrote for some English paper; they were rather inclined to ignore the newspaper work which paid for the silk linings to her smart gowns, although they were proud enough of the occasional magazine contributions. The truth of the matter was that neither of them suspected how cruelly Elizabeth's small income had been reduced, and that there was any need for her to consider the monetary side of her work. The cruise might have lasted for ever without any revelations being made, if Miss Ormstead's pride would have long suffered such a misunderstanding between herself and a person who, no matter what he was a week before, was certainly more than a chance acquaintance now; but even as nearly confidential as

their relations were becoming, it was each day more difficult to make a confession.

"He is certainly one of the most companionable men I have ever met," Elizabeth sometimes thought, "but I believe at heart he's a bit of a cad and is interested in me because he imagines I'm a type of the 'smart American girl' who has come over to be presented at Court and that sort of thing. But the mere statement of the fact that I am one of his paid subordinates is a lovely revenge that I have in store; that is, if he ever gets sentimental, which he won't do," she concluded, rather lamely.

"But I can't say that I like a man's belittling the women in his own work, and he sometimes conveys the idea that he regards the women in the office as about on the plane of typewriter machines. It seems to me I once wrote an article for the *Aurora* on the 'Proper Attitude of a Young Woman towards her Employer.' I might demonstrate the practical value of my wisdom now." For the subject of her thoughts had just approached with arms loaded with cushions and rugs, and the suggestion that there was a comfortable steamer chair on the forward deck.

It was a tempting night, soft and moist, with perhaps a promise of rain in the air, but the moon as yet was only half hidden behind a light veil of clouds. Elizabeth found the chair placed at just the comfortable angle, and cushions and rugs were tucked about her with that matter-of-fact dexterity which women secretly prefer to any amount of surface solicitude. "Thank you," she said, "that last cushion makes it quite perfect. Do you know that you Englishmen are really unusually kind to American girls? Are you surely a maligned lot, and not half so bad to your own womenkind as you are pictured? or do you believe in the newspaper fiction of the royal demands of American women on masculine homage, and try to live up to it a bit?"

"Then you haven't found old Europe at all remiss in point of gallantry during your wanderings? What a charming life yours seems to have been, Miss Ormstead! I wonder if you dainty women realise exactly what a splendid thing your leisure is, what opportunities it has given you for the very best form of culture and refinement. You have the privilege of choosing the ripe, sound fruit of the tree of knowledge; and so do you wonder that we like to fill your resting places with soft cushions?"

"But a woman should do something, should she not?"

"Oh, no! Please allow me a decided negative; not when she can be something so much nicer. Yes, I know what

you are to say," for she had attempted to speak; "and I can't deny her the right to work in any line she chooses when she will, or, sadder still, must. Miss Ormstead, I don't believe you know much about women who 'do things.' You hear of them and admire them from your distance, but you know little of them. Unfortunately, I do, and I am tired to death of the type. Socially it stupefies a man, for it gives him nothing different, nothing better than, if as good as, what he has had all day; and in a business way I am almost as impatient of it. I worked with women-reporters in the first newspaper office I entered, and corrected reams of their copy afterwards, when I was an unhappy sub-editor."

"Do you have no women-writers now on the *Aurora*?" asked Miss Ormstead.

"A lot," was the prompt answer.

"And do none of them do good work?" was a second gentle question.

"Some of them do very good work—for women. But that is just the point; it is an entirely false view that the world is taking to-day of woman's work. As an instance of it, we have one woman on the paper who turns in such good copy that it is quite the customary thing to pass it about the office before it goes down to the printers; if she were a man we should expect good copy, as a matter of course. But I am getting on one of my hobbies, and am boring you, I am afraid, Miss Ormstead. Shall we talk of something else?"

"You are not boring me at all, Mr. Parsons, quite the contrary; but," with a nervous little laugh and exaggerated shiver, "it is getting cold, and it is certainly time for supper."

Elizabeth floated away, and her companion, feeling a bit snubbed, although he knew not why, and burdened with his rugs and cushions, was some minutes in following her. When he entered the saloon, she was engaged in a merry passage-at-arms with Dr. Barrie over the



They did not look
on her as a newspaper
woman

chafing-dish supper they were jointly preparing, and there was no further opportunity for personal conversation that evening.

The next morning, bright and early, they sailed into Dover Harbour; their detention at quarantine station this time was to be only a short one to complete certain formalities that would allow the "Constance" to continue her trip pleasantly. While they were waiting, a package of letters and papers was delivered on board. Mr. Parsons promptly opened one from the *Aurora* office in the handwriting of the temporary possessor of his chair.

"Dear Parsons," it read:

"There's a good deal of trouble in the Woman's Department. Mrs. Western is ill most of the time, and some of the rest are getting careless. You complained in your last that it was losing snap, and what we want is some smart, up-to-date woman here on the spot, someone who can hustle a bit, and add an original feature occasionally. Miss Merriot, of Paris, came into the office the day you left. She impressed me personally as being as capable as her work is good, and I think she might be persuaded to leave Paris, and take charge of things here. Will you authorise me to write her, or will you do so yourself? She may still be in England, for she asked for two weeks' vacation from any regular work, and we have only heard from her once since she was here. Her right name is Elizabeth Ormstead, and her English address, care Thomas Dinsmore, Esq., Baring Bros."

The editor finished the letter at this point, the rest was of little consequence; in fact, few things in the world save the astonishing information it contained seemed to be of consequence. But there was no hint of personal embarrassment in his view of the situation; his soul was flooded with anger, unreasoning, unreasonable anger at himself, at the good boat "Constance," at a certain penny postage stamp, and even against a lovely face that appeared that moment beside him.

"Good morning, Mr. Parsons," called out cheerily its owner. "I hear some mail has come aboard. Is there anything for me?"

(To be finished in next number.)



THE RING

Drawn by H. A. Hogg

BANQUET OF THE UNIVERSITY CLUB.

THE second dinner of the season took place on the evening of Washington's birthday, when some forty members of the club, for whom the gloomy carnival had no attractions, gathered in the banquet hall of the Continental Hotel. The usual good cheer and conviviality were repeated, and the occasion again proved that the club has a real use and place in American life here in Paris.

Ex-president Hill, of Rochester University, who is spending the winter in Paris, presided gracefully, and introduced each speaker in the most happy fashion. On his right sat M. Rambaud, *Ministre des Beaux-Arts et de l'Instruction Publique*; on the left H. E. General Horace Porter, Ambassador from the United States to France; Professors Michel Bréal and Levasseur, members of both the Institut and of the Faculty of the Collège de France, were the other guests of the evening; the toast to the Latin Quarter was answered by Mr. Lamar Middleton, Historian of the American Art Association. General Porter successfully performed the baffling task of telling some new jokes about Washington, and before he had closed his speech, had made an interesting study of Washington's character, particularly from the military and parliamentary sides. Minister Rambaud spoke at no great length, but held everybody's attention by his account of the measures lately introduced here to attract American students to the Paris universities. He was followed by Professor Levasseur, who told of his several trips to America in order to study its university system, and who seemed to feel that America had solved more than one of the difficulties in educational economy. Professor Bréal was fluent and witty. He said that he "would speak in English were it not for the fact that he was a professor of linguistics, and might be in danger of giving the company to infer from his 'bad accent' that the French method of teaching English is wrong." His talk was concerned with the work of the Franco-American University Committee, a hint of whose aims will be found elsewhere in the magazine.

Throughout the last part of the dinner a number of patriotic choruses were sung, in which the whole company joined. With the rousing refrain of "John Brown's Body," the evening ended when Ash Wednesday had begun.

A PARISIAN IDOL.

EMILE RICHEBOURG, whose recent death has produced such a painful impression among literary circles, was, no doubt, the most widely-read story-writer in France. His vogue was, and still is, tremendous throughout the country, and his devotion to the popular interest in fiction netted him the handsome yearly income of about one hundred thousand francs. This comfortable sum enabled Richebourg to live generously and without that doubt as to to-morrow which seems to be the usual heritage of the Parisian man of letters. His tastes were simple, but he spent large amounts annually in helping struggling young writers who showed talent and grit; and there are many instances on record where men of far greater genius than his found themselves lifted over a hard place by his kindly hand.

From the very beginning of his career Richebourg was successful, mainly because he had no ambition to go into anything like the psychological vein affected by the majority of the novelists of his day and generation. What he wanted was to tell "rattlin' good stories" which should appeal to all classes of fiction-loving humanity, even the humblest, for whom he always had a great regard. And just this it was that made him the stand-by and hope of many a Paris editor whose paper began to decrease in circulation and to need a freshening-up of some unequivocal kind. Richebourg may have been grossly inartistic in not a few particulars, but certainly he was read, was liked, was clamoured for by the newspaper public; and this was the main point to the editor. In a case of emergency Richebourg was sure to be sent for, and just as sure to be able to promise the opening chapters of a new story for the morrow's edition. Among other papers, the *Petit Journal*, which now boasts its four millions of daily readers, was set on its feet by the contributions of the fertile Richebourg, who for a number of months transformed himself into a perfect letterpress mill, pouring out stories, sketches, *feuilletons*, poems, and criticisms at the shortest notice, and all with equal facility and rapidity.

Effort of this kind has, naturally, to be organised: it was a part of Richebourg's versatility to be methodical. A glimpse into his study would have shown the cog-system on which he worked. This famous room contained five tables, on each of which always lay the unfinished manuscript of some piece of work promised to editor or

publisher in the near future. Richebourg's system was to begin at the first table every morning when the clock struck nine. There he "did" a *feuilleton* for the next day's paper. Then he passed to the second table where lay a romance nearly finished. He added the final chapter, and stopped for lunch. The early afternoon found him completing the first half of another novel; by four o'clock he had sketched the initial chapter of a third, and at sunset the laborious scribe was bending over the proof-sheets of the *feuilleton* just sent back by the printer. Richebourg thrived and waxed sturdily into a green old age on an industry so manifold that no two other writers in all Paris could have together equalled it. He recognised his literary limitations, but, evidently, decided to make the most out of the peculiar talent he possessed. His opportunities of frequenting the society of more artistically-gifted members of his profession had not been neglected. They had taught him that there was a something, a sacred *au delà* which he could never reach, and he accepted the fact with a delightful sort of good-natured cynicism, too naïve to have any sharpness in it.

To the youth of France, Emile Richebourg must always figure as a Gallicised G. P. R. James. He loved the "solitary horseman" as the most useful and melodramatic lay-figure of which he knew—and this phenomenon is about the same in all literatures. Veiled ladies, mysterious police-agents, shadowy criminals, and snarling misers flit through his pages as they do over the melodramatic stage, painted in glaring colours, knowing no shades of good and evil, and, let one confess it, fairly fascinating to those who—who like that kind of thing!

Respecting the superiority of others, Richebourg was also respected by them. His word had great weight in the meetings of the Société des Gens de Lettres, for he was nearly as superior to them in experience of various kinds as they were to him in the skill born of divine right; and the wisdom of his advice was a matter of daily proof. A new member of the Société soon learned, perhaps, that the old man was not to be contradicted; but an angry fit once over, his *confrères* found Richebourg all gentleness and consideration, and not altogether unlike the least posy of some of his heroes, who are ignorant that unkindness exists among men.

M.

BLUE BELLS.

Nymph, hast thou ne'er heard a ringing,
Silvery—mystic as thy singing—

 In thy hidden dells ;
When thy zephyrs, gently playing,
With their unseen hands were swaying
 Thine own soft blue bells ?
Came not dainty notes forth straying,
 Of carols light or knells ?

Yet, why ask if thou canst hear
Strains, that ne'er to mortal ear

 Shall, alas ! be known ?
Well I know that mortal eye
Reads i' each flower a lullaby,
 Sweet, and all its own ;
Shall I count that naught, and sigh,
 And brood uncheered, alone ?

EUGENE RENWICK.



THE NYMPH

Drawn by W. E. Webster

THE VOLNEY AND ITS TRIUMPH.

THIS year's annual exhibition of the Cercle Volney is at present on view at the galleries of that society, 7, Rue Volney, having burst upon us with the customary social *éclat*, which carries before it all artistic significance (when there is any!) of the reunions of this institution. Again, the expected has happened. Again, the Volney perfectly reflects French society in all its inane words and gilded superficialities. In a certain sense it may seem but fair to the exhibitors to admit that there is nothing more to French society than they have shown, although one occasionally hears of a remaining fragment of the old *noblesse* held together by the Prince de Sagan, which is said to be the real *haute monde* and the flower of social Europe. But what this set can have to boast of besides an ancestry which has handed down nothing more desirable than a few empty titles and a moral code that should not be countenanced in any civilised nation, we fail to discover.

At all events, Paris *mondain* is well portrayed in the canvases at the Volney, since they give us a very fair idea of its fashions, its favourites, and its character. Technically, the pictures are thoroughly in accord with the quality of their sitters. Slickly and smoothly painted things they are, all of them, and oiled and varnished to aggravation. Everything is sacrificed that eyes may be starry, lips reminiscent of the budding rose, and shoulders ideally (?) chiselled in creamy alabaster. These are the triumphs.

It is surely with regret that we find a painter of Benjamin Constant's calibre in line with such degenerate influences. Yet not only has he "seen" them, as we say in poker, but he has "gone them several better" by painting into the damask cheek of one of his miraculous conceptions (called a portrait of a lady) a wonderful dimple that unquestionably carries off the palm, exciting at once the envy of his *confrères*, and the admiration of his friends—a dimple which but one human being in all Paris could equal or has equalled, viz., the individual who makes the wax ladies for the well-known Boulevard *coiffeur* near the Opera.

All in all, there is nothing of high art or of sound merit at the Volney, nor even a sign of true striving for either.

H. G. F.

THE FRENCH MAN OF LETTERS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

UP to the Revolution the French man of letters was practically a brother of the denizens of Grub Street, celebrated in a dozen literatures. He made his appearance in history somewhat later, but as a social growth he was even more inevitable than were his *confrères* across the Channel, since he was more largely due to the political state of France than to the over-stocked excellence of the literary market. It is true that until our own day the disciple of *belles-lettres* in France has always been less of a free lance, independent of the flux and flow, the struggles and troublesome enmities of political sects, than were the tolerably isolated and purely literary hangers-on of the London coffee-houses in the great days when Garrick strutted the boards at Drury Lane, and Goldsmith wrote histories to pay for the fine coats in which he liked to dazzle fair feminine eyes. It may be truthfully said that the French Grub Street housed a class whose spectacular value was dramatic enough, if not tragic; while the literary and quasi-literary set in London at the same time were composed principally of clever vagabonds, whom, as a rule, the Government did not consider worthy of much attention as possible seeds of sedition. The common ground between the men of letters in the two countries was that of the want of many of the necessities of life, and the truth that the majority of the literary crowd constituted a rather worn and frayed hem of society.

In France, at least, this was not so in the gilded age which preceeded the encyclopædists. The sun-king, Louis XIV., counted it a part of his glory that the bookish talents in his realm were welded hard and fast to the throne. He needed not to look for rebellion amongst a class who lived off the royal bounty; and the influence of his policy towards *littérateurs* lived through a portion of the succeeding reign. Molière, Racine, and the rest held almost as high court as their abominable patron. They had their flatterers and fawners, their millions and their shame; and they were well satisfied. They differed from the hardy set of contemporary England—hardy perforce, it may be—who went without shirts and sheets in exchange for the privilege of artistic honesty, and who naively accepted their lot as the chance inseparable from the independence and integrity of the profession they represented. No doubt they dedicated

their books, when they could find a publisher, to Milord This or That; but the patronage of these nincompoops did little to help them from their sorry plight; they ate when they could—and kept on writing. There was something of the English yeoman in the shabby English hack writer.

But the days of the sun-king were numbered; his age changed into that of the encyclopædists. The huge social movement which these men—Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, and Rousseau, not to mention the vast crowd of less famous contributors to the *Encyclopædia*—stood up for, and of which they were merely the exponents, produced a new kind of man of letters, and an entirely new surface to the literary world; it brought the distinctly "literary" men of France nearer to a par with those of England, and, abolishing noble patronage as an almost invariable custom, taught new tricks in the search for bread. This change in the significance of the French man of letters, which was to make him for a while the traditional enemy of the established order, was due to the fact that a great duty was suddenly imposed upon him, and he would not be found wanting. Hitherto he had been ranged on the side of tradition, usage, and prejudice; but a clarion-call sounded over the land of France, and Paris became a hot-bed of discord between Jesuit and Jansenist, and between the primarily intellectual man and every other class. There was a need for men who would vigorously oppose the fetiches and fungi which had the country in their grasp, and meant to die hard. There was a need for men who would proclaim the new knowledge, so old to-day, and who would throw worldly success to the four winds in the battle against conventional dogmas, not religious alone, which were sapping away the strength of the spirit of progress that is born into the world with each new human being. All the details of this activity one may find in any story of the march of civilisation; be it said to the honour of the French men of letters as a class, that they resigned themselves bravely for the most part to the danger and disgrace that opposition meant, and fought valiantly for the sane order which the revolution was to secure for all time. It was they who prepared men's minds for the new basis to society; they threw themselves into the enlightened ecstasy with a force superior to chains and official contempt; and humanity is their debtor for their moral courage and their sacrifice of the flesh.

One hundred and twenty-five years ago the literary man in Paris found it most convenient to live on the left

side of the Seine, for many reasons. The University was there; and the booksellers were massed in that quarter also, since, for self-protection, they had agreed to keep together, and had secured from the Government an order forbidding any bookseller to set up his shop outside the narrow Sorbonne district. They formed an exclusive guild of three hundred and sixty members, and were prepared to call into play the rigours of the law on anyone who should infringe their rights. The literary man knew too well on which side his bread was buttered to violate their privileges, and had to make the best terms possible with them, and then hold his peace. The bookseller's risk was often very great, and sometimes his name had to be kept secret, as, for instance, when the profit on some work prohibited by the Government was too large to be neglected, even at the risk of prison. Needless to say, the author was still more abhorrent to the censor, and the common danger bound the printers and writers together closer than they ever were before or will be again. It is a curious fact that the law forbidding a bookseller to settle on the north side of the Seine bridges had no power to prevent a clandestine sale of books anywhere in the city, and that, as a consequence, the trade in its legitimate branch waned to an extent nearly fatal to the guild. Pedlars bought books on the Quais or secured them on credit from the booksellers; then they carried them across the river in bags on their backs, and hawked them about from door to door. At first this was not offensive to the guild; for although they foresaw the dangers of it to their business, they were content to have their sales increased by the pedlars' purchases. But when, shortly, the pedlars began to publish books secretly on their own account, and to deal mainly in those works which had been put under the censor's ban, the guild raised a hue and cry. The police had grown lax, however; the king had, at the moment, something more interesting to think about, and the contraband industry practically ruined the Sorbonne quarter. Cheap, pirated editions of foreign works also poured into Paris, and disappeared like magic; the public had begun to read, and no longer visited the bookshops.

The effect of this on the fate of the man who depended on his pen for support is obvious. He became more of a vagabond than he had been, and began to live a hand-to-mouth existence. Even Diderot got a pittance only for the years during which he slaved over the editorial duties of the *Encyclopædia*, and his voluminous contributions to that work were included in the contract

he had made with Le Breton, the bookseller, who undertook the publishing of the whole thing. D'Alembert, the co-editor and mathematical genius, got still less than Diderot, and Voltaire, who was safely off in Geneva or Potsdam most of the time, contributed from a distance; and being a man of great wealth, he could dispense with the small sum which the minor contributors were glad to get. The other avenues of money making were quite as unpromising. Literary men were not the fashion in court just then, and not an absolute necessity in polite society.

It became a sort of fad, nevertheless, for some of the more needy scribblers to attach themselves to some influential personage, eat at his table, form part of his suite, and practically live from his hand. That such as followed this course degenerated goes without saying, but sometimes there was nothing but this between the destitute man of letters and the morgue. The nobler spirits either accepted hopeless poverty, or left the country, or forsook their pens. The Paris climate was unhealthy to reactionary literature, and the man of letters was in those days interested in no other. It was the fashion among his class to send articles to the editors of the *Encyclopædia*, and it is probably safe to say that not a single one of them failed to attempt the task of saying something new in order to be represented in the pages of what was to be a *résumé* of all the sifted knowledge and fresh sureties of mankind. In fact, the great *Encyclopædia* was the principal truth in their professional lives. It was according to the *Encyclopædia* that men were judged. Did a man approve of it—he belonged to the movement whose incidental object was to dignify the calling of the man of letters as a critic of human institutions, and as a spiritual power up to that time unrecognised. Did a man oppose it—he was either a priest fearful of his order's iniquities, or else a spy in the employ of the police. Practically all the men of letters were heart and soul—and pen—in favour of the work which had so many ups and downs, so many trials and persecutions, and, withal, so much glory before it. The "parasites," the literary men, who had become fawners on the rich and powerful, were, of course, hostile.

These "parasites" did not lie on a bed of down, for all their abjectness of mien and their self-dedication to the whims and shoestrings of the wealthy. They were the butt of ridicule even in the houses of their patrons, and were not infrequently ordered to hold their tongues when they carried their sickening part too far. They were

usually mere dogs in the wake of their masters' footsteps. When he made a wretched *bonmot* they laughed the laugh they learned from elocution masters, and they cultivated it into a perfect art. They collected all the gossip, particularly the spicy, personal bits, for their patron's edification, and retailed it to him when he had filled his stomach with wine and meat and felt like being amused. "Here knaves! Amuse me! Cut your capers! Be *drôle*, be *drôle*!" Thus commanded, they commenced their business, and stopped when the host threw them a *louis* or bade them be gone. If, as Diderot assures us, his Dialogue called "Rameau's Nephew" presents a true picture of the kind of persons these "parasites" were, there can be no doubt that they constituted a set of precious rascals, not at all lacking in brains, but altogether wanting in the smallest vestiges of self-respect and personal pride. In reading the Dialogue, however, one feels that Diderot threw a rather highly coloured light on these wretched men for the sake of emphasis, and also, no doubt, to effect vengeance on several malicious detractors who would have been insignificant in any other society, but whose loud voices worked no little harm to "the philosophers," as Diderot and his immediate circle were called. A certain Palissot was the most annoying of these barking critics, a man who hesitated at no vileness in his opposition to Diderot particularly. The latter brushed him off from time to time, and finally, growing impatient, impaled him for ever wriggling before men's eyes as the chief "parasite," in a household frequented by Rameau's nephew. The incident, if it has no other significance, at least serves to show the lawlessness in the republic of letters in those days, when the pettiest writer occupied as much space in the public eye as the greatest, if he chose to claim it.

One of the most interesting facts in connection with the men of letters in that day is their admiration for English literature. This admiration was bestowed not only on English philosophy, their indebtedness to which was gratefully acknowledged by every one of the prominent thinkers, but was warmly given to the budding school of English fiction as well. It was Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe," if we may believe Mr. John Morley, that directly inspired Rousseau's "Nouvelle Heloise"; and even Diderot imitated the same work in his "La Religieuse." This kind of romantic literature was new to the French writers, and came like a breath of fresh air. They sat up all night to read "Clarissa," just as their English contemporaries

were doing, and shed as many tears over the impeccable virtue of the lovely heroine. Richardson became momentarily deified; he was counted the greatest master in any literature; he was supposed to know human nature to its depths, and to be a trustworthy guide in every spiritual emergency of life. Nevertheless, nothing shows more clearly the difference between the romantic instincts of the French and English than that while the latter enjoyed "*Clarissa*" more as a story of common, everyday life, the French were impressed mainly with its value as a fascinating study of the tender passion. Rousseau's imitation showed this at once, and subsequent French fiction continued to demonstrate it. So that what was, at least in a literary sense, the secondary significance of Richardson's book, became twisted by French emulators into its one and only gospel. The fact remains, however, that the English fiction influenced the Paris literary set just before the Revolution very nearly as much as the preceding generation in France had been influenced by the philosophical thought on the other side of the Channel.

With the death of the men of letters, who for convenience sake one may call the "Encyclopædists," although not a few of them contributed but little to that monument of industry and learning, everything changed. The trials which France underwent during the following three decades or more shook up to the surface still another species of the exclusively "literary" man. If there is ever written a comprehensive history of what we call Bohemianism, for want of a better name, it would do well to show how gradually the French man of letters began to perceive that independence was inseparable from his profession; and how, as a natural consequence, the "Bohemian" was born. It may be true that, as a famous Frenchman has written, the *Sieur de Joinville* and *Tasso*, long ago, were Bohemians; and that most of those who wrote for centuries and not for days were their brothers. But the French men of letters of the last century were not Bohemians in our modern sense of the term; they make up a curious page in the history of literature; and, at their worst as at their best—*Palissot* and his crew excepted—remained in a kind of distinct cult, striving after the salvation of their class.

LAMAR MIDDLETON.

THE THIRD COMPETITIVE EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.

THIS exhibition is fully as interesting as the two preceding ones, and in point of merit even an improvement. The strongest work is, without doubt, a pastel study of an Algerian woman, by Louis Kronberg, which is equally good in drawing, colour, and general treatment, and far superior to an oil study of the same woman in a different pose—also by Mr. Kronberg. The most interesting work—well, that of course depends largely upon one's point of view, but I should say it is Mr. August Koopman's study of a girl in high ground—with cliffs, in warm sunlight, stretching off into the distance. In colour it is good, but not remarkable; in painting, rather crude in parts—particularly muddy where the dress touches the ground; but the pose, the movement, is simply delightful. The most conscientious—that I won't attempt to decide, for whosoever it is knows that best himself; and the most disappointing work is the moonlight by Lionel Walden.

We have every reason to expect good work from the brush of this painter; his Luxembourg picture, in particular, is full of fine qualities, of which there is hardly a trace in this one, which has many false tones—is, in fact, only a "trick moonlight," like hundreds of others. The bright yellow paint in the windows of one of the houses in the picture is far more suggestive of a huge bonfire inside than of the glow of a lamp or the frail light of a candle. Of the two paintings by L. R. Garrido, his portrait is decidedly the better, being solidly painted and interesting in its blacks. His other picture is too obviously arranged—too postery. In H. O. Tanner's study of lions in the desert the feeling of heat is well conveyed. There is an interesting landscape by H. G. Fangel, brighter in colour than the usual canvas of this artist. Other pictures that show good technical ability are those of Messrs. T. A. Brewer, R. A. Fry, S. K. Hartman, C. Washburn, H. M. Mott-Smith, F. T. Hutchens, and one whose works deserve special praise for rich decorative quality—Rupert C. W. Bunny.

Taken as a whole it is a very creditable showing, and leaves one in very much happier frame of mind than does either the Boissy d'Anglas or the Volney.

Z.



**LOOKING DOWN ON PLACE
MAUBERT, PARIS**

NOTRE DAME IN THE DISTANCE

Drawn by Charles Bowen Bigelow

VIGNETTES OF THE STUDIO.

THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

RETURNING home after an unprofitable visit to our dealer's one afternoon, I expected to find my friend alone, as I had left him (we had the *atelier* together then); therefore the tableau that met my eyes as I entered rather startled me. There was our mutual friend, the "lady of many moods," perched upon a high stool which stood on the model throne, her chin resting on her hands, looking very picturesque under a large black hat with black feathers. At her feet, upon a low stool, sat the Optimist, his hands with the tips of their fingers touching, an attitude seeming to suggest worship, it struck me; and, strangest of all, scattered in a sort of careless semi-circle around them were a lot of playing cards.

By
Henry
G.
Fangel

"I've been telling him his fortune," explained our fair visitor, laughingly, when I inquired for the key to their symbolical arrangement. "But there's no satisfying him," she presently added. "I told him he'd marry a brunette, tall and dignified, with a million a year in her own right; who wears glasses just like his own, and is a splendid manager—exactly what he needs. And what is more, I proved my prophecy by repeating what this person told a friend of mine about him, that he is a real artist, and a perfect gentleman." [She mimicked the manner of a person all three of us knew.] "Now, what greater honour could he possibly want thrust upon him?" and she smiled in playful sarcasm.

"What, indeed!" I exclaimed, drawing up the piano stool and joining the circle.

The Optimist merely laughed, but his laugh had not the spontaneous ring, I thought.

"I'm sure," I said, addressing Miss Leavitt, "that our friend believes painters should never marry."

"O but he doesn't," she replied with emphasis, "I've tried to convince him of that, but he won't see it."

"He's not at all gallant," said I. "I'm afraid he's in love. That's probably it. See here, old chap," I went on, turning to the Optimist, "what excuse have you for wanting to change your state of single blessedness for something worse? Is that the way to put it?"—I appealed to Miss Leavitt.

"Well—yes," she answered, "something—no better."

"—for something no better, then," I continued. "In other words, what have *you* to get married on?"

"Oh, I dare say you're right enough," he responded, after a moment's pause, "but why shouldn't a fellow take a great big risk sometimes if for no better reason than to try his luck once for all. Lots of them do it and get on swimmingly. It's for all the world like a bluff in a game of cards. Hearts are trumps!"

"True," said I; "but the best possible hand of hearts isn't going to pull you through in a world where spades and clubs prevail and hearts are not taken into account, unless you have at least a few diamonds to back you up. If you haven't—well, you're a 'goner,' as they say in polite society."

"Well, if that's my luck, I would just as soon know it now as later," concluded the Optimist, quite cheerfully. He had evidently gone over this ground before.

"H'm! I'm afraid it's too late. The die is already cast. I leave it to you, Miss Leavitt, to ascertain the lady's name. I suppose congratulations are in order."

Miss Leavitt flushed slightly under my steady gaze, and increased my earlier suspicion that my presence had checked a flow of sentiment between these wonderfully congenial spirits, which all three of us had long known to be inevitable. My optimistic friend and I had discussed its possibilities quite often, and while he frankly confessed that all reason was against the very idea, yet the very qualities that made each impossible to the other from this standpoint of reason made each irresistible to the other on the basis of sentiment, and he knew that, once in its tide, nothing but uncontrollable fate could save them, and she, feeling exactly as he did, was even tempted with a desire to encourage what she hardly wished for. It was evident that she now regretted the rebuff with which not long before she had met his growing attentions.

She did not put the question I suggested, but jumped down from her pedestal and made a circuit of the studio, bestowing dainty feminine touches to the ornaments.

The Optimist and I stayed where we were, and smoked and followed her with our eyes.

Her bright comments upon such of our work as happened in sight were always amusing, but this time she was curiously silent. Presently I rose to hold the cape she handed me, and a few moments later she took her departure.

We smoked on silently for quite a while. Then I explained how the dilapidated conditions of our finances had

not been bettered by my afternoon's canvassing, and that something more important than getting married was to be considered at once.

He took the matter cheerfully and philosophically.

"Something better is sure to turn up before long. Fate always takes things into her own hands at the last minute," and he turned a broad, significant smile toward me.

My suspicions were confirmed.

"I think I understand," said I, laughing also; and presently added, half inquiringly, "Then there's time."

"Yes, there's time," said he.



SERENADE.

Good night, dear love—good night !
The languid flowers their bells are closing ;
The bee is from her toil reposing.

Good night, dear love—good night !

Yon orb, whose liquid light
The massy trees are broadly drinking,
Fast from the dark blue heaven is sinking.

Good night, dear love—good night !

Soon will it leave us quite—
Yet that shall cause our hearts no sorrow,
'Twill rise like Hope's own ray to-morrow.

Good night, dear love—good night !

And though from my fond sight
Thou like yon glorious moon must vanish,
The joy of meeting next shall banish

My sighs, dear love—good night !

VIOLET HORNCastle.

Drawn
by
H. G. F.



Monotypes have suddenly become "the rage" among the students in the Quarter. So much so that the Art Talk Club of the A.A.A. accordingly decided to vary its programme of art talks with a monotype party for Tuesday, February 1st. It proved quite the success anticipated, and a surprisingly large number were initiated into the mysteries of this profitable (we do not say lucrative) pastime; and, judging from the enthusiasm with which everyone takes to it and the fascination there always is in work or play of any kind where much depends on "luck," we venture the opinion that the meetings have been devoted to little else ever since. An exhibition of monotypes is among the possibilities in prospect.

The February Exhibition at the American Art Association was opened with a *musical*, those taking part in the "program" being Mlle. Carmen Betancourt, Mme. M. C. Newhous, and Messrs. M. R. Connolly and Percy Walling.

For several weeks preceding the opening of the Exhibition the walls of the Association were covered with the monochrome reproductions of Rembrandt's masterpieces. These splendid reproductions must be classed in themselves as veritable works of art; and all thanks are due from the public and the Association to M. Sedelmeyer, the well-known art dealer, for allowing their display.

The address by the painter, Mr. J. Alexander, at the Association, under the auspices of the Art Talk Club, which we referred to in our last issue, realised the anticipations of all, and with the "talk" of Mr. William M. Chase at our old building, must be set down as a white-stone in the Art Talk Club's career.

A "grand smoker" was given at the Association, under the management of Mr S. K. Hartman, on February 23rd, in honour of General Washington.

Decorations for the new Opéra Comique of Paris are in progress. M. Benjamin Constant is at work upon a large

ceiling. M. Constant does not approve of decorated ceilings—considers them *temps perdu*—but being a Frenchman he accepted the large commission his Government thrust upon him with a Frenchman's easy grace upon such occasions. The principal point of interest in his design, where it differs from most ceilings, lies in a *cortège* of figures, on the left, representing such famous operatic characters as *Carmen*, *Manon*, *Mignon*, *Phryne*, and *Eurydice*. Each of these will recall some celebrated singer especially associated with the rôle she represents. Among them will be Mmes. Calvé, Sanderson, Van Zandt, Delna, and others.

The Galerie des Machines, in which the pictures of both Salons are this year to be placed, is undergoing rapid transformations, and, indeed, very little time remains for the completion of the work. Some new experiments—new to Paris—are to be tried in the arrangement of rooms—ideas gathered from foreign galleries and museums. One idea in particular consists of having a large number of small rooms, in which certain classes of work can be grouped together and seen to better advantage than in larger rooms amid conflicting colours and tones. The present plan therefore indicates fifty-two little *salons*, of which eighteen are reserved for the Champ de Mars Salon.

Certainly no end of remedies could be made in the arrangement of galleries—their size, shape, lighting, colour, etc., etc. It rarely happens that the finest pictures are seen to advantage in a public gallery. Whistler's portrait of his mother in the Luxembourg Gallery is abominably placed. We may sometimes think that Titian's "Man with Glove" could hardly look better anywhere than it does in its present position, or the works of the master from Madrid in theirs, but the best of pictures are affected by their environment. Let your imagination for a moment throw before your mind's eye the sombre atmosphere that must have pervaded the studio of Velasquez, the subdued whites and pale greys and blacks of the hangings, and in their midst one of his canvases of the Infanta or of the generous Philip. Were they not the better for being where even the thought of a Murillo could scarcely penetrate?

Another of those absurd, spectacular monster-paintings that are the edification of the uncultured sightseer and the pet aversion of the *cognoscenti* is being "built" in one of the largest studios in Neuilly. It will be one of the features of the coming Exposition of 1900, and is to be placed in a pavilion erected especially for it. The picture is sure to catch French enthusiasm, for it will represent the coronation of the Czar at Moscow. It is eight metres high and ten metres long. The commission, of course, came from the French Government; and was given to the painter Gervex.

In these days of the material age not many things are done by halves. We have long seen real fire-trucks and hansom cabs on the stage, to say nothing of saw-mills and the like, and we have heard that even the divine Sarah stopped in the middle of a piece on discovering imitation fruit upon a platter, and absolutely refused to go on until it was exchanged for the genuine article; but now, wonder of wonders, we have a sculptor who models galloping horses directly from life. This feat is accomplished by having a pair of fine, large, high-spirited animals abruptly driven up to a stone wall, so that they rear and prance and foam at the mouth—the sculptor meanwhile jumping around, about, and under them, getting their anatomy, and rushing into the *atelier* to put his discoveries into clay. For this innovation thanks are due to Mr. Frederick Macmonnies. He is also studying other animals, and to facilitate matters keeps a live panther in a cage in his studio.

Miss Mary Kent Davey, whose prose and poetic contributions to *The Quartier Latin* have frequently been commended and quoted—and on several occasions have been translated into the French language—is about to leave Paris for America, where she will write a book on Bohemianism in Europe.

On Friday, February 18th, the annual ball of the Vitti Academy of Art, 49, Boulevard Montparnasse, was held. The entertainment this year took the form of a “Bal Costumé,” and, despite the winds and rain which the weather clerk of the *New York Herald* was unkind enough to provide for the occasion, a large crowd of brightly-costumed dancers assembled in Madame Vitti's *ateliers*—transformed for the night into fairy-like bowers—where they passed the time merrily until the proverbial wee sma' hours. Many of the costumes were very handsome, several in the Watteau style being particularly admired.

Following the example of the Vitti Academy, the American Girls' Club will give a “Bal Masqué” on the 11th of this month. The series of entertainments by the Girls' Club every season is quite a feature in the social life of the Quarter. Their last entertainment, under the auspices of Madame des Crissonnières, was held at Christmas time, and was an enjoyable success. If we could be permitted to wish any feature added to the entertainments now being given by the Girls' Club, it is a little warmer weather, whereby the guests and their fair hostesses (in couples) might be enabled to stroll about the old garden of the Club, and—watch the stars!

NOTES.

There has been some not altogether ill-natured amusement in Paris over the philanthropic scheme of Lady Murray, who evidently wishes to be counted among the ranks of those whose overplus of worldly goods is employed to help needy but deserving artists and men of letters. Her plan, as all know, consists in the foundation of a "Home" at Antibes, in the South of France, where she has bought, renovated, and entirely fitted up the old *château* of La Reynaude, as the immediate scene of her good works. All indigent and invalid artists and literary men who need rest and fresh air may hie themselves away from the turmoil of the big city, and recuperate their jaded powers of mind and body in the haven of rest down at Antibes—provided they can pay their own railway fare there and back, and can, in addition, disburse the sum of twenty-five francs a week for their maintenance in that paradisiacal spot. They can remain there only while their condition continues desperate; and between the months of May and November (of this year at least) the "Home" will be closed. Now, since Paris contains no small number of these same fortune-frowned-on objects of Lady Murray's sympathy, her project has awakened no little discussion here; and the verdict is that, though both kind-hearted and charitable, she is only slightly acquainted with the condition usually reached by the artist before he would be ready to declare himself indigent and helpless to the extent of entering the Antibes "Home" for Afflicted Ability. And this for a variety of reasons.

By
Lamar
Middleten

It is pathetically true, in the first place, that the majority of the class which Lady Murray is so anxious to benefit thinks itself rather fortunate if it possesses the sum which she lays down as one of her conditions, and certainly would not give up the struggle as long as it could depend on an income of even that moderate size. And when it comes to paying the railroad ticket to the Midi and back—well, such charity with a string to it is reasonable only in the mythic Islands of the Blessed, where everybody is rich and recognised! One feels greatly like writing to Lady Murray to observe that it is, ordinarily, only at the last gasp that the artist throws down his brush and palette, and puts away his paints. When, as with Matt Strong in Zangwill's story, "The Master," life persists in presenting itself as a series of difficulties apparently insurmountable by effort and perseverance, then almost any philosophical member of the human race might be pardoned for borrowing what he could, and scurrying off to this new co-operative boarding-house at Antibes. But dark moments like that are more picturesque in fiction than abjectly true in real life, fortunately; and I, for one, predict a slender success for the enterprise in question.

Sardou's "Paméla" has proven a great success. The play ranks with the same dramatist's two other historical plays, "Madame Sans-Gêne" and "Thermidor," in both its romantic atmosphere and its construction. It represents once more Sardou's well-known method of taking a historical fact, usually one little known or talked about, and surrounding it with a frame of anecdote, intrigue, and brilliant *finesse*. "Paméla" deals with the eventful days when Barras was at the acme of his popularity, and introduces a number of historic personages, among them Josephine de Beauharnais, ignorant of the high destiny which awaits her, and in trouble over her extravagant dressmaking bills. The plot concerns the escape of the little Dauphin Louis XVII. from the Temple, an incident, it is said, which Sardou firmly believes to be authentic, and "to prove (?) which he wrote the play." Most people, however, will be interested in the piece rather for its technical strength, and for the picturesqueness of its setting. Sardou is said to have studied hundreds of old engravings, and to have explored many museums, in order to be sure of faithfulness to the costumes of the time.

Paris will have no Bœuf Gras this year. It seems that M. Marguéry, proprietor of the well-known restaurant on the Boulevards, refuses to act as the head of the committee, and to disburse from his own pocket the inevitable deficit which is the regular accompaniment of the carnival. He has stood by the Bœuf Gras for a number of years, he says, in hopes that the Government would finally be persuaded to make a decent appropriation toward its expense, or that at any rate the citizens of Paris would be more generous when they learned of the committee's efforts and sacrifices. But M. Marguéry evidently counted his chickens too soon. The Municipality again offers to give only 25,000 francs, about one-fourth of the cost, and one of the richest men in Paris, the windows of whose home give on one of the principal Boulevards through which the procession is accustomed to pass, signified his willingness to contribute towards the carnival the royal sum of fifty centimes! Under the circumstances, M. Marguéry had to cease looking for any co-operation, and so Paris goes without its Bœuf Gras.

And yet just what we have been needing here is a good time—one of those ample French *fêtes* lasting three honest days, and riddled with absurdities and personal extravagances which anywhere else would be enough to establish a man's insanity. Paris has been through a hard winter, and the spring opens none too rosy ahead. It would do everybody good to put on a masque at Mi-Carême and parade up and down the street, Bœuf Gras or none. The Mardi Gras just past was a humiliating imitation of those of the last two years, a body without a soul. A few unselfish people seemed to regard it their duty to throw a handful of the deadly



UNDINE

Drawn by Wm. Shackleton

confetti, and to give a little joyful scream now and then. But, as a whole, the line of Grand Boulevards was not quivering with innocent merriment. People tramped stupidly along in the mud, and wondered if Zola would be imprisoned. And to think that this time last year we had nothing more serious to consider than the question how far up into the air would reach a spiral *serpentin*, or how many pieces of *confetti* would find lodgment in the tresses of merry-making beauty.

M. Emile Bréal, member of the Institut and Professor at the Collège de France, has been for some time at the head of a committee whose object is a very important one to the American students of Paris. It is proposed to allow the latter to take certain degrees which have hitherto been confined to French students. From a professional standpoint, these degrees would be very valuable, and as the official recognition of several years' study here, they are obviously desired by a very large class now refused them. Some of the most scholarly men of Paris are in sympathy with the "Franco-American University Committee," as it is called, and it would be well that American students, filled with a longing for forbidden fruit, should keep a grateful eye on its efforts.

Among Heinemann's recent publications is a novel by "Z. Z.," otherwise Louis Zangwill, who, by the way, is a member of the American Art Association here. The book itself, "Cleo the Magnificent," and also its main idea—for it is unquestionably a novel with a "purpose"—is perhaps explained clearly by its sub-title, "The Muse of the Real." This rather stilted term finds its justification in the remarkable development of a poet, who finally discovers that there is beauty in other more substantial things than the mawkish ideals of his youth. In other words, the poet decides that to reach real art one must know real life, a tolerably familiar theory which no one can pretend to demonstrate conclusively. But it is rather unfair to dispose of the central idea of a story so summarily, and, at any rate, Mr. Zangwill has written a very readable story, and one more encouraging than some of his others, in which moral laxity seems to be presented in a medium not altogether unlike an amateur's conversation on art.

One of the pleasantest social occasions of the past month was when at the home of Mr. Theodore Stanton a number of young American college men gathered to meet M. René Doumic, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and his brother, who were on the eve of setting sail for America. The distinguished member of the staff of the *Revue*, who, by the way, is one of the most fascinating lecturers in Paris, goes to Cambridge, Massachusetts, whither he has been called by the Cercle Français of Harvard University to deliver the first of a series

of yearly lectures on French literature. M. Doumic is almost a type of the cultivated, versatile French *littérateur*, interested in much besides his own profession, and eager to grasp the ideals and interests of the great land which by this time he has reached. On his return, we are informed, he is to be one of the guests of the American University Club at its spring banquet, when he will tell his impressions of Harvard and of America in general.

Miss Violet Horncastle, the daughter of Viscount Horncastle, whose brilliant talent for music recently caused quite a sensation in the dilettante circles of London, is now making her successful *début* as a poetess. The harmonious quality of her verse gives but expected evidence of her musical temperament. Miss Horncastle, at a near date, will play before Her Majesty.



A COSTER LOVE SONG.

My love she hath a red, red lip,
 She's got a big black eye ;
 The course of true love never did
 Run smooth—which ain't no lie.

W.

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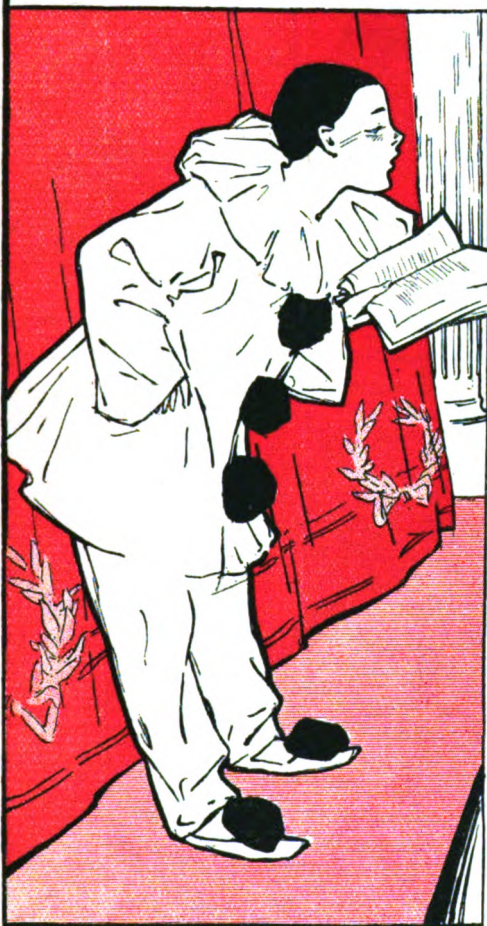
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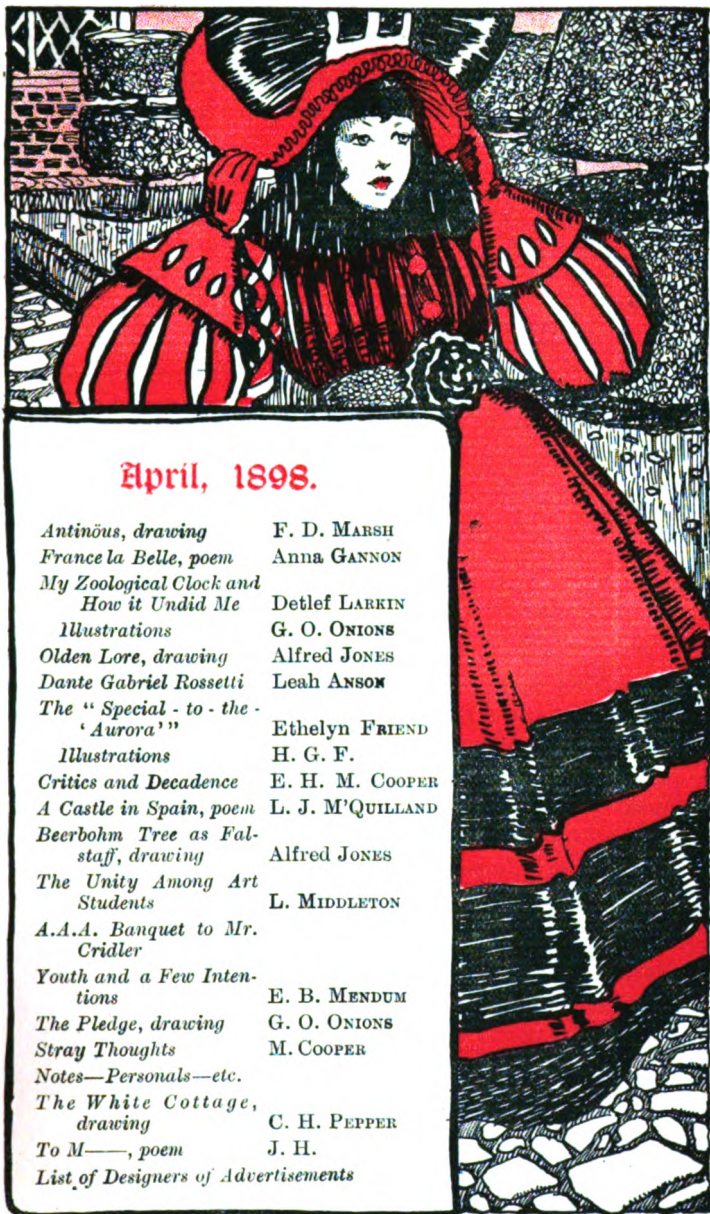
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THE QUARTIER LATIN, published until recently as a mid-monthly, appears—beginning with the October number—on the first of each month.



Arrangements have been made for binding the issues of the first year of *The Quartier Latin* (July, 1896—June, 1897). The volume is bound in reversed cloth, covered with a design by Mr. Alfred Jones, stamped in gold, who has also made the title-page decorations, etc. The natural deckle of the paper is preserved, but the top of the book is trimmed and gilded, and by special binding the silk cords are kept in each copy. In the arrangement of the pictorial advertisements, monthly covers,

etc., great care has been taken to render the volume as handsome and attractive as possible. With this end in view the difference between the price for covers, on the one hand, and for covers and binding, on the other, has been cut down as much as possible, to encourage our subscribers to have their binding orders go through us, our binder having particular instructions regarding the make-up and paging of the volume.

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Drawn by F. D. Mars

The Quartier Latin

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*By
Alfred
Jones*

FRANCE LA BELLE.

The hours on bright wings fly,
France la Belle !

The southern nights drift by,
France la Belle !

There rests upon thy brow
A glowing rose-wreath now,
France la Belle !

A fair and flowery wreath !
France la Belle !

Yet shines the steel beneath,
France la Belle !

And down dream-haunted streets,
The drum's wild pulse still beats,
France la Belle !

ANNA GANNON.

MY ZOOLOGICAL CLOCK AND HOW IT UNDID ME.

Illustrated
by
G. O. Onions

WHEN I left college I drifted into the employ of a great New York daily. A few years' service as a reporter, however, proved beyond question that I would never be able to overcome a natural shyness and timidity, which materially interfered with my achieving success in this career.

I have no doubt, therefore, that the managing editor would have called me into his dreaded presence some fine morning and gently, but firmly, intimated that my talents could be employed to better advantage in some other sphere of activity, had I not, during my connection with the paper, acquired a certain reputation as a linguist. My occupation had afforded me ample opportunity among the polyglot inhabitants of New York to cultivate a natural capacity for learning foreign languages, particularly as regards French, and this proved my salvation. Somebody suggested, in fact, that my proper place was on the staff of the French edition, published in Paris, where interviews are rare, the paper being made up mostly of small-talk and society items, kindly and considerately furnished by parties interested. I gladly accepted the offer, and soon found myself installed in my new position.

The change was delightful, and I should have been perfectly happy and contented had I not soon found that it took a good deal of figuring to make both ends meet. In fact, they did not meet, and retrenchments became a necessity.

In the search for cheaper quarters I thus gradually drifted into an old house on the south side of the river, with a pleasant, dilapidated courtyard, surrounded on two sides by an equally dilapidated old garden, where I procured a couple of rooms on the *rez-de-chaussée*.

Even in this retreat, however, I did not escape the inexorable struggle connected with the feverish existence of the present day. There were times when, in order to tide over a difficulty, I was obliged to seek the assistance of an institution which we Americans have dubbed "our uncle," but which the French, with their customary deference to the fair sex, have personified as *ma tante*. My most available assets being a family heirloom in the shape of an old-fashioned, heavy gold watch, I found myself very frequently with nothing better to tell the

time by than a cracker in my pocket, attached to a plated chain. This chain made a fine showing on my immaculate white waistcoat, but the substituted watch was a complete failure as a timepiece. Punctuality being a cardinal virtue in a man employed on a daily newspaper, I was therefore continually on the lookout for some means of telling the time.

This is how I came to construct my Zoological Clock. As a boy, I had been much impressed with the story of the great Linnæus, who had made for himself a "botanical clock," in which the hands were flowers, the dial a garden plot. He had noticed that certain flowers open and close their petals at given intervals. By judicious combination of morning-glory, go-to-bed-at-noon, and other such plants, he obtained a timepiece which must have been a continual source of pleasure to his nature- and order-loving mind.

The thought had occurred to me that I might do the same, but in the first place it was difficult to lay my hands on the proper flowers, in the second place such a clock would require more room and attention than I could give it. Moreover, it had one great defect, which made it practically useless for my purpose: it would have been absolutely and hopelessly silent. What I needed was a clock that would wake me up out of a heavy slumber, as I have a great propensity for being slow in getting up in the morning, even with the extension usually given in Paris to this division of the day.

I began to despair, therefore, of finding a good substitute for an alarm clock, when chance and an inborn faculty of thoughtful observation finally put me on the right track.

On the floor above me lived a lady, a sewing girl, I think, with, as sole companion, a large black poodle, carefully clipped in the fanciful manner in vogue among French dogs, and ornamented with a sky-blue lover's knot on his noble brow. Her bedroom was evidently right over mine, as I had often heard her and the dog come trotting in late at night, apparently after her work for the day was done. Then there had always been a few minutes of silence, followed by two sharp clicks at short intervals, indicating the deposit of her shoes on the bare floor, no doubt, and soon after this stealthy steps of



Complete failure as a timepiece

bestockinged, or, perhaps, bare, feet crossing to the other side of the room, after which silence had reigned supreme.

This silence, however, had not, as a rule, continued indefinitely. For some time I had been sorely puzzled by a strange, sharp thumping on the floor immediately above my head, early in the morning, loud enough to wake me up, and which I could not understand. Straining my ears to the utmost, I had been able to distinguish, on several occasions, a muffled question in a sleepy, but vexed, woman's voice, *Vas-tu finir?* As I knew no one was there but the dog, it was of course addressed to him; and it soon dawned upon me that the dog must have had his bed directly above me, and that the regular thump, thump was the sound of his strong, sinewy hind-leg striking the floor as he sat up and leaned over to one side to scratch himself with greater comfort behind the ear. Then I noticed that this was immediately followed by the ringing of the bell in a neighbouring convent, and I knew it was a quarter of something, for convent and monastery bells for some mysterious reason have the peculiar faculty of tolling invariably when the hour lacks a quarter of being full.



4.45 a.m.

coincidence is either that fleas wake up at this hour all the year round (as daylight must count for nothing in their existence), or that the nerve force, measuring the dog's power of endurance, gets exhausted by this time with unfailing regularity.

Here then was my cue. It occurred to me that all living beings, after all, are creatures of habit, and it must, therefore, be possible to construct a zoological, as well as a botanical, clock.

I soon was embarked upon an elaborate series of experiments and investigations. My bedroom had one window on the street, the other on the court, and my bed stood opposite the former, so that through the half-opened blinds I could see the gateway of an enormous caravansary, which occupied the opposite side of the narrow street. I had been much annoyed by loud conversation and laughter in the morning at this gate, but with my newly-awakened interest in regular occurrences I began to examine into this phenomenon also. I found that the conversation

proceeded from a crowd of workmen employed in a lithographing establishment in the inner court of the house in question, who, I learned on subsequent inquiry, began to assemble at about a quarter of seven; but even earlier than this, at exactly half-past six, the post was occupied by a solitary solemn-looking elderly man, in a brown tricot jacket, grey baggy trousers, and a nondescript skull cap, who munched a piece of bread, glancing alternately up and down the street as if he was expecting somebody. This was the janitor of the establishment, I think; and he took his breakfast in this manner. When he had finished his bread, breaking it off slowly and deliberately, he lighted a cigarette, and by the time that was well going the first man arrived, and was received with a hoarse, croaking salutation. The conversation then started, increasing in animation at each successive arrival until it was impossible for anybody to sleep. Promptly at seven, however, they were all swallowed up by the yawning gateway, and sweet peace again reigned.

Nothing could be better as another hour mark for my timepiece; but a few mornings after I had got it adjusted, I woke up with the sound of rain pouring down in torrents. My first concern was for the disarrangement of the works

afraid to
But there
the last



7 a.m.



6.30 a.m.

of my clock, and I was almost look out of the window. was my man, crunching morsels of his bread, with a large umbrella over his head. My clock had stood the test, and I now know the feeling of an inventor when an intricate piece of machinery which he has constructed is tried and is not found wanting.

The house where I lived was old, as I have already stated, and in the court there was a faucet which had

taken the place of an old well, the weather-beaten curb of which, with a gargoyle for a spout and a wheel for drawing water, was still standing in a corner, though the well had long since been filled up. This was the only place where any water was to be had in the house, and all the inhabitants came there to fill their pitchers, just as their predecessors had done at the old well. On the other side of the court, in a low long wing which probably at one time had been the servants' quarters of the mansion, lived in separate lodgings two old women, who accidentally, or designedly, always came to draw water at the same time, and as invariably quarrelled over it in a loud, shrill voice. The old *concierger*, also a woman, alleged that they sometimes came to blows, though I cannot vouch for this from my own personal knowledge. What they said I would defy even a Frenchman to tell, so fast and volubly did they talk; but they never failed

to wake me up with an energetic "Madame," by which one of them opened the performance, followed in another second by an equally emphatic but much more high-pitched "Madame" from the other. One of them was very fat, the other very thin, but what was of greater importance for my zoological clock, though the quarrel was not started at exactly the same minute each day, they made their appearance with sufficient regularity to be utilised with advantage. They never commenced their quarrel earlier than half-past eight, and never later than a quarter to nine in the morning.

At this time there began a regular procession of street vendors who passed by my window, each with a more characteristic cry than the other, up till noon, so that

I actually laboured under an *embarras de richesse* in selecting material for my clock. After careful watching and taking of notes for a while, my choice fell upon a little old man pushing a little old cart, containing a few bunches of greens for cage birds (of which every well-regulated French family possesses at least one), who passed

8 30 a.m.



by at exactly ten minutes to ten, rain or shine. As he passed and pushed along, he tried to imitate in his cracked, feeble voice, a Tyrolean *jodel* with his never changing *Du mouron pour les petits oiseaux*. When I first heard this sentence, I did not know what *mouron* was, and, as the old man slurred the first word, I could make nothing out of his cry, but *Mourons pour les petits oiseaux* (Let us die for the little birds!)—a strangely pathetic exhortation, I thought, in this age, when the little birds are the ones to die for us, or at any rate for the fair (and vain) sex.



This is as far as I had got in the construction of my clock, and as far in fact as I needed to go. I worked all during the earlier part of the morning—the bird seed seller indicating the hour when I had to leave for the office. In the day time I was amply provided for, with the numerous pneumatic clocks on the boulevards, and the still more numerous dials in enterprising “horologist” shop windows. At the office we had not only a good clock with Paris time, but the proprietor of our journal, who is also the owner of a telegraph cable or two, over which he is anxious to carry messages for visiting Americans, has also provided us with four enormous dials in one of the street windows, giving New York, in contrast with Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco time. Not that I ever could understand the reason for this extravagance, seeing that there is nowadays—since the Government took the matter out of the hands of the sun, who has had ample opportunity for innumerable years to show himself utterly incapable of doing the thing right—a difference of exactly one, two, and three hours respectively between these places. Of course, it impresses the foreigner with due sense of the methodical business habits of Uncle Sam, but one dial and a line stating the difference would have done just as well and saved something to put into yachts and on horses.

My clock worked to a charm, and I had acquired a good reputation for punctuality at the office, when the great event in my life came, as I shall now relate.

I was, and I continued to be, poor, with no prospects of any change. I need not dwell therefore on the

satisfaction with which I exchanged rings with Olivia Reed, who was worth several millions in her own right. How it all came about I can hardly tell. I met her first at an Architects' ball, which was held at a hall in a street



Got me
started on
my special
hobby

called, peculiarly enough, *Gilt-le-cœur*. I think the managers must have selected the place with malice aforethought. At any rate, Olivia, who is very romantic, and talks French like a native, remarked upon the name, and thus got me started on my special hobby of the quaintness and charm of mediæval nomenclature. From this time on she showed me marked preference, by which I was duly flattered, of course. Not that she is particularly pretty, being very short and thickset, while I, on the contrary, am unusually tall and slender—bony, you might say. I suspect that this contrast, however, was even a part of the attraction.

Olivia's father was a good old soul, who had started in as a small olive grower in Southern California, and married an Italian woman with large ambitions. She induced him to abandon the olive farm for the more promising olive trade, and by judicious speculation and daring ventures

he had gradually got to a point where he controlled the entire market in olives in the United States. It was during this period of prosperity that Olivia was born, and after her birth, her father, or rather his wife, dreamed of conquering the world. The field of operations was shifted to Europe, and when I became acquainted with Olivia and her father (the mother being dead), he was undisputed lord of all the elives and olive oil produced in Italy and Southern France, as well as in America. He travelled almost continually between the two continents; but the daughter had been brought up in the European fashion, under the guidance of a *gouvernante* of a very romantic disposition, as such ladies are apt to be.

The effects of this education on the daughter were apparent. When the family was not in Paris they usually lived in a robbers' nest of an old mediæval castle up in an almost inaccessible part of the Vosges, which



OLDEN LORE

Drawn by Alfred Jones

had been bought at the solicitation of Olivia, who was charmed by its gruesome dungeons, oak-panelled halls, and dark pine forests. It was pointed out to her that it was very hard to get to the place, and that no railroad would ever pass near so lonesome a dwelling; but this only made it all the more attractive to her.

I have visited the castle once, and must admit that it is rather a charming place when you get there, but that is the trouble. By leaving Paris at five minutes past ten in the forenoon by the Eastern Railway one arrives at a railroad junction where a smaller road branches off, this being merely a cross-road which joins the main line to another, and has only one train each way, so that if you miss the train in Paris you have to wait till the next day for a chance to get to the little flag station where horses and carriages await you for a two hours' ride up the steep mountain sides to Eagle's Nest, as Olivia's bower is called.

I am particular about all these details, as they played an important part in subsequent events, for it was at this place that our wedding, Olivia's and mine, was to be celebrated with great splendour last autumn. A whole train-load of guests from Paris was to take me out there on the day of the wedding, and everybody was talking of it as a great "function."

The evening before we were to start, my friends, and those who expected to be my friends when I had married Olivia, had invited me to a last bachelor's supper at one of the swagger restaurants of Paris. It was late, very late, or early if you prefer, when we all separated. Day was nearly dawning as I approached the humble abode where I was to pass the night for the last time. My things were all packed, and before retiring, I contemplated with satisfaction the brand-new travelling suit and spotless-linen spread out ready to put on when I got up.

I was just dozing off, when I was startled out of my half-conscious condition by a vigorous thump, thump, over my head. Tired as I was, I came near making an emphatic remark of some kind, when it occurred to me that it was a great satisfaction to know that my clock was working all right the last time I should have any use for it.

I must have slept unusually soundly, for I did not notice the conversation in the street, and when I woke up I had some trouble at first to collect my senses. The sight of my new coat, gracefully adorning the back of a chair, however, made everything clear to me, and I began to wonder whether or not I had better get up. But I was

too tired, and I reflected that, as everything was ready, it would take me but a few minutes to dress, and I could therefore well afford to wait until the quarrel commenced. I would then have ample time to reach the station.

They were pleasant thoughts that came to me as I lay there waiting for the signal. All my trials were at an end; Olivia was a sweet girl withal, and I could consider myself lucky to have drawn such a prize in the matrimonial lottery. We were going to travel for a long time, see everything that was worth seeing in this world, and then return to America, for there I was determined to live; but what should I do there?

Now that was a question which had not occurred to me before, and I had forthwith begun to consider various plans, without being able to decide upon any, when I heard way off in the distance, like a faint whisper from the other world, a sound which gradually shaped itself into *mouron*. What is this? No quarrel yet, and here is the old man. With a bound I was on the floor, threw a dressing gown around me, jerked open the window on the court, and shouted at the old *concierge*, who sat dozing in her chair under the maple tree outside, "*Quelle heure est-il!*" The old lady started up as if she had been shot, threw a timid glance through the open door into her lodge, and answered, "Ten o'clock less ten."

My heart sank within me. I asked her why the old women had not quarrelled? At this question she folded her hands, raised her eyes to the thickest branch on the tree overhead, and said, with great unction, "Ah, Monsieur, Madam Something-or-other (from what followed I knew she meant the big one) died of apoplexy last night." My vexation was so great that I could not refrain from saying, with all the emphasis of which I am capable, "Damn the old hag! Why could she not have chosen some other day for dying?"

I have reason to believe that the old *concierge* had always considered me a very proper, kindly, and well disposed young man. She had more than once seen me hand out a copper or two to the old Italian organ-grinder who played "Annie Rooney" under my window about once a week. But this savage and unfeeling outburst was too much for her. Her jaw dropped and she stared at me speechless.

Now, if there is anything more idiotic than the way people have of expressing astonishment, I should like to



My
vexation
was great

know what it is. That a person nods to express assent, or shakes his head for denial, or that a Frenchman shrugs his shoulders when he has nothing to say, is certainly also inexplicable; but at any rate there is no contradiction implied in any of these gestures. But to open one's mouth as if to say something, and yet say nothing, to make believe as if a torrent of words were going to burst forth, and still not utter a syllable, is to say the least ridiculous.

Under the circumstances it annoyed me so that I slammed the window with sufficient force to break a pane, and then began to dress with feverish haste. Why, I do not know, as I kept telling myself in the meantime that no human or inhuman power could get me to the Strasbourg railway station in time for the 10.5 train, and if I did not catch that there was no way of getting to Eagle's Nest that day unless I could hire a special train, and I, poor fellow, had not even money enough left, after necessary purchases, to get my watch back from *ma tante*.

Still I kept on dressing, and when I was dressed I hailed a cab and told my Jehu to drive as if the devil was after us. I really believe I had a lingering hope all the time, though I did not express it even to myself, that the boiler of the engine had burst, or perhaps the engineer had died from apoplexy, like the old woman in my clock.

My driver did wonders. I think I must have looked as strange as I felt, for I found him glancing back at me furtively several times, or perhaps he imagined that my allusion to the devil was something more than an empty threat. But it was no use. When we reached the station it was twenty-five minutes past ten. I was told that the train had left promptly twenty minutes before, and that half the passengers in the train, which was unusually crowded, had hung on the steps to the very last moment, and some of them had come near being left for running about in every direction looking for somebody. Was I the one they were waiting for? I did not choose to enlighten my interlocutor on the subject, but wended my way slowly and deliberately to the telegraph station,



as I had a dim notion that this was the thing to do under the circumstances, though I could not for the life of me think of anyone to telegraph to, as there was no means of getting a telegram to Eagle's Nest. Finally, I telegraphed the stationmaster at the little flag station, and begged him to tell the driver of one of the carriages that were to come for the guests to ask Mr. Reed to put off the wedding, as I would not come until the next day. It was idiotic, of course, but what could I do and what could I say?

I passed a wretched day, and by four o'clock, when I knew the train would get to the little station, my nerves were so thoroughly unstrung that I hardly knew whether I was alive or not. The answer came sooner than I had expected, as it appeared that my prospective father-in-law could not be kept at home, but had gone to the station himself. It was short, but to the point: "Under the circumstances you need not come to-morrow."

This then was the end of my day dreams. I wrote immediately a long letter and told Mr. Reed the whole story frankly. I really think that I could have mollified the wrath of the old man, as he really liked me, but Olivia, at the very first intimation that there was a woman concerned in the matter, would listen to no reasons or further explanation. She wrote me a letter, which I have religiously kept as an illustration of the remarkable aberration of a woman's mind when she imagines she has been wronged.

As I could not very well smash the rest of my zoological clock as I should have liked to do, though I have managed to dispose of the dog, the unlucky instigator of the whole thing, I moved to another part of the city, where I have promised myself never again to give my power of invention free rein.

DETLEF LARKIN.



*Although
I have
managed
the dog*

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

POET AND PAINTER.

POET and Painter, alike, Dante Gabriel Rossetti must ever remain a most fascinating study to the artistic and inquiring temperament. Rarely indeed is it that appears, united in one genius, such a mastery over two vehicles of expression, outwardly diverse, distinct in character, if essentially at one: these two several arts—at which his mind worked consensually—exemplifying also the highest that man may hope to reach in his struggle after the beautiful and the true. Whether he excelled as artist or poet is still disputed, although it is true that he considered himself more truly a poet than a painter. That is to say, he thought that he had mastered the means of embodying poetical conception in the verbal and rhythmical vehicle more thoroughly than in form or design—even, he himself said sometimes, perhaps more thoroughly than in colour. However that be, in the exertion of his skill in either direction he was the most heedful, reflective, and conscientious of workers. He was scrupulously fastidious both as writer and painter, and it is perhaps due to this reason that in mere volume of achievement he does not rank higher. That which he has given to us, however, is finished, clarified, brought to so high a state of perfection that to designate it perfect would scarcely be hyperbole. To harp upon the imperfection of his drawing or the occasional difficulties that beset him of technique would be so ungracious when we can revel in the incomparable beauty, the intense feeling, and imaginative insight of his paintings, that upon that point it is fair and proper to preserve silence.

A sentence of his own will more aptly express a sense of the relationship of the two loveliest of all arts than pages here of explanation.

"Picture and poem," he wrote, "bear the same relation to each other as beauty does in man and woman; the point of meeting where the two are most identical is the supreme perfection."

From his earliest childhood, Rossetti exhibited a marked inclination for the study of painting. His artistic instincts undoubtedly awoke prior to the development of the poetic faculty, although he attained to excellence in both at an early age. "The Blessed Damsel," which is universally recognised as one of his typical or consummate productions, marking the high level of his faculty, whether

inventive or executive, was written before he had reached his nineteenth year, though at that time he had published nothing.

To his reserve and modesty must be attributed the fact that he was long admired and recognised as a master in his dual rôles by a wide circle of friends, professional and intimate, before the world at large grew to appreciate and inquire concerning him. And, although the estimation of his work has grown of late years, even now it would still be a great mistake to style him a popular artist. In fact, his name is hardly known to the great mass of the outside public, though future generations will inscribe it in the annals of art among the greatest and best. After the first two or three years of his professional career, while still young, he declined to exhibit, and to this decision he practically adhered his whole life long.

His first publication, apart from all other merit, possesses a quite unique interest for all well-wishers of the little volume in which these stray reflections see the light, for they were published in a little magazine (alas! short-lived), entitled *The Germ*, which was brought out by a select coterie of a few artists, members of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood, of which Rossetti was one of the founders. The others were Millais, Hunt, Woolner, Stephens, Collinson, Deverell, Madox Brown, and William Bell Scott, between the latter of whom and Rossetti there was an especially strong bond of sympathy, he being also, like the gifted subject of my sketch, poet and painter.

Upon being questioned as to whether he had any preference for certain colours, and if so in what order he would place them, Rossetti replied, "Thinking in what order I love colours I found the following :

1. Pure light warm green.
2. Deep gold colour.
3. Certain tints of grey.
4. Shadowy or steel blue.
5. Brown with a crimson tinge.
6. Scarlet.

The other colours he found, comparatively speaking, only lovable according to the relation in which they were placed.

The best known of his pictures is undoubtedly his "Mary's Girlhood," for which his sister, Christina Rossetti, also a poetess, whose "Goblin Market" is by no means so widely appreciated as it deserves to be, sat for the presentment of the Virgin Mary. The most

perfect examples of his style are, however, "Venus Verticordia," "Proserpine," "Pandora," "The Blessed Damozel," "Rosa Triplex," but how to choose? "Found," a different class of subject from that he generally preferred, was thought by some to be illustration of his poem "Jenny," so harshly and unjustly criticised, as, indeed, were many of his other works, by Robert Buchanan, in an anonymous article, entitled "The Fleshly School of Poetry," which appeared in an issue of the *Contemporary Review* of that time.

Not content with the success of this article, it was afterwards reissued as a pamphlet in an enlarged form. The effect produced upon Rossetti was indeed altogether disproportionate to its intrinsic importance. To-day it is forgotten, while both paintings and poems have carved for themselves a place secure and lasting in the history of English literature and artistic development. But in Rossetti, as also in the case of John Keats, the brutal assault engendered an excess of sensitiveness and distempered brooding which had never before been surmised as being part of his nature. He took it very deeply to heart that his work should have been attacked, not only upon literary, but also and more especially upon moral grounds. There was naturally only too much of morbid imaginative material upon which this venom of abuse could work.

The early and unforeseen demise of his deeply loved wife after only two years of wedded life was a blow also from which he never entirely recovered.

As he said and believed that "the true artist will first perceive in another's work the beauties, and in his own defects," so he was quite unable to comprehend what I may style the "carping" or "belittling" school of criticism, so much affected by would-be *poseurs*. A truly generous nature, the harshest definition he ever made of an unkindly critic, of whom personally, as may be expected, he encountered few, was to say that "the critic of the new school sits down before a picture and saturates it with silence." Another phrase I cannot refrain from quoting from the volume of letters before me, and one that may well be remembered by *littérateurs*, is this:

"Poetry should seem to the hearer to have been always present to his mind, but never before heard."

To make a selection of his verse in the little space I have left myself is yet more difficult. A transcript from "Sister Helen," "Troy Town," or "Eden Bower," would signify little, though it would inevitably fulfil the mission intended, and that is to send the reader to

demand the unabridged original in hot haste, if he be not already fully cognisant of the same. From the "House of Life," or the rich volume of his Italian work, what shall we choose? Perhaps the sonnet graved upon the frame of his famous "Pandora's Box":

"What of the end, Pandora? Was it thine,
The deed that set these fiery pinions free?
Oh! wherefore did the Olympian consistory
In its own likeness make thee half divine?
Was it that Juno's brow might stand a sign
For ever? And the mien of Pallas be
A deadly thing? And that all men might see
In Venus' eyes the gaze of Proserpine?
What of the end? These beat their wings at will,
The ill-born things, the good things turned to ill—
Powers of the impassioned hours prohibited!
Aye, hug the casket now! Whither they go
Thou mayest not dare to think: nor canst thou know
If hope still pent there be alive or dead."

An extract from "Jenny"—

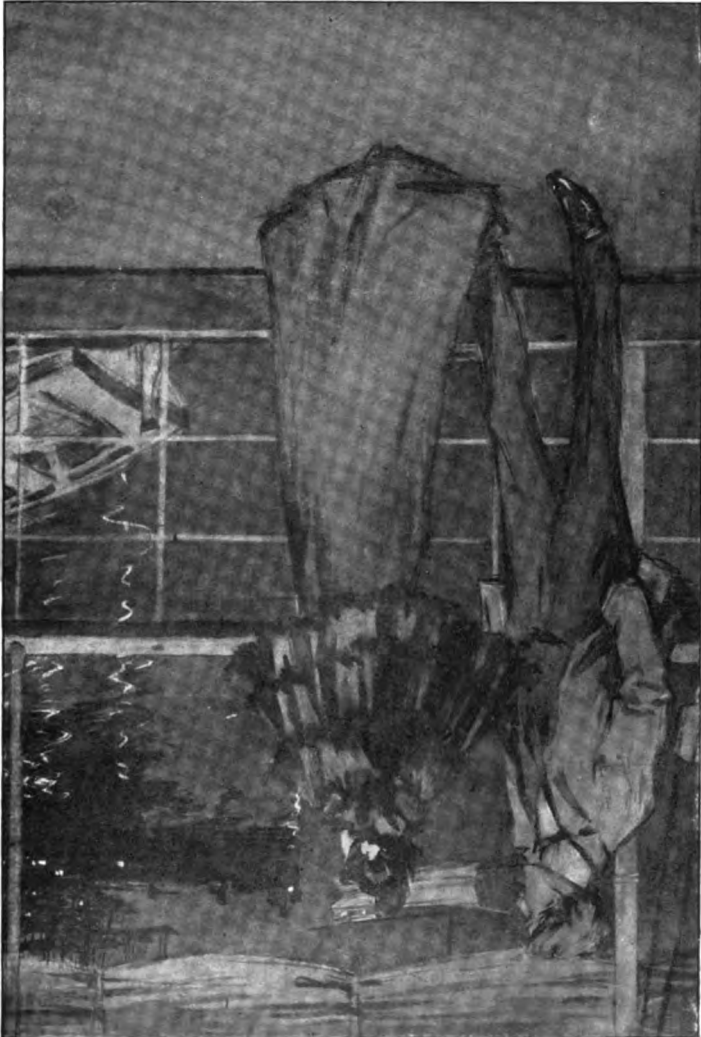
"What, Jenny, are your lilies dead?
Aye, and the snow white leaves are spread
Like winter on the garden bed.
But you had roses left in May—
They were not gone too. Jenny, nay,
But must your roses die, and those
Their purpled buds that should unclothe?
Even so; the leaves are curled apart,
Still red as from the broken heart,
And here's the naked stem of thorns."

But one could go on for ever! His paintings are poetry, visible and personified; his poetry a series of beautiful pictures.

Let me finish with another of his own phrases, terse and just. Of himself he wrote, "I was one of those whose little is their own," and we may add that of his "little" his bounteous *largesse* has enriched us all for ever.

LEAH ANSON.

The last night



THE "SPECIAL - TO - THE - AURORA."

BY ETHELYN FRIEND.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. F.

(Begun in our February number.)



ONE of the servants stepped forward with a bundle, which Miss Ormstead hastily looked over, with not very satisfactory results, evidently. "Won't you give me some of your mail, Mr. Parsons? Mine seems not to have been forwarded from the bank, and at least you can spare some pink copies of your *Aurora*."

"You intimated once before that you were rather bored with the *Aurora*, Miss Ormstead. In view of the rather astonishing information I have just received from the office I am quite prepared to give all credit to that statement."

"What is it?" asked Elizabeth, rather hastily, including in a comprehending glance the business-like looking letter he still held in his hand. "May I see it?"

"As the letter relates to you, I suppose I have no alternative. This is not exactly an opportune moment to talk over a matter of business, but in an affair so important to the welfare of the paper I may be pardoned."

*Rather
astonishing
information*

Parsons was conscious of insanely blundering, but something in the girl's manner made him even angrier, and brought him to a lame conclusion. "You quite understand, Miss Ormstead, that it has never occurred to me during our short acquaintance that the young lady to whom the *Aurora* is so much indebted—"

"You mean 'young person,' Mr. Parsons?" returned Elizabeth, briskly. "I quite understand *your* point of view, and that only 'young persons' ever write for the London *Aurora*. You see your subordinate made no such blunder regarding my personality." For Elizabeth was in her turn growing angry now—and not a little confused. "He read me as a 'smart, up-to-date person who can hustle a bit, and be trusted to add an original feature that will keep the *Aurora* from losing snap.' Although I must refuse the offer, Mr. Parsons, I am much gratified by it." And she whisked away to the saloon with a naughty expression to her skirts which her face belied.

Parsons had no choice but to follow, and the breakfast passed off with less embarrassment than he felt rightfully due to the situation. For one thing, Elizabeth beamed—beamed as Parsons sadly realised she had never beamed on him—over the vapid utterances of Dr. Barrie, promptly reducing that young gentleman to the condition of pulp, while Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore engaged the editor in a discussion as to their future movements. Elizabeth's expression never changed an iota at his rather elaborate explanation concerning an ended vacation and approaching election which would call him away immediately; but the line of her eyebrows may have relaxed a bit when he promised to put off his departure to the following day, and pass the intervening time with them in Dover Harbour.

They planned to spend the day exploring the old town, climbing the bristling heights of the fortified hills, and visiting the famous Shakespeare's Cliff, whose bold outline is slowly dropping into the sea. Parsons was to be their *cicerone* for the day, and they were to take their last dinner together that evening on board the yacht.

The day was to all appearances delightfully uneventful; and as this small party had never before been on a shore excursion together, the grouping of its members presented no conspicuous change. Mr. Parsons was with his hostess, as seemed only natural on the last day of his visit, and Dr. Barrie and Mr. Dinsmore shared the responsibility of appreciating Elizabeth's bright sallies, and following the curious twists of her humour. She may, perhaps, have been guilty of a slight challenge or

so for Mr. Parsons's attention, but her shafts were not strong enough to cause that gentleman to deviate a jot from his attitude of absorbing devotion to Mrs. Dinsmore's entertainment and comfort.

During their dinner on board the "Constance," which had been put in gala array for the occasion, the situation remained the same. Dover Harbour was very beautiful that night, and interesting after the many days of cruising, as our party came on deck for their after-dinner coffee and cigarettes.

"You and Mr. Parsons have a lot of 'nocturnes' to enthuse over to-night, Lissa," said Mrs. Dinsmore; for Miss Ormstead and the editor had spent many evenings discussing the pictorial possibilities of their sea and sky views. "One can hardly believe that this is the same place where we spent those dreadful few days in quarantine."

"It is, though," replied her husband, "and it was quite as pretty then, only we wouldn't see it. Bring out your banjo, or whatever it is, Barrie, and we'll have some music, but listen to that!"

It was Saturday night, and the Russian hymn came floating over the water in mournful, dignified rhythm. The foreign gunboats had been lying among the English shipping for some days, and it was from their uncouth crew that came this weird harmony, bold—semi-barbaric, perhaps—but soul-stirring. The sailors on the yacht were lighting the Japanese lanterns, their rubber soles making hardly a sound on the deck. Mrs. Dinsmore had crept close to her husband's huge steamer chair, and the rest of the little party seemed to have scattered.

Elizabeth had gone forward to be alone with the music; the day had been a long strain to her, she confessed; and she could only be thankful that Adelaine had attempted no jollity, or celebration to mark the breaking up of the little party. She was not cherishing a broken heart, only the modern substitute for it. She was miserable; it hurt to be miserable, and she would have done anything her quick wits might have suggested to free herself from the burden. "If we could only part pleasantly and nicely, I would apologise to him; I would anyway, only, unfortunately, I don't know for what exactly I must apologise. I couldn't very well ask his pardon for having won his affections under false pretensions, for I have no reason to believe that he has brought any affections into the question at all. I have only simply wounded his vanity, and as he's more of a man than are most men, he has more vanity to wound."

The strains of the Russian music were dying away, and across the stillness of the night one could hear the order that sent below the crews of the gunboats. As if in answer to it, came the bugle signal of "lights out" from the fortified hill above the town, and one by one the lights in the English barracks disappeared. Elizabeth was conscious that Mr. Parsons was beside her; she could see his hand on the railing without turning her head, and she waited what seemed an interminable time before he spoke.

"You are listening to 'taps,' Miss Ormstead? Frightfully melancholy sound, isn't it? I disliked it from boyhood; it always meant bedtime, even after I was old enough to spend my evenings studying for my examinations, and it represented a form of petty tyranny particularly hard to bear." His voice then changed as he dropped the attempt at the conventional. "It's 'good-bye' as well as 'good-night,' I suppose, Miss Ormstead, and it's 'lights-out' for me in more than one sense."

"You will believe me, Mr. Parsons, if I say I do not understand."

"I should believe you under any circumstances," said the editor, watching the clear line of her profile. "The fact may not have seemed quite clear to me for a few minutes this morning, but I believe you to be the most perfectly sincere woman I have ever met."

"In spite of the fact that I did not tell you of my relation to the *Aurora*, and allowed you to abuse the women in my profession?"

"I am not going to ask your pardon for the things I have said regarding our, *our* profession, my dear lady. I will accept the lesson you have so gently illustrated." Elizabeth's face, before he continued, was turned toward him with a blank interrogation in its gaze. "I give women, such women as you, certainly, credit for not wishing to hear a man's love-tale unless it is in their power to accept what it offers. If I had known I might have been tempted to speak, and I am sure that we are, neither of us, people who—who like that sort of thing and, and——"

"How can a man live and be such an idiot!" groaned Elizabeth, as she waited for a steadier tone in her voice. "I quite understand, Mr. Parsons, and you have put everything on such a plain, practical basis. But, of course, you know all American girls don't marry dukes; one of my schoolmates married a prince—a German prince—but the second girl I was bridesmaid to—and

she was much prettier and even had more money than the other—married a reporter on a New York paper."

"I am sure an English prince isn't any too good for you," replied a moody voice from the growing darkness.

"Any 'too good,'" said the girl. "Am I listening to the Radical editor of the even more Radical London *Aurora*?"

"I suppose I'm more Radical in my politics than in my social opinions. But don't laugh at the *Aurora*, Miss Ormstead. I admit it is pink, what you call 'yellow' in America; but if you knew how I had slaved for that paper! For some years I actually grovelled in the dust for money to keep it going; and, as you are aware," he added, with a laugh, "it was only a legal technicality that saved me a three months' term in prison last year. I come of good fighting stock, Miss Ormstead, but it is not gentle. My life has been a stormy one, and I expect I shall always be on the losing side. Perhaps I have no right to ask any woman to share the burden of solving my problems, and now you see, I—I shall never be tempted."

"I think you have the best of rights to tell a woman some day that you care for her." Her voice was very steady by this time. "Only be sure that you *do* care. When the true, big thing comes into a man's life, he is apt to think little of either prison or social bars; moreover, he is apt to say the *right* thing to her. The man who blunders is not sure of himself. Pardon my little sermon. I am afraid I must now leave and say good-bye at the same time; it is late, and I am so truly tired that I may not be up when you leave in the morning."

"Good-bye," he said, taking for a moment the slim hand, "and thank you again."

"Thank me?"

"Yes, for listening so patiently to a poor story, and one, as you intimate, so poorly told. You see, I never before told a woman that I—er—I—er cared for her, and——"

"You will do better next time."

"There can never be any next time for me, Miss Elizabeth. I suppose I ought to say that it has been a happiness to know you, and it *has* been; but—please go; you see, I care too much to talk about it even to you."

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite sure that I shall never tell another woman that I care for her? Yes, I am quite sure."

"Then," said Elizabeth, very slowly, "I suppose I had better say good-night."

"Good-night." He walked with her to the entrance to the saloon, shook hands with her again, and said some

conventional adieux before returning on deck. Elizabeth met Mrs. Dinsmore in the saloon, who said, "Do you want to sit up, Lissa? Tom has invited that horrid quarantine doctor and some of the harbour officials on board for a sort of farewell supper to Mr. Parsons, but if you are at all tired we'll let them have their blow-out in the smoking-room."

"I am tired, Addie, dead tired. I want to go to my room, and I have really said good-bye to Mr. Parsons; but if I should happen not to be up in time for breakfast in the morning, will you say I have a headache? I am sure a dreadful one is coming on, and you know nothing but complete rest——"

"Yes, I know, dear." Addie's sympathy was always to be relied on, her friend reflected. "Are you sure you wish for nothing? Sleep all day to-morrow if you can."

* * *

Elizabeth's headache did not prevent her looking from the window of her state room, as the tender pulled away the next morning, bearing the editor ashore; she could hear him laughing and joking with the party on deck, and as the distance between them grew too great for further conversation, she saw him light another cigarette and pile some of the luggage back of the seat to make a more comfortable resting place. She had believed, up to the last minute, that he would either insist on seeing her before leaving, or put off his departure until she appeared on deck, but, on the contrary, he had adhered to his original plans, as coolly as if no such person existed in the world as Miss Elizabeth Ormstead. "Talk about women being born actresses, and concealment like a 'worm i' the bud!'" groaned Elizabeth, "it doesn't compare

to a man's iron-clad, matter-of-fact indifference, which after all is but the outward expression of his innate primeval brutality. The 'new man' may make a better husband than did the 'old man,' but he isn't as interesting a lover. If I wasn't sure he cared, and down



in his stupid heart was suffering himself, I shouldn't feel so miserable; but he *does* care, and *I* care, or *I would* have cared if things had gone on all right. Now we shall never meet again; it's all over, and I can't even cry for fear Adelaine will come poking in." But Elizabeth got her head back among the pillows, and was indulging in a very good imitation of what she said she could not do, as the door opened to admit Mrs. Dinsmore.

"You poor child!" she said, softly; "now don't move, Lissa, and don't try to pretend, for that's not like you. But I do want to scold a bit, for it is like you to treat people who care for you as if——"

"It looks a lot like caring, doesn't it, Addie? Did he really condescend to leave a good-bye message for me?"

"To tell the truth, he didn't," replied her friend, "which only goes to show how badly rattled the poor man must have been! You goose," she continued, brightly, "couldn't I see that the man was tumbling in, head over foot, when you both came aboard the yacht, and that he has been growing worse ever since?"

"If you've suddenly grown so clever, Addie, you might have seen that I cared a bit myself. Oh! I'm not the least ashamed at confessing it—in fact, I about told the man so myself last night."

"That would be just like you, dearest; but with all regard for your truthfulness, I am afraid you didn't make the point any too clear. This is just the matter with you, Lissa. You *like* people too much, and don't *love* them enough. I am so accustomed to your enthusiasm for new acquaintances, and the havoc it does in the average masculine breast, that I myself took this for one of your usual impersonal, intellectual affairs. That is, I did until yesterday, when you began to flirt so abominably with Dr. Barrie and even poor Tom; I knew then something important had gone wrong. But tell me all about it, dear."

So the whole story was told, and, strange to say, Miss Ormstead gained strength, vigour, and even indignation in the telling of it. "Such a silly little attempt at a love story after all, isn't it, Addie? You would think I might do better than that; but, good or bad, I guess I've got to stand by it," she concluded. "Now if you will only persuade Tom to cross direct to Cherbourg, I want to take the train back to Paris. You are awfully good, dear; but I wish to be alone for a while."

"But what will you do there? Not keep on with this horrid writing, which is really responsible for all this trouble, Elizabeth!"

"No, I'm not going to write any more, for a while anyway," responded the girl. "I may take to cigarettes or art—there are a lot of distractions lying about loose in the Latin Quarter."

"I wish you would leave it and come back with us. You are far too pretty and conspicuous and all that, Lissa, to go on living in that independent way. And now, if you really stop your work, which after all is some kind of a chaperon, it will be more than ever unusual."

"Don't you worry, Addie. I'm quite an old woman now, and I'm going to get a cat. I don't know what a tabby cat is, but that is the kind I'm going to have. And I'm going to drink tea, the kind that one boils until it gets nasty. Oh! I shall get along all right, and you won't see any more symptoms of blighted affections. I'm going to get up and dress now and interview Tom on the speedy chances of Cherbourg."

"You are in an awful hurry to leave us, Lissa. Are you sure," with a laugh, "you're not worrying lest he get to Paris before you?"

"Indeed I am not," retorted Elizabeth, who had the grace to blush. "I simply want to turn over my new leaves—tea-leaves—as soon as possible."

* * *

The "coming election" had been no myth. A few more days, and our editor was hard at work, bent over his desk, and concerned with details of a nature very different from moonlight walks and the confidential exchange of feminine ideals. He had not, it is true, been able to accommodate himself to his humdrum London rôle without some sly and wilting remembrances of his vacation—and of all the rest that these halcyon days had meant. When he cross-examined himself now, he found that he had been in a curiously stilted attitude during a great part of the time since he had left London. There was, in fact, scarcely anything for which he did not blame himself. Why had he, for instance, taken so ungraceful, and even unnecessary, a position as to grow angry on finding out that the companion of his vacation had been no other than one of his own employees?

"Horrors!" thought Parsons, as he vainly attempted to put his attention to an editorial bearing on the iniquities of the present régime in regard to board schools, "I had already been describing what we thought of her here in the office!"

And still, he told himself, she was not to blame, even leaving out of consideration the fact that she was a



In Paris

woman. "I didn't ask her whether she wrote for any papers," he mused. "It was the last thing I thought of in connection with her; and she had a perfect right to make what confidences she pleased to me and to withhold the rest. It merely happened that the man whom she met on the train that day—was named Parsons. If it had been another fellow, all this nonsense would not have occurred." By this time the board schools had left the last corner of his brain. "Suppose," he went on to himself, "suppose it had been that fellow over in the *Globe* office. I wonder what he would have done under the circumstances? This is the first time I've ever wished I was not the editor of the *Aurora*. Perhaps I need a little more vacation. A little trip to—Cannes would fix me up. I——"

Parsons sat bolt upright in his chair. The next moment he called the office boy.

"Tell Black I'm off to Paris to see the President of the British Chamber of Commerce," he said, sharply, quite different from his ordinary self. "Important matter—no time to lose—can't trust any third party—meant to speak of it last night——"

Parsons was hurling these phrases behind him as he slipped off his office coat, putting on his cuffs, and describing various parabolas in the completion of his toilette, extraordinary for that hour of the day. When he was gone the boy tapped his forehead with his forefinger, and stared at the editor's form just turning hastily into Fleet Street.

"There's been something up with the boss ever since 'e came back this time," he said to himself. "I reckon 'e's got onto a 'scoop.' He'll end in gaol yet."

* * *

It was Paris and early morning before the flying editor of the *Aurora* recalled the fact that there were certain hours when one could not make calls, and that several of these must elapse before he could present himself at Miss Ormstead's door. Her address burned in his notebook, however; and lest he should miscalculate the time, he betook himself to the neighbourhood shortly after *déjeuner*. The quarter on the left bank of the Seine was tolerably familiar to him; he had spent some pleasant days there during his student years. It had seemed the finest, most *dolce far niente* spot in the world to him then—yet now he could think of nothing but how unworthy it appeared of Elizabeth! The idea that she should pass her days

in such a vulgar, and even questionable, locality annoyed him. How unguarded her life must be! how utterly she must be thrown on her own resources! how impossible that she could have warm and congenial friends in a place that had apparently, since the beginning of the world, been practically consecrated to the unholy! Parsons was divided between the earnestness of his feelings and a philosophic mood that was making sport of them, when he suddenly recognised a *café* where he had been used to squander many a precious hour of youth. All at once he felt softer about the Boulevard Montparnasse—and went in; he had still an hour to spare.

It was a resort of English and American students. He noticed with regret that they had given up the hint at picturesque costume with which he had been familiar in the old days, and that they looked very much like the young Londoner of to-day, as far as the absence of eccentricity in dress was concerned. He wondered if, after all, the Latin Quarter had gotten like other parts of Paris, and of the monotonous world in general. Then he felt sorry if it had; then he remembered Miss Ormstead's probable nearness to him at that very moment, and decided that if there was upon the earth anybody who didn't know his own mind that person was the editor of the London *Aurora*.

He finally forgot all about anything but what had brought him in the space of a single night over land and sea to his present situation.

"Why didn't it flash into my mind before that she loved me?" he asked himself. "Even when I saw her staring in that—that—interested way out of the port-hole, it didn't strike me that she was anything but curious to watch the tossing of the boat—she's such an impersonal kind of a girl. Perhaps all girls—American girls that make their livings—are like that; independent as if they owned the New Forest, and as if they did the world a favour by working in it! What a blooming ass I've been!" he sighed, miserably. "I delivered myself of the most astonishing sentiments about women that worked, and wrote myself down an idiot and a cad. She gave me the chance to see that she loved me, in spite of my insanity, and I did not even know it. This has got to end. At least I now know how I stand. Here's for it!"

He was lifting the quaint Italian knocker on Miss Ormstead's door three minutes later. An elderly coloured woman let him in; he remembered his ignorance of the fact that all Americans were not Yankees.

If Elizabeth was surprised, she showed only the most conventional evidences of it. She had transformed her queer little studio into the most artistic of salons, and led him into it after a cordial handshaking that somehow failed to impress him with the feeling that she was conscious of there having been anything between them. She was the absolute embodiment of impersonal friendship. Parsons felt that things were not going to be so easy as he had anticipated, and groaned inwardly.

"It is nice to see you, Mr. Parsons," began Elizabeth. "I didn't suppose business would bring you over quite so soon, for I hear you have been going through exciting times from the newspaper standpoint over on your side of the Channel."

"Oh, yes—business—" stammered the severe editor of the *Aurora*. "The fact is," he went on with an attempt at ease, "letters are accumulating and questions are asked; they all want to know about the Paris correspondent. 'Petite Une' has got the measles, you know. And the 'Scotch Widow'——"

Parsons stopped. It was useless to go on in that vein; her face was sympathetic, but he realised he was making himself ridiculous.

"To be serious—quite serious, you know," he recommenced, "there's been a new president appointed in the British Chamber of Commerce of Paris; and I was—am, that is—desirous of finding out what he thinks of——"

"Has there really?" cried Elizabeth. "Why only last night I dined with Mrs. Blinton, whose husband has been president for two years, and was to have two years more. They didn't say a word about it. Funny—it's not in the morning paper either. Perhaps——"

Parsons was getting confused. "That's only one thing," he said, nervously. "I—why don't you help me out, Miss Ormstead? I wanted to say how much good you've done me, for one thing."

"Couldn't you have written about it?" asked Elizabeth, not at all disconcerted, but apparently enjoying the situation. She began to finger some autumn flowers on the table.

"I haven't your facility," answered Parsons, trying to feel offended; "and besides, I feared I had said some things which I had to explain. You see—I didn't know at the time that you were—well, one of us, you know."

"I am nothing of the kind, Mr. Parsons," put in Elizabeth. "Not any longer, at least. I am not a working girl any more. I'm a dainty woman, not so bad form as to make her own bread; and——"

"Isn't it rather ungenerous to give me back my own words?" asked Parsons, helplessly.

"You don't want to take them back, then," she laughed. "I thought you implied just now that you did! Well, we'll talk of something else."

Parsons got up. "By all means," said he, bravely; "let us—of ourselves if you will. I said just now that you had taught me a lesson. Perhaps I should have said that you had begun to teach it, and that it could only be learned perfectly through years of a pupil's devotion. They say that what a London editor doesn't know isn't worth knowing; I have just found out that he is usually ignorant of the phenomenon known as woman. I think—oh, what's the use of 'going on' in this way?" he broke off suddenly. "Elizabeth Ormstead, lady of leisure, hard-working journaliste, most splendid woman that I have ever known, I have come over to Paris to—in short to take you back with me. Will you come?"

* * *

It is a well-known fact that the "Woman's Department" of the London *Aurora* is now the most attractive feature of the paper, and that it has a fame of its own throughout England. The man over in the *Globe* office, who has always been more or less of a journalistic rival of Parsons, says that the latter does not deserve any credit for the fact; he married "one of those hustling American girls," and his fortunes started.

"Queer thing!" remarks this *Globe* rival now and then to his subordinate. "There's an American girl—no ancestry, of course—no money—nothing startling about her education—and, by Jove, she's better when it comes to 'push,' as they have begun to call it over at the *Aurora* office, than a half-dozen fellows like ourselves. American girls have no delicacy, you know—nothing like that—but, damme! they put a machine to blush for energy. Lucky dog, that Parsons!"

THE CRITICS AND DECADENCE.

THE advantages of criticism are manifold. Chiefly is it valuable because it influences public opinion, and thus indirectly has an effect upon Art. At the present day Art cannot afford to take a line of its own, but must to some extent conform to public opinion, or, in other words, supply what the public demands. In order, therefore, to preserve a high standard of Art, it is absolutely necessary that we have a high standard of criticism. Wholesome Art and wholesome Literature are essential to the welfare of a nation. Decadent Art and Decadent Literature possess that mysterious power of at once attracting and repelling, which was formerly believed to be one of the peculiarities of evil. Without going so far as to draw from this the conclusion that Decadence is evil, we cannot fail to admit that the strange products of a distorted imagination which Mr. M'Quilland, in the March number of *The Quartier Latin*, describes as "square-headed men with forked tongues, lean-breasted women blowing bubbles, human beings resembling beasts, and beasts resembling devils," are worse than unnatural.

Few would presume to deny that some of the productions of Decadents are clever, but they tend in a dangerous direction. If this kind of cleverness becomes popular, it will undoubtedly lead eventually to the portrayal of unspeakable, and at present inconceivable, horrors, far more revolting than the monstrous creations which have already been given to the world of Art and Literature. The Japanese, who are true artists, understood the unnatural long before Beardsley was born, or the *Savoy* dreamed of. But the Japanese knew where to stop. Masters of the weird and grotesque in Art, they have drawn the line at abandoned unconventionality.

Decadence is indeed difficult to define, and there are probably few for whom the word has the same meaning. But, whatever the prevailing idea upon the subject. Decadent Art and Decadent Literature at their worst have, without doubt, a pernicious influence. And it is here that the aid of the critics is needed. They wield a power; they can to some extent mould the public taste both in Literature and in Art. The indifference professed by authors and artists towards the verdict of their critics is but a false mask. Now more than ever is it necessary that critics should be competent judges, should know something more than the technical terms and rudiments of Art, should possess real qualifications for their

important posts. But although too many of those who pose as judges of Art hold their positions merely by a certain facility of writing vaguely concerning subjects of which they know little, depending largely upon their artist friends for the definite opinions which they now and then feel bound to give, to the honour of critics as a class be it said that even their dim sight has penetrated far into the depths of the hideous pit, on the verge of which a section of the Art world is hesitating.

E. H. MOYLE COOPER.



A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

In my little *château* of *Bon Espoir*

There is room enough for a score, I trow,
Of the friends I made in the days long syne,
Of the loves I loved in the long ago.

From the castle walls to the verge of the sea
A garden stretches for miles away,
Where a fountain plashes the long night through,
And a wild bird sings through the live-long day.

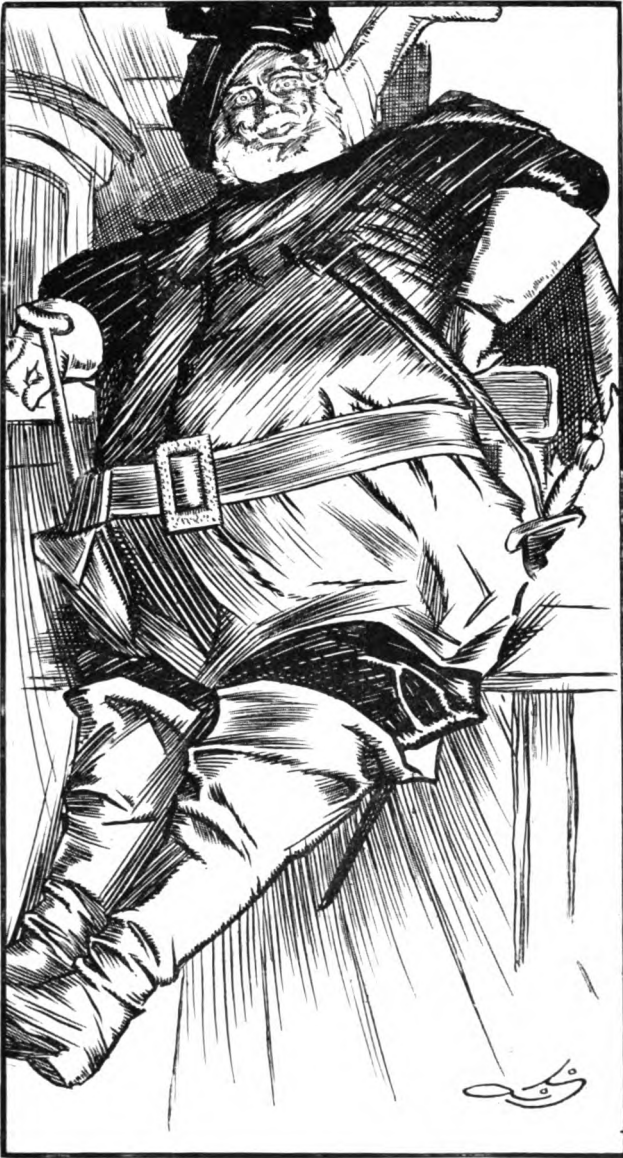
Leaf and bud and blossom and flower,
Russet and crimson and green and gold ;
With the scent of the brine from over the bay,
And the breath of Heaven across the wold ;

With trellis of trailers overhead,
The fervent beams of the sun to shade—
Such bowers as are built in Arcady
Afford a shelter for man and maid.

Without there is vista of fair expanse,
And the breadth of the land is ablaze with bloom ;
Within there is regal resting-place
In many a dainty dwelling-room.

The pillars gracing its colonnades
Are studded with gems from an Eastern land.
In the spacious sweep of its galleries
Mystical shapes in marble stand.

There is a chamber where music's spell
Dulcetly on the ears shall fall
From the lips of quaint old instruments—
Spinet and viol and virginal.



**BEERBOHM TREE
AS FALSTAFF**

Drawn by Alfred Jones

There is a high-domed dancing hall,
Sacred once to the minuet,
Where now, in the maze of the waltz's whirl,
The flying hours shall chase regret.

There is the snuggest of *tabagies*,
Where a man may sit as among the gods,
And the world shall not have a word to say
If Lucullus drowzes, if Homer nods.

In the wreaths that curl from the glowing bowl—
Whiffs of incense from altar fire—
The landscape-land of memory
Shall bring to the watcher his youth's desire.

With ripple of laughter and snatch of song
The echoing corridors shall sound ;
From meshes of delicate draperies
A subtle scent shall be cast around.

The wine of Life shall froth in the cup,
And its bread possess a celestial leaven.
This Earth shall be Paradise enow
To quench the hope for another Heaven.

In my little *château* of *Bon Espoir*
There is room enough for a score, I trow,
Of the friends I made in the days long syne,
Of the loves I loved in the long ago.

LOUIS J. M'QUILLAND.

THE UNITY AMONG ART STUDENTS.

(FROM A PHILISTINE'S POINT OF VIEW.)

I WAS momentarily usurping the desk of the American Art Association's secretary the other morning, when in walked a well-dressed young American, evidently a new-comer to Paris, whose heart, let us hope, was superior to his grammar. He asked his question, got his answer, and then, from the sheer need of unbosoming himself to a fellow-countryman, indulged in the following confidence and implicit declaration of war :

"I don' know a feller over on this side that ken really paint. The perfessers in Paris ain't up to those in Munich, and even there they ain't much. I wuz in Karl Marr's school fer er year, an' he didn't learn me half as much as Chase in New York did in six months. Half the artists here can't draw ; and those that ken, don' know how to use the brush right. Take the candy-box man, Bouguereau : ain't he a bloke, though ! But he can draw ! Then there's your man Laurens : what good's he, I'd like ter know, except for muscle ?"

Not being in a position to defend either of the two condemned painters, whose names are illustrious in their day and generation, I gave the poor devil the address of the nearest steamboat office ; off he went to the Rue Scribe, calculating how long it would be before he saw Liberty Statue.

• • •

He was the picture of potential success, leaning back in the broad armchair. The smooth forehead, the laughing eyes, the whole figure, full of graceful lines, the indefinite atmosphere of culture hovering over him like a holy envelopment, sent the *heimweh* of ungranted accomplishment straight to my vitals.

"Go on," I said, in a hopeless kind of way. "Don't stop. You were saying, you know——"

"Yes—I was saying what a fruitless thing it all is. We need a century yet. Ten thousand failures, a thousand broken hearts and stunted lives, for one Velasquez ! And even then most cheaply bought. The height of all is —how can anyone deny it?—the sublime cleverness. Hurrah for the God-given sleight-of-hand. Ten American Revolutions for the sheen of the flesh on the forehead of the young Infanta in the Louvre !"

"You have too much temperament to-night," I replied, making a feint at my ebbing self-respect—I was a newspaper hack.

"My dear boy"—he consecrated me with the term of comradeship—"it is temperament that made the first artist: necessity and scholarship gave birth to the first mere painter. Beethoven never wrote a choral-movement, but he laughed in his sleeve; Chopin turned out a sonata for the same reason that Cruikshank made lampoons; you know the story of the old master who drew a perfect circle off-hand—to serve as his visiting card?"

"At least he was a good draughtsman," I hazarded.

"There you go!" he retorted. "Good draughtsmanship is the millstone about the neck of the artist; there's too much scholarliness in it. It is as if Napoleon had thought of the manual of tactics when he won the day at Lodi."

"He had it *par cœur*, perhaps."

"His slaves did, you mean. Slavery and midnight oil are sworn brothers. They are the matter through which the artist triumphs: his instruments at most."

"And yet history sweats with the malformations created by your nonchalant spontaneity."

"Cake is often turned to mere dough; sometimes the grocer's flour is sandy. Play the fifth 'Nocturne' we heard last night; I will wager we are agreed on how much fealty it shows to reasonable music."

I played it, and then there was nothing else to say.



"All half-baked, half-baked," said the Man-of-the-world. "What's the use in talking to a lot of youngsters?"

"I suppose you know who the 'youngster' with the high forehead and yellow hair was? The Government has just decor——"

"Yes; too bad. He promised well a while ago," answered the veteran. "The trouble with him was that he mistook freedom for bondage. These young fellows who make a god out of Whistler—they are like the moths around the lamp here. There! Did you see that fellow get his wings burnt! He will tell the light good-bye for ever in another second."

"You don't believe in ideals?"

"I don't believe in hero-worship. The youngster with the high forehead lays his artistic integrity at the feet of Whistler, Velasquez, and Co. the moment that he

sacrifices to ~~use~~ his discretion. That's it—Discretion with a big D! There's the panacea to cure all these illnesses incident to undevelopment, promising callowness."

"How about spontaneity, sublime nonchalance, temperament, sleight-of-hand?" I asked, glibly repeating some of the formulas of the artistic *élégant* to whom my thoughts returned, and unwilling to relinquish his charming principles, so much they seemed to mean youth and the glory of unwrinkled conviction.

"What cigarette-smoking young aesthete has been turning loose his Parnassian flood on you?" The scarred old critic hero of a thousand newspaper leaders looked at me more in amusement than in contempt.

"You answer my question with another."

"Spontaneity? I don't know what you mean," yielded he. "There was nothing spontaneous about Velasquez—much less about the modern Whistler. Do you think they represent aught but the niceness of mathematics—anything but the mechanical adaptation of means to end, figured out with the same precision as that employed by a civil engineer? Discretion was—and is—their royal road to unspeakable beauty—discretion and hard work. These are the first and last words which should be learned by the youngster as he steps on the first round of the ladder. Let him leave behind any hope he may have placed in mere cleverness. Art and gymnastics are contradictory terms. A man should not try to paint until he has learned to draw: he should not learn to draw until he has learned Greek and studied chemistry, poured over Calculus, and calculated the azimuth of half the stars in the heavens."

"You would have few artists among men."

"I would have nobody an artist who is not sure of being a man."

* * *

"Pshaw! mere literary painting."

"But he did well what he meant to do, and, incidentally, he has created a superb picture," I timidly suggested to the painter who stood before the canvas with me.

"A picture has no right to be superb," he retorted. Furthermore, how ridiculous to label a painting! Why not leave its meaning to the observer? Why file away a picture as one does his last year's correspondence. Two things in this universe, moreover, ought not to be painted

or attempted: the unpaintable and the uninteresting. Oftentimes the two are identical. Words are given to man by the aid of which he should speak to his fellows; colour and line are meant for loftier ends than anecdote. Every artist falls the moment he becomes vulgarly articulate; it is that moment that registers the loss of his birthright."

"But, my friend, to be definite, what have you to say about this picture in particular? Do you object to it because it gives pleasure to more persons than any other on these walls? Do you hate to see the crowd in front of it all day long?"

"Yes, let us come down to detail," he conceded. "Nothing easier or more obviously right than to illustrate one's theories by explicit, tangible cases to the point. *Eh bien*: here is a man who has trespassed on the territory sacred to two other arts, literature and music. He has done the old, conventional Brunhilde, standing amid the rough rocks, her steed's bridle drawn carelessly through her arm, staring pitifully down upon the afflicted Siegmund and his fainting Sieglinde. He has twice—no, three times—failed. For he has not reached the graphic quality of the legend, a quality which only the poetry of Wagner captures; he has not created the atmosphere of distress and tragedy, an atmosphere forever locked up in the music, and forbidden to pigment; and, lastly, he has failed, for the third time, in trying to carry the dramatic side of his particular art beyond the limit where it becomes for ever and ever uneloquent. Music begins where the painter must put aside his brushes in despair."

"And you think it an uninteresting as well as an unpaintable subject?"

"Uninteresting from the true artist's point of view. Uninteresting as would be an Indian dialect sung to modern music. Monotonous, like a technical conversation on science, couched in sprightly dialogue. Hateful as all anomalies, all unnatural bonds must always be."

"What would you say to be the true aim of the true painter?"

"Mood, always mood. In the big sense, of course. The real artist should be a kind of god who lets mankind classify his creations if they must have their catalogues. Mood—the emotional state with which judgment and study have as little to do as mere mental dexterity and ingenuity—there's the thing! A painter who thinks he aims higher is playing a rôle too humble for his art. Mood, blindness leading blindness, if you will, the

temporary Ego, so to speak—paintings must embody that or fail to be art. When a painter stoops to photography—or to suggesting implicitly the future improvements in photography—he is like a child playing scales on a pianoforte; he is dealing with the elements, the scaffolding of a superstructure, yet he forgets what technique aims at finally in his momentary mastering of its humdrum details. Mood is what this fellow in front of us never had; he developed a photograph and bought a huge gold frame for it. Mood is the only embodiment of true art."

The famous illustrator was entertaining a few friends. He was in one of his talkative veins, one of the keen analytical humours which excused his lion's share in the conversation.

"Don't talk to me of your 'Nocturnes'—and 'Symphonies' in all the colours of the rainbow! You remind me of the silly women who try to sit in the particular seat of the concert hall whence the glimmer of the light falling on Paderewaki's hair can best be seen. Womanish men have no right to paint. Since the beginning of the world all truest art has been that which best preserved its intimate relation to life. The moment it assumed a *soi-disant* higher, but in fact hysterical ideal, it parted with its strength. Like every other art, painting is a handmaid to reality; so long as it enriches life, it is worthy, and it can enrich only by illustrating and emphasising. And like every other art, too, painting has the severely technical side out of which a certain secondary art has sprung; I mean there is the 'How' as well as the 'What.' In nothing but what the *poseurs* sneer at as mere illustration can the technical progress be concisely and advantageously recorded. In short, there is blood in illustration; the pale, nearly lifeless, forms which artists now and again affect as their ideals are like the hideousness of a faded passion flower. They are one of the phases of the deification of decay. To illustrate, to illustrate is the thing. To put on record the great moments of the world, and in their expression to call into play the technical resources of a great art—there lies the true and only career of an artist; all the rest is withered leaves."

They tell a story of Kawana, the Persian poet, that, contemplating the composition of a masterpiece, he

travelled for a year from one poet to another, asking what form each thought his work should take, if it were to crown his life with a final achievement of the highest worth. When the year had passed and Kawana's friends began to pay back his visits, they found his masterpiece still uncommenced, and, on questioning the old man, discovered that he had relinquished the idea, and had decided to leave poetic composition to the young, and to spend the remainder of his days in the midst of his flower garden.

LAMAR MIDDLETON.



A.A.A. BANQUET TO MR. CRIDLER.

EN Wednesday night, March 16th, the American Art Association of Paris gave a banquet in honour of Hon. T. W. Cridler, who has succeeded the late Major Moses Handy in the office of Special Commissioner of the United States to the Paris Exhibition of 1900. The affair was a very brilliant one, and the guests included many of the most prominent members of the American colony of Paris. The president of the association, Mr. Rodman Wanamaker, unfortunately was unable to be present. The chair was occupied by his vice, Mr. H. Mott-Smith, who also acted as toastmaster. The artistic menu was by our collaborator, H. G. Fangel. Speeches were made by the American Ambassador, General Porter, Benjamin Constant, Revs. J. D. Paxton and E. F. Thurber, and Mr. Lamar Middleton.

About ninety sat down to table, and among those present were: General Horace Porter, U.S. Ambassador; Consul-General and Mrs. Gowdy; Col. Chaillé-Long; Col. Hamburger; Lieut. Baker, U.S.N.; Rev. and Mrs. Paxton; Messrs. Wm. Bouguereau, Benj. Constant, Fiorentino de la Rovère, Ralph Lane, V. Gribayedoff, S. H. Tyng, H. Peartree, A. Bruce-Joy, H. O. Tanner, Louis Loeb, C. Pepper, A. Koopman, M. P. Main, Myron Barlow, H. M. Walcott, C. B. Bigelow, H. G. Fangel, Lamar Middleton, etc.

YOUTH AND A FEW INTENTIONS.

MR. BARDSSEN sat on the piazza of his summer residence smoking a cigar. Mr. Bardsen seldom used tobacco in the presence of others, or more than once a day, thereby gaining the reputation of a non-smoker. He often said that he smoked not to use the weed, but to be himself.

It was an evening of such quietness as one only finds at a New England summer sea-coast community, where one feels the stillness without loneliness. The big moon had turned the distant ocean into wavy lace. All sorts of pleasing weirdness one could conjure with its beams, the pools, and the occasional black rocks. At regular intervals came the sound of breaking surf to remind one of the real. But Mr. Bardsen only sat and smoked. The tranquillity was disturbed by the scrape of feet upon the gravel walk.

"Ah, you, William," Mr. Bardsen remarked, when a tall slender young man came up the steps.

"Yes, father."

"Where are your sisters?"

"At the Yacht Club dance, sir."

"With your mother as a *chaperon*, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"And another man as escort?"

"Several, sir."

"Then they are happy," Mr. Bardsen sighed. "But why have you returned so early?"

"I didn't think I was necessary, sir," answered his son.

"The unnecessary is not always so accommodating." Mr. Bardsen smiled.

"I believe you once said that the unnecessary cannot exist." William laughed a little.

"Neither can it, save as a necessity," replied Mr. Bardsen. "Sit down, William. You may smoke if you wish."

"Thank you."

The young man took out a book of rice paper and a tobacco-pouch and clumsily began to roll a cigarette.

"A new trick?" queried his father, watching him.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you learn it at college?"

"No, sir."

William lighted his cigarette, and smoked silently for a time.



THE PLEDGE

Drawn by G. O. Onions

"I have something to say, sir," he began, knocking off the ashes.

"So far from the city!" mildly exclaimed his father.

"Not that, father," replied the other, quickly.

"What strange trouble have you now?"

"That is not the appellation, sir."

"Ah! And what is?"

"Ambition." The young man straightened up.

"Worse, a thousand troubles."

"But honourable ones, sir." His voice had strengthened.

"That depends," answered Mr. Bardsen, cautiously.

"What do you wish?"

"Well," said his son, speaking slowly, "I want to study art."

Mr. Bardsen brought his feet from the railing to the floor with a bang.

"Seriously?" he asked. "Are you tired of college, again?"

"I don't think it is my proper sphere, sir."

"I thought you were placed among gentlemen."

"Gentlemen," echoed the young man, caustically. "I wish to see a few men."

"The world makes those."

"Then let me into the world."

"When you are a Bachelor of Laws you will have plenty of time for that."

"But I don't want to be a lawyer," answered the son.

"It's a scavenger employment."

"I see," said his father, "that you have already acquired the artistic temperament, a poor contempt for all else."

"At any rate," responded the young man, sullenly, "I have my intentions."

"So has every man without a madhouse, and some who should be within. Yours are, unfortunately——"

"To be an artist."

"Ah, and have you considered the means?"

"I want to go to Paris."

"Paris," said his father, raising his eyebrows. "And why?"

"It is the best place."

"For what?" Mr. Bardsen's teeth showed about his cigar.

"To study art, sir."

"Ah, yes. Perhaps it is the best place—to study art."

"Why the inflection?" inquired the son.

"I have been in Paris," replied his father.

"You were a tourist."

"But I saw."

"Only the worst side, sir," said William.

"I have been trying ever since to imagine the other."

"But there must be another side."

"Do you think the Parisians are as square as they cut their hair?"

"Perhaps not; still," the son insisted, "if there be the one there must be the other."

"Yes, in the English language."

"But can't you trust me to it?—that is, to the other side," said the son, impatiently. "I mean the other side of —."

"Hum." His father crossed his legs. "Which is first in your mind?" he asked. "Paris or art?"

"Art, sir," answered his son, promptly.

"And what do you know about it?"

"Nothing."

"Which is very necessary to a beginner. Promising, really," murmured Mr. Bardsen, thoughtfully. "Would it not be well to—er—investigate it a little more thoroughly in America, first?"

"There is not the proper atmosphere, sir."

"Ah!" sighed his father. "I perceive you have been conversing with an artist."

"Yes, sir, and so I discovered myself."

"Some men are better left undiscovered."

"How so, sir?"

"It's awful to be lonely," Mr. Bardsen remarked.

There were several minutes of silence.

"Why won't you help me in my ambition!" exclaimed William, impetuously.

"What ambition?"

"To be an artist. I intend to work."

"In Paris?" queried the father.

"In Paris," answered the son.

"So have many. I know of but one thing easier than good intentions, and that is truthfulness."

"You don't believe me!" gasped William.

"Most assuredly I do," Mr. Bardsen answered. "You particularise my statement too acutely. But I would prefer that you would use the word 'try.' That expresses the end of man's ability."

"I say I will, sir."

"I think it would be better to first subscribe to *Gil Blas*."

"Pah! Low life never had any charms for me."

"If you become of it, you'll call it high."

"I shall never become of it."

Mr. Bardsen gazed at his cigar and laughed softly.

"I can do what I say, sir," said his son.

"Then do not say too much."

"I am simply trying to convince you."

"On the theory that much assurance means some conviction? First convince yourself," his father advised.

"I have already done so, sir."

"Then, as your father, I can do no more than believe in you."

So William Bardsen went to Paris to study art.

* * *

In a large comfortably furnished studio on the Boulevard St. Jacques, a young man stood, one spring morning, gazing out of the window, drawing on a pipe with short, moody puffs. Without a knock, the door opened, and there entered an elderly gentleman with a long white moustache and gold-rimmed pince-nez.

"Why, father!" exclaimed the young man.

"Ah, William," replied Mr. Bardsen.

"Good morning. I am evidently—er—unexpected."

"Well, sir, I am surprised that you should come way across Paris by ten o'clock. Where are mother and sisters?"

"At the hotel, William," said his father, glancing sharply about the studio. "I had a notion to take a morning walk. It was very pleasant, passing on my way old reminiscent spots—the Institute, on which I used to look so reverently, and—er—other places."

"I suppose it was interesting," the son remarked, carelessly.

"Yes, very," answered Mr. Bardsen, his mouth drooping and the crow's feet appearing. "And then, you know, save during the past few days, we have not seen each other for almost two years. So I thought to myself of one of our jolly chats at the end of my stroll."

"I'm glad you've come."

"Ahem," his father coughed, cutting off the end of a cigar. "Could I beg a match of you?"

"Here, sir."

"Thank you," he murmured, lighting the weed. Then he tilted back in the chair and placed his feet on the table.

"There's something I want to say," William began.

"You mean there is something you do not want to say."

"Well, it must be said."

"I am always prepared for the inevitable," Mr. Bardsen remarked. "But do not hurry, I pray you."

There was a long silence of smoking.

"You have not many sketches on your walls," the father observed at last. "Now I remember——"

"I've only put up what I've done," his son interrupted.

"Very good. And permit me to say that, to my small knowledge of art, they are mighty bad."

"I know it, sir."

"It seems to me that in two years ——"

"Six months, sir."

"I am sure, William, ——"

"I know, but I have only done six months' work."

"So much!" exclaimed Mr. Bardsen. "Really, you must be fatigued. My dear boy, sit down."

"I worked hard six months at Julian's," his son continued, "but I couldn't keep it up."

"Why did you not inform me?"

"I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Ah," Mr. Bardsen sighed. "That is the fear that controls many men."

"Well, I'm done with it now."

"Have you been bracing yourself from those bottles?" inquired the father, nodding towards a long line across one side of the studio.

"Oh—those are the product of the past three weeks."

"If I were not a member of the Church, I would say, 'Well done.'"

"Then," said William, hurriedly, "perhaps—perhaps." He hesitated.

"Perhaps?" queried the father.

"Perhaps," said his son.

"Omit it."

His son laid his face in his hands.

"Do you still cling to Paris?" Mr. Bardsen asked, after a while.

"Anywhere but home."

"How cheerful!"

"I don't want to be jeered at," answered William, passionately.

"Have you not yet learned to be a man?"

"I hope so."

"And that is the severest test of manliness. Besides, who will be the mockers?"

"Everyone who knows."

"Not who knows me," said Mr. Bardsen with a peculiar pride.

"Well, who knows me."

"They are few."

"Few! Why, there are dozens——"

"Yes," Mr. Bardsen laughed. "And to them you have simply been in Paris."

"Didn't you acknowledge my intentions?"

"My dear boy, I have known you for twenty-four years."

"Then I'll have no more."

"Intentions? I would not. They only confuse you."

"What is to come will come, I suppose," said William, dejectedly.

"Just so," Mr. Bardsen smiled, reaching for his cheque-book. "Any bills to pay?"

EDWARD BEDLOE MENDUM.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Far more interesting to read, if less cultured than Mr. Stephen Phillip's volume of poems which took the literary world by storm at the beginning of the year, and gained the prize of £100 offered by "The Academy," is "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," by C. 33.—London: Leonard Smithers. The author of this book, whoever he may be, is a realist, and his work bears unmistakable signs of genius. The poem, which is somewhat too long, is a description of the last few weeks of life, and the terrible death of a murderer. The third stanza in particular is touching in its simplicity:

*I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,
And at every drifting cloud that went
With sails of silver by.*

A little further on we are told that

*The man had killed the thing he loved
And so he had to die.*

In the course of some thirty pages we are given an account of the doomed man, of the feelings of his brother convicts,

of the night before the execution, and of the treatment of prisoners, part of which we trust is untrue :

*For they starve the little frightened child
Till it weeps both night and day ;
And they scourge the weak, and flog the fool,
And gibe the old and gray.*

The poem is unequal ; parts of it might well have been omitted, but in spite of all its defects it is a poem of genuine humanity which should be read, and undoubtedly will be read, when the works of many present-day poets have sunk into oblivion.

In a former number of *The Quartier Latin*, mention was made of the School of Literary Art, conducted by Florence Marryat. We have before us a prospectus of this unique institution, which is to instruct both sexes desirous of entering the Literary Profession in the Arts of composing and writing Fiction, in Journalism, and the construction of Drama.

The chief object of the school appears to be to discover, after a very short time, whether a pupil has any talent for writing, and if so, to turn it to the best account, all of which, it is stated, Florence Marryat is capable of doing. Without wishing in any way to underrate the abilities of the daughter of the author of "Peter Simple," one cannot help thinking that a school can have but little effect upon an author's work, and that the only road to success in literature is to be found by writing steadily, depending on no opinions save only those which the acceptance or rejection of MSS. by editors make known to the aspirant. Meanwhile, it would be interesting to learn how far the venture has succeeded.

Whatever we may think of the School of Literary Art, most of us will agree that a School for Critics, more especially for Art Critics, is urgently needed. Although the majority of book reviewers and dramatic critics have been at some time or other more or less unsuccessful authors and playwrights, it is very different with their artistic brethren. Some, no doubt, have worked for a while in studios in order to obtain a knowledge of technical terms and a smattering of the rudiments of art, but many of those who pose as judges of pictures have seldom, if ever, spoiled a canvas, and hold their positions merely by grace of mysterious verbosity and the popular ignorance.

M. COOPER.

NOTES.

Mlle. Reichenberg's retirement from the stage of the Comédie-Française, where she has just completed a thirty years' service, leaves Paris destitute of the genuine *ingénue*. The *jeune fille*, big-eyed and unworldly, is a familiar enough person on the English and American stage, but a *rara avis* behind Boulevard footlights, where she is not altogether understood, either because, ordinarily, there is not enough "ginger" to her, or, perhaps, because the French have no phenomenon in real life by which to verify her. Mlle. Reichenberg, however, long ago won the favour of critics and public, and her *retraite* is deplored by every class of theatre-goers. She had, in short, hammered away on the one thing she could do until a place was created for it which she alone could fill. Even *ingénues* must grow old, nevertheless; and Mlle. Reichenberg showed a discretion nearly equal to her artistic ability in retiring before the silver had crept out of her voice and into her hair.

By
Lamar
Middleton

The celebration at Lafayette's tomb every "Decoration Day" will probably soon become one of the regular and expected events of the American colony's year in Paris. The last anniversary was marked by a very modest ceremony. A bunch of American roses was laid on the tomb, the flowers having been brought over expressly for the purpose by the present Consul-General. A large American flag was also draped over the spot, and a few appropriate speeches were made. This year the affair will be of larger proportions. The convent adjoining the Pigalle Cemetery, where Lafayette and his wife are buried, has been put at the committee's disposal for the day by the abbess, and the present idea is to have the speeches and singing of patriotic songs in this place, an adjournment to the tomb afterwards being made for the very simple formality of renewing the flag and decorating the spot with flowers. The occasion will again be under the auspices of the American University Club; and if the custom be kept up from year to year, as is the aim and intention now, it will prove another of the various forces which are gradually concentrating the scattered American colony here into something like unity.

Léon Daudet, writing about his father, performs the delicate task far more gracefully and proves much more interesting than is usually the case with such domestic memoirs. The articles are appearing in the *Revue de Paris*, and outside of their intrinsic interest are worth while reading for their picturesque style. "From the very beginning of my early childhood," the author says in his first chapter, "I was conscious of the great kindness of my father, a quality that manifested itself by constant caresses, that was expressed by his straining me to his breast—by the

beautiful stories he knew how to relate to me. When we walked together in the streets of Paris everything seemed to put on a holiday aspect. There was a strong positive feeling of stimulation within me which I had already learned to call 'happiness.' As I walked along I would keep repeating to myself, 'How happy I am to-day!'" It is the *intime* atmosphere of the memoirs which bids fair to be their greatest charm.

Some recent statistics of the *Jeunesse Royaliste* of France seem to have come as a profound surprise to the world, and, in fact, to the French themselves. The majority of people have evidently been under the impression that the organisation counted itself only by dozens, while the truth is that it claims no less than thirty thousand members, is minutely systematised not only in Paris but throughout the provinces, has a publication devoted exclusively to its interests appearing fortnightly, and, on the whole, represents untiring activity rather than the sluggish, half-hearted sentiment with which most people have credited it. The society, party, or whatever one may wish to call it, has no inconsiderable sum of money in its treasury; for the dues are five francs a year, and the *Jeunesse Royaliste* is ten years old, and has not yet found reason to spend any sum of money worth mentioning. Furthermore, a number of bequests have been made it, and there is more than one multi-millionaire in its ranks. The organisation has gone along so quietly that the publication of the statistics is a surprise in itself, to say nothing of the evidence of its enormous prosperity.

Now that the excitement over the Zola "trial" is done with, one gets an opportunity of thinking over some of its indirect aspects, which are, to say the least, as fertile in suggestions about the French character as its more direct ones. Caricature, for instance, has taken a more extravagant turn than ever, and the ingenuity of the caricaturists has been put to a hard struggle for a decidedly questionable sort of originality. This feverish eagerness to find new and "witty" methods of holding up Zola to the ridicule of the boulevards has attacked some of the most serious artists of Paris, as well as those semi-beggars who depend on a public event to furnish the opportunity for a pot-boiler and the chance of a square meal. No resource of wit, and, at the same time, no depth of vulgar quackery, has been left untaxed to give birth to new ten-centime sheets of drawings or cardboard toys, all alike animated with the frantic desire to defame Zola. New and disgusting periodicals have broken out like a hateful rash over Paris.

Caran d'Ache, for example, who is known throughout the world as a man of the highest ability in one branch of illustrative art, has catered in this humiliating way to the



THE WHITE COTTAGE

Drawn by C. H. Pepper

howling mobs that lately paraded the Paris streets; and he has not confined himself to his weekly cartoons in the *Figaro*, where he nevertheless had ample opportunity to express himself on the much-discussed case. He joined with Forain, another well-known Parisian cartoonist, in contributing the lion's share to a periodical published during the heated days of the "trial," and the best example of "yellow" journalism which has yet appeared in France. This paper, sold all over Paris under the curious name of *Past!* gave up its every page and column to the vilification of Zola. Whenever one heard the sharp cry "S-sss-t!" on the boulevards, it was necessary only to turn the head in order to see some fresh clever production by one or the other of these two men, who vied with each other for the plaudits of a mob that sympathised with every attempt, fair or unfair, to make Zola laughable.

As up-to-date as Paris is generally supposed to be, there are some curiously old-fashioned extremes allowed it by the world, which would not tolerate them anywhere else. In matters theatrical Paris is, for instance, usually supposed to "say the last word"; and yet "The Geisha" has just met with a rebuff from Parisian theatre-goers on account of its "immorality" (?); and at the Théâtre St. Antoine, which generally serves up the newest spice in the spectacular line, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (under the gallicised name of "Le petit lord") is having a great run. Has a wave of positive "morality" rolled over the boulevards? The rest of creation has enjoyed "Le petit lord" long ago, and stopped only when there were no more small children to take to see it. "The Geisha," too, met a different fate in other lands, and that it should wait for Paris to declare it "immoral" is—"a bit of a joke, you know!"



By
Alfred
Jones

TO M——

Years long have passed since my heart in your keeping
 Locked itself in from all trouble and weeping—
 Years bright with pleasure, though love ever found us
 O faithfullest, fondest, when clouds gathered round us.

Joy of my heart are you, soothing and tender,
 Cherished and precious, so fragile and slender,
 Solace in sorrow, companion in pleasure,
 My loved one, my Meerschäum, my life's darling treasure.

J. H.

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